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THE  
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THE  
PICTURESQUE  
MEDITERRANEAN

*ITS CITIES SHORES AND ISLANDS*

WITH  
*Illustrations on Wood*

By J. MacWHIRTER A.R.A. J. FULLEYLOVE R.I. J. O'CONNOR R.I. W. SIMPSON R.I.  
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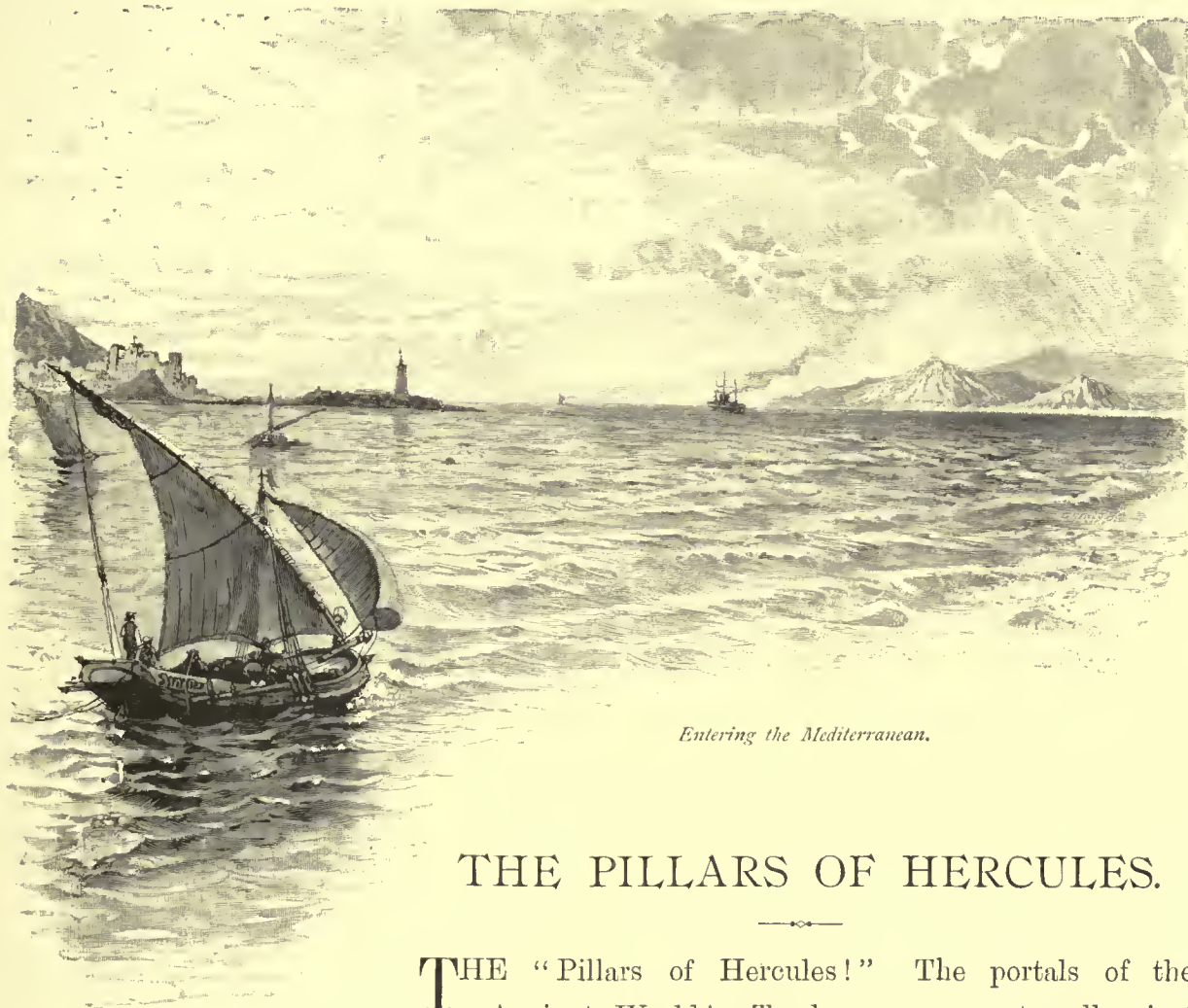
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# THE PICTURESQUE MEDITERRANEAN.

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*Entering the Mediterranean.*

## THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.

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THE "Pillars of Hercules!" The portals of the Ancient World! To how many a traveller just beginning to tire of his few days' journey from England, or but slowly recovering, it may be, in his tranquil voyage along the coasts of Portugal and Southern Spain, from the effects of thirty unquiet hours in the Bay of Biscay, has the nearing view of this mighty landmark of history brought a message of new life! That distant point ahead, at which the narrowing waters of the Strait that bears him disappear entirely within the clasp of the embracing shores, is for many such a traveller the beginning of romance. He gazes upon it from the westward with some dim reflection of that mysterious awe with which antiquity looked upon it from the East. The progress of the ages has, in fact, transposed the centre of human interest and the human point of view. Now, as in the Homeric era, the Pillars of



Hercules form the gateway of a world of wonder ; but for us of to-day it is within and not without those portals that that world of wonder lies. To the eye of modern poetry the Atlantic and Mediterranean have changed places. In the waste of waters stretching westward from the rock of Calpe and its sister headland, the Greek of the age of Homer found his region of immemorial poetic legend and venerable religious myth, and peopled it with the gods and heroes of his traditional creed. Here, on the bosom of the wide-winding river Oceanus, lay the Islands of the Blest—that abode of eternal beauty and calm, where “the life of mortals is most easy,” where “there is neither snow nor winter nor much rain, but ocean is ever sending up the shrilly breezes of Zephyrus to refresh man.” But for us moderns who have explored this mighty “river Oceanus,” this unknown and mysterious Atlantic to its farthest recesses, the glamour of its mystery has passed away for ever ; and it is eastward and not westward, through the “Pillars of Hercules,” that we now set our sails in search of the region of romance. It is to the basin of the Mediterranean—fringed with storied cities and venerable ruins, with the crumbling sanctuaries of a creed which has passed away, and the monuments of an art which is imperishable—that man turns to-day. The genius of civilisation has journeyed far to the westward, and has passed through strange experiences ; it returns with new reverence

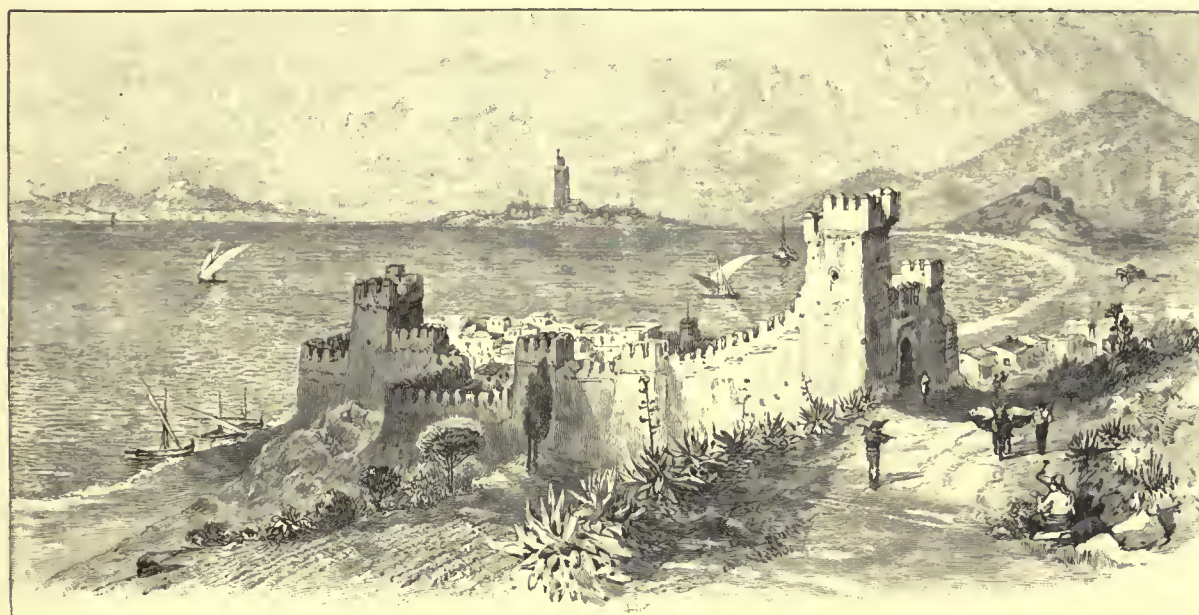


*At Tarifa.*

and a deeper awe to that *enclave* of mid-Europe which contains its birthplace, and which is hallowed with the memories of its glorious youth. The grand cliff-portal which we are approaching is the entrance, the thoughtful traveller will always feel, to a region eternally sacred in the history of man ; to lands which gave birth to immortal models of literature and unerring canons of philosophic truth ; to shrines and temples which guard the ashes of those “dead but sceptred sovereigns” who “rule our spirits from their urns.”

As our vessel steams onward through the rapidly narrowing Straits, the eye falls upon a picturesque irregular cluster of buildings on the Spanish shore, wherefrom juts forth a rocky tongue of land surmounted by a tower. It is the Pharos of Tarifa, and in another half hour we are close enough to distinguish the exact outlines of the ancient and famous city named of Tarif Ibn Malek, the first Berber sheikh who landed in Spain, and itself, it is said—though some etymologists look askance at the derivation—the name-mother of a word which is little less terrible to the modern trader than was this

pirates' nest itself to his predecessor of old times. The arms of Tarifa are a castle on waves, with a key at the window, and the device is not unaptly symbolical of her mediæval history, when her possessors played janitors of the Strait, and merrily levied blackmail—the irregular *tariff* of those days—upon any vessel which desired to pass. The little town itself is picturesquely situated in the deepest embrace of the curving Strait, and the view looking westward—with the lighthouse rising sharp and sheer against the sky, from the jutting cluster of rock and building about its base, while dimly to the left in the farther distance lie the mountains of the African



*Tarifa: looking West.*

coast, descending there so cunningly behind the curve that the two continents seem to touch and connect the channel into a lake—is well worth attentive study. An interesting spot, too, is Tarifa, as well as a picturesque—interesting at least to all who are interested either in the earlier or the later fortunes of post-Roman Europe. It played its part, as did most other places, on this common battle-ground of Aryan and Semite, in the secular struggle between European Christendom and the Mohammedan East. And again, centuries later, it was heard of in the briefer but more catastrophic struggle of the Napoleonic wars. From the day when Alonzo Perez de Guzman threw his dagger down from its battlements in disdainful defiance of the threat to murder his son, dragged bound before him beneath its walls by traitors, it is a “far cry” to the day when Colonel Gough of the 87th (the “Eagle-Catchers”) beat off Marshal Victor’s besieging army of 1,800 strong, and relieved General Campbell and his gallant little garrison; but Tarifa has seen them both, and it is worth a visit not only for the sake of the ride from it over the mountains to Algeciras and Gibraltar, but for its historical associations also, and for its old-world charm.



We have taken it, as we propose also to take Tangier, a little out of its turn ;



*A Street in Tangier.*

for the voyaging visitor to Gibraltar is not very likely to take either of these two places on his way. It is more probable that he will visit them, the one by land and the other by sea, from the Rock itself. But Tangier in particular it is impossible to pass without a strong desire to make its acquaintance straightway ; so many are the attractions which draw the British traveller to this some-time appanage of the British Crown, this African *pied à terre*, which but for the insensate feuds and factions of the Restoration period might be ours to-day. There are few more enchanting sights than that of the Bay of Tangier as it appears at sunrise to the traveller whose steamer has

dropped down the Straits in the afternoon and evening hours of the previous day and cast anchor after nightfall at the nearest point off shore to which a vessel of



*Tangier: looking West.*





TANGIER.



any draught can approach. Nowhere in the world does a nook of such sweet tranquillity receive, and for a season, quiet, the hurrying waters of so restless a sea. Half a mile or so out towards the centre of the Strait, a steamer from Gibraltar has to plough its way through the surface currents which speed continually from the Atlantic towards the Pillars of Hercules and the Mediterranean beyond. Here, under the reddening daybreak, all is calm. The blue waters of the bay, now softly flushing at the approach of sunrise, break lazily in minnie waves and "tender curving lines of creamy spray" upon the shining beach. To the right lies the city, spectral in the dawn, save where the delicate pale ivory of some of its higher houses is warming into faintest rose; while over all, over sea and shore and city, is the immersing crystal atmosphere of Africa, in which every rock, every ripple, every housetop, stands out as sharp and clear as the filigree work of winter on a frosted pane.

Nothing in Tangier, it must be honestly admitted, will compare with the approach to it by its incomparable bay. In another sense, too, there is nothing here or elsewhere which exactly resembles this "approach," since its last stage of all has to be performed alike for man and woman—unless man is prepared to wade knee-deep in the clear blue water—on the back of a sturdy Moor. Once landed, he will find that the picturesqueness of Tangier, like that of most Eastern cities, diminishes rather than increases on a nearer view. A walk through its main street yields nothing particularly worthy of note, unless it be the minaret of the Djama-el-Kebir, the principal mosque of the city. The point to which every visitor to Tangier directs his steps, or has them directed for him, is the Bab-el-Sok, the gate of the market place, where the scene to be witnessed at early morning presents an unequalled picture of Oriental life. Crouching camels with their loads of dates, chaffering traders, chattering women, sly and servile looking Jews from the city, fierce-eyed, heavily armed children of the desert, rough-coated horses, and lank-sided mules, withered crones squatting in groups by the wayside, tripping damsels ogling over the *yashmak* as they pass, and the whole enveloped in a blinding, bewildering, choking cloud of such dust as only Africa, "*arida nutrix*," can produce—such dust as would make the pulverulent particles of the driest of English turnpikes in the hottest of summers, and under the most parching of east winds, appear by comparison moist and cool, and no more than pleasingly titillatory of the mouth and nostrils—let the reader picture to himself such a scene with such accessories, and he will know what spectacle awaits him at early morning at the Bab-el-Sok of Tangier.

But we must resume our journey eastward towards the famous "Rock." There at last it is! There "dawns Gibraltar grand and gray," though Mr. Browning strains poetic licence very hard in making it visible even "in the dimmest north-east distance," to a poet who was at that moment observing how "sunset ran one glorious blood-red reeking into Cadiz Bay." We, at any rate, are far enough away from Cadiz



before it dawns upon us in all its Titanic majesty of outline; grand, of course, with the grandeur of Nature, and yet with a certain strange air of human menace as of some piece of Atlantean ordnance planted and pointed by the hand of man. This "armamental" appearance of the Rock—a look visible, or at any rate imaginable in it, long before we have approached it closely enough to discern its actual fortifications, still less its artillery—is much enhanced by the dead flatness of the land from which its western wall arises sheer, and with which by consequence it seems to have no closer physical connection than has a gun-carriage with the parade ground on which it stands. As we draw nearer this effect increases in intensity. The surrounding country seems to sink and recede around it, and the Rock appears to tower ever higher and higher, and to survey the Strait and the two continents, divided by it with a more and more formidable frown. As we approach the port, however, this impression gives place to another, and the Rock, losing somewhat of its "natural-fortress" air, begins to assume that resemblance to a couchant lion which has been so often noticed in it. Yet alas! for the so-called famous "leonine aspect" of the famous height, or alas! at least for the capricious workings of the human imagination! For while to the compiler of one well-reputed guidebook, the outlines of Gibraltar seem "like those of a lion asleep, and whose head, somewhat truncated, is turned towards Africa as if with a dreamy and steadfast deep attention;" to another and later observer the lion appears to have "his kingly head turned towards Spain, as if in defiance of his former master, every feature having the character of leonine majesty and power!" The truth is, of course, that the Rock assumes entirely different aspects, according as it is looked at from different points of view. There is certainly a point from which Gibraltar may be made, by the exercise of a little of Polonius's imagination, to resemble some couchant animal with its head turned towards Africa—though "a head somewhat truncated," is as odd a phrase as a "body somewhat decapitated"—and contemplating that continent with what we may fancy, if we choose, to be "dreamy and steadfast attention." But the resemblance is, at best, but a slender one, and a far-fetched. The really and strikingly leonine aspect of Gibraltar is undoubtedly that which it presents to the observer as he is steaming towards the Rock from the west, but has not yet come into full view of the slope on which the town is situated. No one can possibly mistake the lion then. His head is distinctly turned towards Spain, and what is more, he has a foot stretched out towards the mainland, as though in token of his mighty grasp upon the soil. Viewed, however, from the neutral ground, as shown in our illustration, this Protean cliff takes on a new shape altogether, and no one would suppose that the lines of that sheer precipice, towering up into a jagged pinnacle, could appear from any quarter to melt into the blunt and massive curves which mark the head and shoulders of the King of Beasts.



*Gibraltar: from the Neutral Ground.*

At last, however, we are in the harbour, and are about to land. To land! How little does

that phrase convey to the inexperienced in sea travel, or to those whose voyages have begun and ended in stepping from a landing-stage on to a gangway, and from a gangway on to a deck, and *vice-versâ*! And how much does it mean for him to whom it comes fraught with recollections of steep descents, of heaving seas, of tossing cock-boats, perhaps of dripping garments, certainly of swindling boatmen! There are disembarkations in which you come in for them all; but not at Gibraltar, at least under normal circumstances. The waters of the port are placid, and from most of the many fine vessels that touch there you descend by a ladder, or as agreeable an inclination as an ordinary flight of stairs. All you have to fear is the insidious bilingual boatman, who, unless you strictly covenant with him before entering his boat, will have you at his mercy. It is true that he has a tariff, and that you might imagine that the offence of exceeding it would be punished in a place like Gibraltar by immediate court-martial and execution; but the traveller should not rely upon this. There is a deplorable relaxation of the bonds of discipline all over the world. Moreover, it is wise to agree with the boatmen for a certain fixed sum, as a salutary check upon undue liberality. Most steamers anchor at a considerable distance from the shore, and on a hot day one might be tempted by false sentiment to give the boatman an excessive fee.

Perhaps, however, no Englishman ought to grudge a high payment for the



pleasure of landing at Gibraltar—a pleasure only to be tasted in its full savour by those who have been spending some weeks in Spain. The sensation of finding oneself suddenly put ashore on a strip of England—of downright characteristic unmistakable England—is curious to the last degree. To pass in a moment as it were from Spanish speech, Spanish manners, Spanish food, and, above all, Spanish Custom Houses, to the language, the ways, the living, the fiscal freedom (for English tourists at least) of this English settlement, is to most persons a wholly novel, and to all, one would think, a delightful experience. Your hosts at Gibraltar—“spoiling” as they always are for the sight of new English civilian faces—show themselves determined from the first to make you at home. Private Thomas Atkins on sentry duty grins broad welcome to you from the Mole. The official to whom you have to give account of yourself and your belongings greets you with a pleasant smile, and, while your French or Spanish fellow-traveller is strictly interrogated as to his identity, profession, purpose of visit, &c., your English party is passed easily and promptly in, as men “at home” upon the soil which they are treading. Fortunate is it, if a little bewildering, for the visitor to arrive at midday, for before he has made his way from the landing-place to his hotel he will have seen a sight which has few if any parallels in the world. Gibraltar has its narrow, quiet, sleepy alleys, as have all Southern towns; and any one who confined himself to strolling through and along these, and avoiding the main thoroughfare, might never discover the strangely cosmopolitan character of the place. He must walk up Waterport Street at midday in order to see what Gibraltar really is—a conflux of nations, a mart of races, an Exchange for all the multitudinous varieties of the human product. Europe, Asia, and Africa meet and jostle in this singular highway. Tall, stately, slow-pacing Moors from the north-west coast; white-turbaned Turks from the eastern gate of the Mediterranean; thick-lipped,



*Landing at Gibraltar.*

and woolly-headed negroids from the African interior; quick-eyed, gesticulating Levantine Greeks; gabardined Jews, and black-wimpled Jewesses; Spanish smugglers, and Spanish sailors; "rock-scorpions," and red-coated English soldiers—all these compose, without completing, the motley moving crowd that throngs the main street of Gibraltar in the forenoon, and gathers densest of all in the market near Commercial Square.

It is hardly then as a fortress, but rather as a great entrepôt of traffic, that Gibraltar first presents itself to the newly-landed visitor. He is now too close beneath its frowning batteries and dominating walls of rock to feel their strength and menace so impressive as at a distance; and the flowing tide of many-coloured life around him overpowers the senses and the imagination alike. He has to seek the outskirts of the town on either side in order to get the great Rock again, either physically or morally, into proper focus. And even before he sets out to try its height and steepness by the ancient, if unscientific, process of climbing it—nay, before he even proceeds to explore under proper guidance its mighty elements of military strength—he will discover perhaps that sternness is not its only feature. Let him stroll round in the direction of the race-course to the north of the Rock, and across the parade-ground, which lies between the town and the larger area on which the reviews and field-day evolutions take place, and he will not complain of Gibraltar as wanting in the picturesque. The bold cliff, beneath which stands the Spanish café of our illustration, descends in broken and irregular, but striking, lines to the plain, and it is fringed luxuriantly from stair to stair with the vegetation of the South. Marching and counter-marching under the shadow of this lofty wall, the soldiers show from a little distance like the tin toys of the nursery, and one knows not whether to think most of the physical insignificance of man beside the brute bulk of Nature, or of the moral—or immoral—power which has enabled him to press into his service even the vast Rock which stands there beetling and lowering over him, and to turn the blind giant into a sort of Titanic man-at-arms.

Such reflections as these, however, would probably whet a visitor's desire to explore the fortifications without delay; and the time for that is not yet. The town and its buildings have first to be inspected; the life of the place, both in its military and—such as there is of it—its civil aspect, must be studied; though this, truth to tell, will not engage even the minutest observer very long. Gibraltar is not famous for its shops, or remarkable, indeed, as a place to buy anything, except tobacco, which, as the Spanish Exchequer knows to its cost (and the Spanish Customs' officials on the frontier to, it is to be feared, their advantage), is both cheap and good. Business, however, of all descriptions is fairly active, as might be expected, when we recollect that the town is pretty populous for its size, and numbers some 18,000 inhabitants, in addition to its garrison of from 5,000 to 6,000 men. With all its civil activity, however, the visitor is scarcely likely to forget—for any length of time—that



he is in a "place of arms." Not to speak of the shocks communicated to his unaccustomed nerves by morning and evening gun-fire; not to speak of the thrilling fanfare of the bugles, executed as only the bugler of a crack English regiment can execute it, and echoed and re-echoed to and fro, from face to face of the Rock, there is an indefinable air of stern order, of rigid discipline, of authority whose word is law, pervading everything. As the day wears on toward the evening this aspect of things becomes more and more unmistakable; and in the neighbourhood of the gates, towards the hour of gun-fire, you may see residents hastening in, and non-residents quickening the steps of their departure, lest the boom of the fatal cannon-clock should confine or exclude them for the night. After the closing of the gates it is still permitted for a few hours to perambulate the streets; but at midnight this privilege also ceases, and no one is allowed out of doors without a night-pass. On the 31st of December a little extra indulgence is allowed. One of the military bands will perhaps parade the main thoroughfare discoursing the sweet strains of "Auld Lang Syne," and the civil population are allowed to "see the old year out and the new year in." But a timid and respectful cheer is their sole contribution to the ceremony, and at about 12.15 they are marched off again to bed: such and so vigilant are the precautions against treachery within the walls, or surprise from without. In Gibraltar, undoubtedly, you experience something of the sensations of men who are living in a state of siege, or of those Knights of Branksome who ate and drank in armour, and lay down to rest with corslet laced, and with the buckler for a pillow.

The lions of the town itself, as distinguished from the wonders of its fortifications, are few in number. The Cathedral, the Garrison Library, Government House, the Alameda Gardens, the drive to Europa Point exhaust the list; and there is but one of these which is likely to invite—unless for some special purpose or other—a repetition of the visit. In the Alameda, however, a visitor may spend many a pleasant hour, and—if the peace and beauty of a hillside garden, with the charms of sub-tropical vegetation in abundance near at hand, and noble views of coast and sea in the distance allure him—he assuredly will. Gibraltar is immensely proud of its promenade, and it has good reason to be so. From the point of view of Nature and of Art the Alameda is an equal success. General Don, who planned and laid it out some three-quarters of a century ago, unquestionably earned a title to the same sort of tribute as was bestowed upon a famous military predecessor, Marshal Wade. Anyone who had "seen" the Alameda "before it was made," might well have "lifted up his hands and blessed" the gallant officer who had converted "the Red Sands," as the arid desert once occupying this spot was called, into the paradise of geranium-trees which has taken its place. Its monuments to Elliot and Wellington are not ideal: the mysterious curse pronounced upon English statuary appears to follow it even beyond seas; but the execution of the effigies of these national heroes may, perhaps, be forgotten in

the interest attaching to their subjects. The residents at any rate, whether civil or military, are inured to these efforts of the sculptor's art, and have long since ceased to repine. And the afternoon promenade in these gardens—with the English officers and their wives and daughters, English nursemaids and their charges, English tourists of both sexes and all ages, and the whole surrounded by a polyglot and polychromatic crowd of Oriental listeners to the military band—is a sight well worth seeing and not readily to be forgotten.



*A Street in Gibraltar.*

But we must pursue our tour round the peninsula of the Rock; and leaving the new Mole on our right, and farther on the little land-locked basin of Rosia Bay, we pass the height of Buena Vista, crowned with its barracks, and so on to the apex of the promontory, Europa Point. Here are more barracks and, here on Europa Flats, another open and level space for recreation and military exercises beneath the cliff wall. Doubling the point, and returning for a short distance along the eastern side of the promontory, we come to the Governor's Cottage, a cool summer retreat nestling close to the Rock, and virtually marking the limits of our exploration. For a little way beyond this the cliff rises inaccessible, the road ends, and we must retrace our steps. So far as walking or driving along the flat is concerned, the visitor who has reached the point may allege, with a certain kind of superficial accuracy, that he has "done Gibraltar." No wonder that the seasoned globe-trotter from across the Atlantic thinks nothing of taking Calpe in his stride.

To those, however, who visit Gibraltar in a historic, or, if they are Englishmen, in a patriotic spirit, it is not to be "done" by any means so speedily as this. Indeed, it would be more correct to say that the work of a visitor of this order is hardly yet begun. For he will have come to Gibraltar not mainly to stroll on a sunny promenade, or to enjoy a shady drive round the seaward slopes of a Spanish headland, or even to feast his eyes on the glow of Southern colour and the picturesque varieties of Southern life; but to inspect a great world-fortress, reared almost impregnable by the hand of Nature, and raised into absolute impregnability by the art of man; a



spot made memorable from the very dawn of the modern period by the rivalries of nations, and famous for all time by one of the most heroic exploits recorded in the annals of the human race. To such an one, we say, the name of Gibraltar stands before and beyond everything for the Rock of the Great Siege; and he can no more think of it in the light of a Mediterranean watering-place, with a romantic, if somewhat limited, sea-front, than he can think of the farmhouse of La Haye as an "interesting Flemish homestead," or the Château of Hougoumont as a Belgian gentleman's "eligible country house."



*Spanish Café, Gibraltar.*

For him the tour of the renowned fortifications will be the great event of his visit. Having furnished himself with the necessary authorisation from the proper military authorities (for he will be reminded at every turn of the strict martial discipline under which he lives), he will proceed to ascend the Rock, making his first halt at a building which in all probability he will often before this have gazed upon and wondered at from below. This is the Moorish Castle, the first object to catch the eye of the newcomer as he steps ashore at the Mole, and looks up at the houses that clamber up the western slope of the Rock. Their ascending tiers are dominated by this battlemented pile, and it is from the level on which it stands that one enters the famous galleries of Gibraltar. The castle is one of the oldest Moorish buildings in Spain, the Arabic legend over the south gate recording it to have been built in

725 by Abu-Abul-Hajez. Its principal tower, the Torre del Homenaje, is riddled with shot marks, the scars left behind it by the ever-memorable siege. The galleries, which are tunnelled in tiers along the north front of the Rock, are from two to three miles in extent. At one extremity they widen out into the spacious crypt known as the Hall of St. George, in which Nelson was feasted. No arches support these galleries; they are simply hewn from the solid rock, and pierced every dozen yards or so by port-holes, through each of which the black muzzle of a gun looks forth upon the Spanish mainland. They front the north, these grim watchdogs of ours, and seeing that the plain lies hundreds of feet beneath them, and with that altitude of sheer rock face between them and it, they may perhaps be admitted to represent what a witty Frenchman has called *le luxe et la coquetterie d'imprenable*, or as we might put it, a "refinement on the impregnable." Artillery in position implies the possibility of regular siege operations, followed perhaps by an assault from the quarter which the guns command; but though the Spanish threw up elaborate works on the neutral ground in the second year of the great siege, neither then nor at any other time has an assault on the Rock from its northern side been contemplated. Yet it has once been "surprised" from its eastern side, which looks almost equally inaccessible; and farther on in his tour of exploration, the visitor will come upon traces of that unprecedented and unimitated exploit. After having duly inspected the galleries, he will ascend to the Signal Tower, known in Spanish days as El Hacho, or the Torch, the spot at which beacon fires were wont on occasion to be kindled. It is not quite the highest point of the Rock, but the view from it is one of the most imposing in the world. To the north lie the mountains of Ronda, and to the far east the Sierra of the Snows that looks down on Granada, gleams pale and spectral on the horizon. Far beneath you lie town and bay, the batteries with their tiny ordnance, and the harbour with its plaything ships; while farther onward, in the same line of vision, the African "Pillar of Hercules," Ceuta, looks down upon the sunlit waters of the Strait.

A little farther on is the true highest point of the Rock, 1,396 feet; and yet a little farther, after a descent of a few feet, we come upon the tower known as O'Hara's Folly, from which also the view is magnificent, and which marks the southernmost point of the ridge. It was built by an officer of that name as a watch tower, from which to observe the movements of the Spanish fleet at Cadiz, which, even across the cape as the crow flies, is distant some fifty or sixty miles. The extent, however, of the outlook which it actually commanded has probably never been tested, certainly not with modern optical appliances, as it was struck by lightning soon after its completion. Retracing his steps to the northern end of the height, the visitor historically interested in Gibraltar will do well to survey the scene from here once more before descending to inspect the fortifications of the coast line. Far beneath



him, looking landward, lies the flat sandy part of the isthmus, cut just where its neck begins to widen by the British lines. Beyond these, again, extends the zone some half mile in breadth of the Neutral Ground; while yet farther inland, the eye lights upon a broken and irregular line of earthworks, marking the limit, politically speaking, of Spanish soil. These are the most notable, perhaps the only surviving, relic of the great siege. In the third year of that desperate leaguer—it was in 1781—the Spaniards having tried in vain, since June, 1779, to starve out the garrison, resorted to the idea of bombarding the town into surrender, and threw up across the neutral ground the great earthworks, of which only these ruins remain. They had reason, indeed, to resort to extraordinary efforts. Twice within these twenty-four months had they reduced the town to the most dreadful straits of hunger, and twice had it been relieved by English fleets. In January, 1780, when Rodney appeared in the Straits with his priceless freight of food, the inhabitants were feeding on thistles and wild onions; the hind quarter of an Algerian sheep was selling for seven pounds ten, and an English milch cow for fifty guineas. In the spring of 1781, when Admiral Darby relieved them for the second time, the price of “bad ship’s biscuits full of vermin”—says Captain John Drinkwater of the 72nd, an actor in the scenes which he has recorded—was a shilling a pound; “old dried peas, a shilling and fourpence; salt, half dirt, the sweepings of ships’ bottoms and storehouses, eightpence; and English farthing candles, sixpence apiece.” These terrible privations having failed to break the indomitable spirit of the besieged, bombardment had, before the construction of these lines, been resorted to. Enormous batteries, mounting 170 guns and 80 mortars, had been planted along the shore, and had played upon the town, without interruption, for six weeks. Houses were shattered and set on fire, homeless and half-starved families were driven for shelter to the southern end of the promontory, where again they were harried by Spanish ships sailing round Europa Point and firing indiscriminately on shore. The troops, shelled out of their quarters, were living in tents on the hillside, save when these also were swept away by the furious rainstorms of that region. And it was to put, as was hoped, the finishing stroke to this process of torture, that the great fortifications which have been spoken of were in course of construction all through the spring and summer of 1781 on the neutral ground. General Elliot—that tough old Spartan warrior, whose food was vegetables and water, and four hours his maximum of continuous sleep, and the contagion of whose noble example could alone perhaps have given heart enough even to this sturdy garrison—watched the progress of the works with anxiety, and had made up his mind before the winter came that they must be assaulted. Accordingly, at three a.m. on the morning of November 27, 1781, he sallied forth with a picked band of two thousand men—a pair of regiments who had fought by his side at Minden two-and-twenty years before—and having traversed the three-quarters of a mile of intervening country in swift

silence, fell upon the Spanish works. The alarm had been given, but only just before the assailants reached the object of their attack; and the affair was practically a surprise. The gunners, demoralised and panic-stricken, were bayoneted at their posts, the guns were spiked, and the batteries themselves set on fire with blazing faggots prepared for the purpose. In an hour the flames had gained such strength as to be inextinguishable, and General Elliot drew off his forces and retreated to the town,



*The Moorish Castle: from the Old Mole.*

the last sound to greet their ears as they re-entered the gates being the roar of the explosion of the enemy's magazines. For four days the camp continued to burn, and when the fire had exhausted itself for want of materials, the work of laborious months lay in ruins, and the results of a vast military outlay were scattered to the winds. It was the last serious attempt made against the garrison by the Spaniards from the landward side. The fiercest and most furious struggle of the long siege was to take place on the shore and waters to the west.

And so after all it is to the "line-wall"—to that formidable bulwark of masonry and gun-metal which fringes the town of Gibraltar from the Old Mole to Rosia Bay—that one returns as to the chief attraction, from the historical point of view, of the



mighty fortress. For two full miles it runs, zigzagging along the indented coast, and broken here and there by water-gate or bastion, famous in military story. Here, as we move southward from the Old Mole, is the King's Bastion, the most renowned of all. Next comes Ragged Staff Stairs, so named from the heraldic insignia of Charles V.; and farther on is Jumper's Battery, situated at what is held to be the weakest part of the Rock, and which has certainly proved itself to be so on one ever memorable occasion. For it was at the point where Jumper's Battery now stands that the first English landing-party set foot on shore; it was at this point, it may be said, that Gibraltar was carried. The fortunes of nomenclature are very capricious, and the name of Jumper—unless, indeed, it were specially selected for its appropriateness—has hardly a better right to perpetuation in this fashion than the name of Hicks. For these were the names of the two gallant officers who were foremost in their pinnaces in the race for the South Mole, which at that time occupied the spot where the landing was effected; and we are not aware that history records which was the actual winner. It was on the 23rd of July, 1704, as all the world knows, that these two gallant seamen and their boats' crews made their historic leap on shore; and after all, the accident which has preserved the name of one of them is not more of what is familiarly called a "fluke" than the project of the capture



*The Moorish Castle.*

itself, and the retention of the great fortress when captured. It is almost comic to think that when Sir George Rooke sailed from England, on the voyage from which he returned, figuratively speaking, with the key of the Mediterranean in his pocket, he had no more notion of attacking Gibraltar than of discovering the North-West Passage. He simply went to land our candidate for the Spanish throne, "King Charles III.," at Lisbon; which service performed, he received orders from the English Government to sail to the relief of Nice and Villa Franca, which were supposed to be in danger from the French, while at the same time he was pressed by Charles to "look round" at Barcelona, where the people, their aspirant-sovereign thought, were ready to rise in his favour. Rooke executed both commissions. That is to say, he ascertained that there was nothing for him to do in either place—that Barcelona would not rise, and that Nice was in no danger of falling; and the admiral

accordingly dropped down the Mediterranean towards the Straits—where he was joined by Sir Cloudesley Shovel with another squadron—with the view of intercepting the Brest Fleet of France, which he had heard was about to attempt a junction with that of Toulon. The Brest Fleet, however, he found had already given him the slip, and thus it came about that on the 17th of July these two energetic naval officers found themselves about seven leagues to the east of Tetuan with nothing to do. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the attack on Gibraltar was decreed as the distraction of an intolerable ennui. The stronghold was known to be weakly garrisoned, though, for that time, strongly armed; it turned out afterwards that it had only a hundred and fifty gunners to a hundred guns, and it was thought possible to carry the place by a *coup-de-main*. On the 21st the whole fleet came to anchor in Gibraltar Bay. Two thousand men under the Prince of Hesse were landed on what is now the neutral ground, and cut off all communication with the mainland of Spain. On the 23rd Rear-Admirals Vanderdussen and Byng (the father of a less fortunate seaman) opened fire upon the batteries, and after five or six hours' bombardment silenced them, and Captain Whittaker was thereupon ordered to take all the boats, filled with seamen and marines, and possess himself of the South Mole Head. Captains Jumper and Hicks were, as has been said, in the foremost pinnaces, and were the first to land. A mine exploded under their feet, killing two officers and a hundred men, but Jumper and Hicks pressed on with their stout followers, and assaulted and carried a redoubt which lay between the Mole and the town. Whereupon the Spanish Governor capitulated, the gates on the side of the isthmus were thrown open to the Prince of Hesse and his troops, and Gibraltar was ours. Or rather it was not ours, except by the title of the "man in possession." It was the property of his Highness the Archduke Charles, styled by us his Majesty King Charles III. of Spain, and had he succeeded in making good that title in arms, we should, of course, have had to hand over to him the strongest place in his dominions, at the end of the war. But we profited by the failure of our protégé. The war of the Spanish Succession ended in the recognition of Philip V.; and almost against the will of the nation—for George I. was ready enough to give it up, and the popular English view of the matter was that it was "a barren rock, an insignificant fort, and a useless charge"—Gibraltar remained on our hands.

Undoubtedly, the King's Bastion is the centre of historic military interest in Gibraltar, but the line-wall should be followed along its impregnable front to complete one's conception of the sea defences of the great fortress. A little farther on is Government House, the quondam convent, which now forms the official residence of the Governor; and farther still the landing-place, known as Ragged Staff Stairs. Then Jumper's Bastion, already mentioned; and then the line of fortification, running outwards with the coast line towards the New Mole and landing-place, returns upon



itself, and rounding Rosia Bay trends again southward towards Buena Vista Point. A ring of steel indeed—a coat of mail on the giant's frame, impenetrable to the projectiles of the most terrible of the modern Titans of the seas. The casemates for the artillery are absolutely bomb-proof, the walls of such thickness as to resist the impact of shots weighing hundreds of pounds, while the mighty arches overhead are constructed to defy the explosion of the heaviest shells. As to its offensive armament, the line-wall bristles with guns of the largest calibre, some mounted on the parapet above, others on the casemates nearer the sea-level, whence their shot could be discharged with the deadliest effect at an attacking ship.

He who visits Gibraltar is pretty sure, at least if time permits, to visit Algeciras and San Roque, while from farther afield still he will be tempted by Estepona. The first of these places he will be in a hurry, indeed, if he misses; not that the place itself is very remarkable, as that it stands so prominently in evidence on the other side of the bay as almost to challenge a visit. Add to this the natural curiosity of an Englishman to pass over into Spanish territory and to survey Gibraltar from the landward side, and it will not be surprising that the four-mile trip across the bay is pretty generally made. On the whole it repays; for though Algeciras is modern and uninteresting enough, its environs are picturesque, and the artist will be able to sketch the great rock-fortress from an entirely new point, and in not the least striking of its aspects.

And now, before passing once for all through the storied portal of the Mediterranean, it remains to bestow at least a passing glance upon the other column which guards the entrance. Over against us, as we stand on Europa Point and look seaward, looms, some ten or a dozen miles away, the Punta de Africa, the African Pillar of Hercules, the headland behind which lies Ceuta, the principal Spanish stronghold on the Moorish coast. Of a truth, one's first thought is that the great doorway of the inland sea has monstrously unequal jambs. Except that the Punta de Africa is exactly opposite the Rock of Gibraltar, and that it is the last eminence on the southern side of the Straits—the point at which the African coast turns suddenly due southward, and all is open sea—it would have been little likely to have caught



*Gate of Ceuta.*

the eye of an explorer, or to have forced itself upon the notice of the geographer. Such as it is, however, it must stand for the African Pillar of Hercules, unless that demi-god is to content himself with only one. It is not imposing to approach as we make our way directly across the Straits from Gibraltar, or down and along them from Algeciras towards it: a smooth, rounded hill, surmounted by a fort with the Spanish flag floating above it, and walled on the sea side, so little can its defenders trust to the very slight natural difficulties offered even by its most difficult approach. Such is Ceuta in the distance, and it is little, if at all, more impressive on a closer inspection. Its name is said to come from Sebta, a corruption of Septem, and to have been given it because of the seven hills on which it is built. Probably the seven hills would be difficult to find and count, or with a more liberal interpretation of the word, it might very likely be as easy to find fourteen.

Ceuta, like almost every other town or citadel on this battle-ground of Europe and Africa, has played its part in the secular struggle between Christendom and Islam. It is more than four centuries and a half since it was first wrested from the Moors by King John of Portugal, and in the hands of that State it remained for another two hundred years, when, in 1640, it was annexed to the Crown of Castille. King John's acquisition of the place, however, was unfortunate for his family. He returned home, leaving the princes of Portugal in command of his new



*Ceuta, from the Sea.*

possession; which, after the repulse of an attempt on the part of the Moors to recapture it, he proceeded to strengthen with new fortifications and an increased garrison. Dying in 1428, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward, who undertook an expedition against Tangier, which turned out so unluckily that the Portuguese had







SMYRNA, FROM MOUNT PAGUS.





*Looking down on Ceuta.*

to buy their retreat from Africa by a promise to restore Ceuta, the king's son, Don Ferdinand, being left in the hands of the Moors as a hostage for its delivery. In spite of this, however, the King and Council refused on their return home to carry out their undertaking; and though preparations were made for recovering the unfortunate hostage, the death of Edward prevented the project from being carried out, and Prince Ferdinand remained a prisoner for several years. Ceuta was never surrendered, and passing, as has been said, in the seventeenth century from the possession of Portugal into that of Spain, it now forms one of the four or five vantage-points held by Spain on the coast of Africa and in its vicinity. Surveyed from the neighbouring heights, the citadel, with the town stretching away along the neck of land at its foot, looks like anything but a powerful stronghold, and against any less effete and decaying race than the Moors who surround it, it might not possibly prove very easy to defend. Its garrison, however, is strong, whatever its forts may be, and as a basis of military operations, it proved to be of some value to Spain in her expedition against Morocco twenty years ago. In times of peace it is used by the Spaniards as a convict station.

The internal attractions of Ceuta to a visitor are not considerable. There are Roman remains in the neighbourhood of the citadel, and the walls of the town, with the massive archways of its gates, are well worthy of remark. Its main feature of interest, however, is, and always will be, that rock of many names which it thrusts forth into the Straits, to form, with its brother column across the water, the gateway between the Eastern and the Western World. We have already looked upon it in the distance from El Hacho, the signal tower on the summit of the Rock of Gibraltar.

Abyla, "the mountain of God," it was styled by the Phœnicians; Gibel Mo-osa, the hill of Musa, was its name among the Moors; it is the Cabo de Bullones of the Spaniard, and the Apes' Hill of the Englishman. It may be well seen, though dwarfed a little by proximity, from its neighbouring waters; a curious sight, if only for its strange contrast with the European Pillar that we have left behind. It is shaped like a miniature Peak of Teneriffe, with a pointed apex sloping away on either side down high-shouldered ridges towards its companion hills, and presenting a lined and furrowed face to the sea. It is its situation, as has been noted already, and not its conformation, which procured it its ancient name. But however earned, its mythical title, with all the halo of poetry and romance that the immortal myths of Hellas have shed around every spot which they have reached, remains to it for ever. And here we take our farewell look of the Pillars of Hercules to right and left, and borne onwards amidstream by the rushing current of the Straits, we pass from the modern into the ancient world.

H. D. TRAILL.



*Apes' Hill.*



## SMYRNA.

WHEN Virgil dwelt upon the beauty of that Italian land he loved so well, and whose charms he extolled in lines that will never die, he enumerated amongst her claims to eminence over other countries the number and excellence of her harbours. This praise might well have been extended to the whole of that inland sea, across which the Italian Peninsula stretches as a sort of giant breakwater. Save on the low, bleak, sandy coast of Africa, the Mediterranean literally bristles with land-locked bays, in which the fleets of the world might float at anchor. Where all are fair it is idle to dispute the palm of beauty. But in the opinion of others besides its native-born inhabitants, the Bay of Smyrna might claim pre-eminence even against Marseilles and Genoa and Naples. Whether you come from north or south, from the Dardanelles and the Golden Horn, or from Alexandria and the Canal—which cleaves a way from east to west across the sand isthmus of Suez—you skirt Chios and catch sight of Lesbos before you turn past the promontory of Kara Bournou, which keeps guard over the entrance to the Bay of Smyrna.

The town—with its long stretches of white-faced buildings, with its wealth of domes, minarets, and cupolas—nestles, as it were, at the foot of a high range of broken mountains. Behind the town stretch long rows of cypresses and palm trees; and over the city there hangs the huge ruined fortress of Kaz-el-Dagh. To the south, through a cleft in the hill sides, you catch glimpses of the rich plains which stretch towards Ephesus, towered over by the mountain of the Twin Brothers. To the north you see the valleys of Bonmalah and Hadjilar. But what no words can convey, what even the painter's art fails to reproduce, is the exceeding beauty of the colour, which throws a glamour over the meanest surroundings. The clearness of the atmosphere—so that it seems as though the heights towering above the city lay within a stone's throw—the richness of the tints and hues, the depth of the ink-black shadows, the blueness of the sea and sky, the glisten of the air, are things not to be reproduced by brush, still less by pen.

In common with all the seaports of the Levant, or, for that matter, with all the towns of the East, Smyrna viewed from a distance looks like a city of palaces. If you would see Smyrna at her best you should gaze upon it from the waters of its bay, when her tiers upon tiers of terraces are lit up by the blaze of the setting sun, and then sail away, leaving the shore untrodden. You will understand then how the dwellers within her walls have named her from time to time, Smyrna the Beloved, the Coronet of Ionia, the Eye of Anatolia, the Pearl of the Orient. But when you land the enchantment vanishes, or at any rate is sadly dimmed. The marble palaces

*Smyrna, from the Sea.*

turn out to be whitewashed barracks, the streets are shabby, mean, squalid, and malodorous. The architecture is of that bastard, nondescript character found in all Eastern cities where the European element has made good its footing. Still, if the East is new to you, there is a charm about Smyrna which not all its dirt and smells and tawdriness can destroy. The long files of camels' stalking silently through the crowded streets, jostling against the narrow walls with huge burdens of merchandise slung across their backs, astride which the white-robed Bedouin sits cross-legged; the endless strings of donkeys carrying the veiled ladies of the harem, with the peep-hole slits, through which their kohl-stained eyes flash brightly; the turbaned shopkeepers, squatted before their counters and smiling stolidly; the heterogeneous mass of seething humanity; the Turkish officials, with their red fezes and their black single-breasted stamboulis; the Syrians, with their muslin turbans and their rich flowing silk robes; the slave women clad in white, the beggars in every variety of rags, the Franks in their French-made dresses, the sailors of every nation under the sun, the conjurors, the street-scribes, the Dervishes with the green folds swathed round their heads; the palms, the minarets—all combine under that dazzling sunlight to form the never-ending, ever-changing kaleidoscope which, to every one with an eye for colour, renders the East a joy in itself.

But save in the general picturesqueness which is common to all Oriental cities, there is not much of special note about the architecture or the edifices of Smyrna. There is still a Jewish and an Armenian quarter, though both Israelites and Armenians are now found dwelling outside the old prescribed limits. But of the Frank city—the quarter within which alone in the old days the Giaour was permitted to dwell—there are few traces left. Indeed, the memory of the bygone days is



chiefly preserved by the names of Frank Street, Point Street, Dickson Street, and Rose Street, which form the principal thoroughfares of the city. Indeed, in Smyrna, as all throughout the Levant, one of the things which most strikes the newcomer from the West is the motley heterogeneous jumble of street nomenclature. The advantage of naming the streets in a town, or of numbering the houses therein, never seems to present itself to the Oriental mind. Indeed, the idea is absolutely distasteful. Even the Egyptian fellaheen, who will submit to any form of oppression, were nearly rising in insurrection only a few years ago because the Government proposed to have numbers affixed to the doors of their dwellings. In the East there are, properly speaking, no family names; but each one of the thousand Alis and Ibrahims and Ismails is distinguished from the other by some chance nickname. So in like manner one street is known from another by some local or passing circumstance, such as being the site of some Pasha's dwelling. But wherever the Frank has established his quarters he has brought with him the custom of giving to every street a distinctive appellation and name; and as one series of foreigner after another became the dominant alien element in the ports of the Levant, they each left a record of their passage by names taken from their own land, which they have scattered about the localities in which they pitched their temporary abode. Thus, in Smyrna, the *Via Bella Vista* and *La Marina* are hard by the Three Corners. The *Rue de l'Hôpital* adjoins Frank Street; and the *Megalas Tavernas* is close to the *Casaba Terminus*. The *Madama Khan*, the lane of the silversmiths, leads to the alley of the



*Island of Scio.*

Hellenic shoemakers, and on past Cramer's Passage to the English quay. So again Smyrna is a reproduction in miniature of the Tower of Babel. In the great seaports of the West you may perhaps find more numerous individual representatives of the various tongues spoken throughout the world. But in no place I know of are there so many communities as there are in Smyrna, each speaking a language of their own. There are the British and the French colonies; the Dutch, who mainly use English; the Italians, who employ a dialect more closely resembling Maltese than the *Lingua Toscana*; the Greeks of the Peloponnesus, the Greeks from the Morea, who

speak Albanian; the Greeks from the Isles, who employ Romaic; the Slavonians, who talk in Ser-  
vian; the Jews, with their strange Spanish-Italian lingo; the Turks, Arabs, Persians, Gipsies, and Kurds, all using their own tongues.

This babel of bastard tongues which prevails throughout Smyrna is typical somehow of the city's record in history. There has never been a time, save possibly in some remote era of which the



*Tomb of Polycarp.*

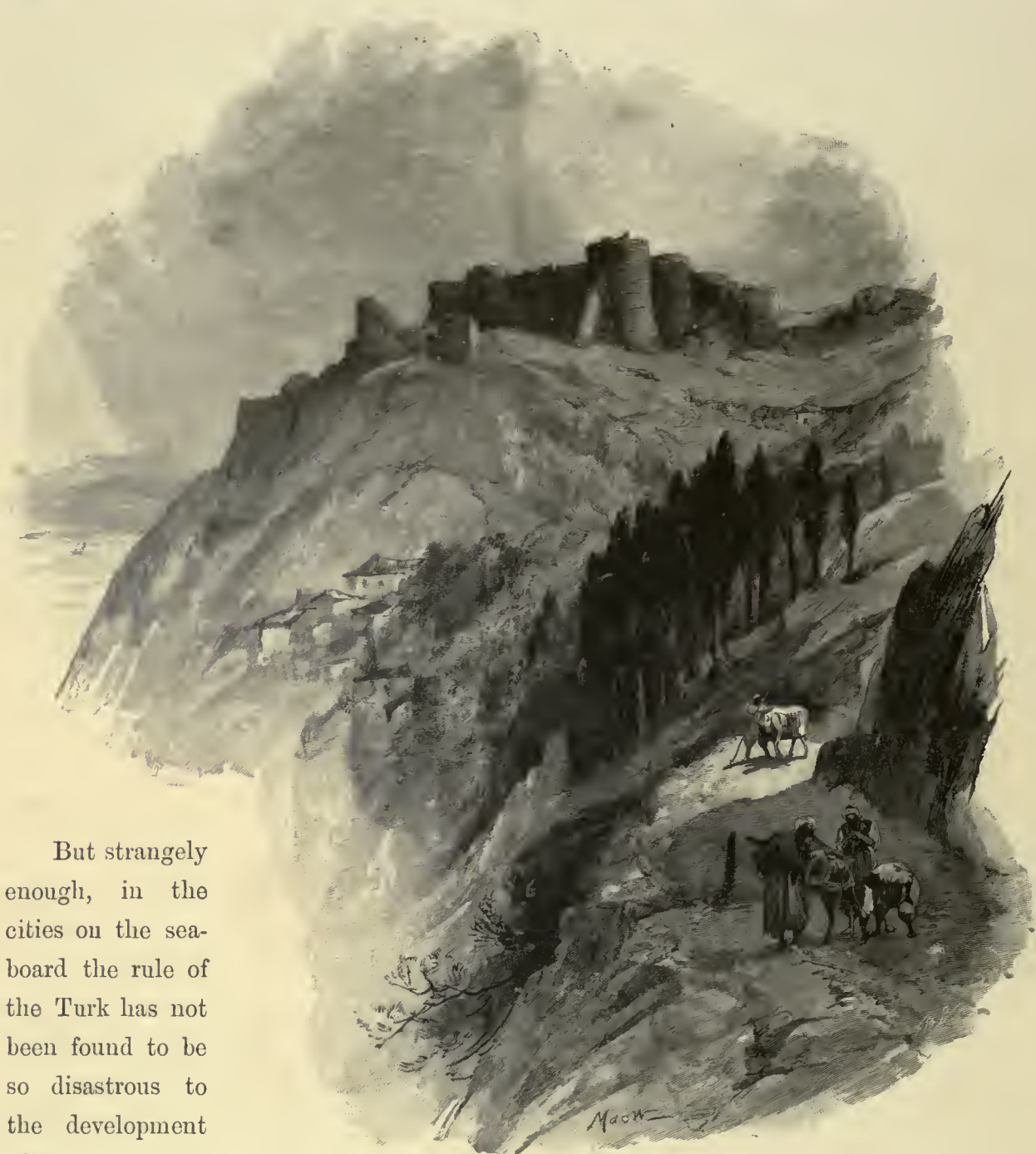
very memory has died away, in which Smyrna has played a leading part in the world's annals. Yet ever since the days when the story of the globe ceased—in as far as our knowledge is concerned—to be a blank page, there has been no great ebb and flow of power in the regions whence the Indo-European race has sprung, with which Smyrna has not been more or less closely connected. It was founded, so tradition tells, by the Amazons, from one of whom it derives the name it bears, and it claims its descent from the Cyclops. Ephesians, Æolians, and Kolophonians held the city in turn till it first emerges into something approaching historic record as a member of the Ionian League. Then it was attacked, captured, and reduced to ruins by the kings of Lydia. For four centuries it remained abandoned and deserted, till Alexander of Macedon rebuilt the city, as the story goes, out of respect to the memory of Homer. Then, after Alexander's death, Antigonus and his successors ruled there for a time; and after intervals of independent existence as a Republic, the city passed under the dominion of the Romans. When the sceptre of the world was transferred from the banks of the Tiber to those of the Bosphorus, Smyrna shared the fortunes of the Byzantine Empire. Lying as it does at the threshold of Asia Minor—Saracens, Crusaders, Genoese, and Turks fought in turn for the possession of the port of the Levant. It is now just about eight



centuries since the followers of Islam first entered Smyrna as conquerors. It was recovered by the Byzantines and then lost again. Then the Knights Templars of Rhodes and the Saracens struggled with fitful fortunes for the Pearl of Ionia; Amurath and Bayazid besieged it, and were repulsed from before its walls. Again centuries passed, and Timour the Tartar swept down upon it with his Mongol hordes, drove out the Knights of Rhodes, and, so legend tells, built up a tower with the skulls of the prisoners he had taken captive. And at last, close on five hundred years ago, Smyrna passed finally under the rule of Islam. In the early years of the fifteenth century the town was formally annexed by the Sultans of the Osmanli dynasty; and from that day to this, in spite of temporary onslaughts by the galleys of the Queen of the Adriatic, the flag of the Crescent has floated over the city and the bay.

It is a proverb in the East that where the hoofs of the Turkish steeds have trod the soil the grass never grows. Nowhere is the moral conveyed by this proverb illustrated more clearly than in the provinces of Asia Minor. Under the blighting rule of oppression, exaction, and corruption, which seems inseparable from the dominion of the Tartar Moslems, the granary of Europe has become well-nigh a wilderness. Roads fallen into disuse, broken-down bridges, decayed cities, deserted fields, dried-up wells, and untilled plains testify everywhere to the baneful effect of Turkish supremacy. It is not so much the influence of Islam, though that has something to do with the result. There are Mahometan countries in many parts of the world where agriculture prospers, and where civilisation, if it does not advance, does not recede. It is rather the peculiar character, the *indoles* of the Turk, which incapacitates him from developing any industry to whose success order, security, and economy are indispensable. The one conception of a province, as it suggests itself to the Turkish mind, is a place where troops can be raised, and whence money can be extracted. If even these objects were pursued with any degree of intelligence, self-interest might induce the Turk not to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs. But intelligence is the last quality to be found in any Turkish administration. From time immemorial, the system by which the Turks have administered their vast dominions is to entrust the collection of the taxes, and the government of the provinces from which these taxes are derived, to Pashas who in one way or another have paid for their posts, and who know that their continuance in favour at Court is due to the caprice of their patron, and to the lavishness with which they can comply with his demands. Interest and self-preservation therefore combine to induce them to make hay while the sun shines, to wring every piastre they can out of the province subject to their sway, utterly heedless of any injury they may inflict on its permanent resources, and anxious only to lay by enough money for themselves during their Pashaship to enable them to live in ease when their reign is cut short, owing to the intrigues of some rival at the palace who covets their place.





*Smyrna Castle and Mount Pagus.*

But strangely enough, in the cities on the sea-board the rule of the Turk has not been found to be so disastrous to the development of commerce. The reasons for this

are manifold. The Turk is a born constable as well as a born soldier, and is therefore able, by a sort of hereditary instinct, to keep the peace amidst the mass of hostile races, conflicting nationalities, and antagonistic creeds, to be found in all the great ports of the Levant. The very apathy and carelessness which render his rule so disastrous in the interior, cause the Turk to be not a bad master in commercial cities, where trade requires, above all things, to be let alone. The doctrine of "Laissez-faire" is one eminently congenial to the Turkish character. From a very early date the Frankish communities to be found in all the Levantine seaports enjoyed

a *quasi*-independence of their own. They were under the protection of powerful Western States, and any gross interference with their rights was certain to entail risk or—what the Oriental dreads even more—trouble and annoyance. It was not possible to plunder, maltreat, or abuse the Giaour merchants in the seaports in the same fashion as the Rayah peasant in the interior; and as there was nothing to be got out of him, the best thing was to leave him to his own evil devices. So throughout the Levant the Frank mercantile communities were allowed to do pretty well



*Caravan Bridge over the Melos.*

what they liked, so long as they kept peace amongst themselves, and made things generally pleasant to their Turkish rulers. It was in this way the Capitulations grew into existence. The Turks did not want to be bothered with the disputes and feuds of their Frank subjects, so they gave them leave to administer their own laws and to rule their own affairs, without ever dreaming the day would come when the despised Giaours would employ the rights contemptuously conceded them under the Capitulations as an instrument for the overthrow of Ottoman rule.

So it came to pass that in the Levantine cities there was greater freedom of trade, greater independence of individual action, than in the seaports of other countries enjoying a far higher degree of civilisation and culture. Of all the ports subject to the sway of the Crescent, Smyrna gained most by the latitude allowed under Turkish rule to any industry in which the Pashas had little interest and less power of interference. Its position rendered it the central depôt of the Levant. It is true that the decay in the productive powers of Asia Minor deprived Smyrna of much of the agricultural riches that formerly were poured into her lap. But as Europe became



settled, and trade sprang up throughout both continents, Smyrna became the chief port for the interchange of goods and wares between the East and the West. The Turks, with all their faults, were not robbers; and the caravans which came from all parts of the East, finding their way towards Smyrna, enjoyed comparative security in consideration of a not too exorbitant contribution of blackmail. Thus—during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and even as late as the early part of the nineteenth—vast droves of camels were continually passing the famous Caravan Bridge on the outskirts of Smyrna, bringing seawards the silks, spices, and fruits of the Orient, and carrying far away into remote countries the wares of Lyons and Venice, and the Hanseatic cities, and above all of London and Plymouth and Bristol.

For this is a fact worth noting, that while the prosperity of Smyrna, and indeed of all the Levant, was at its height, the supremacy of the British element in the Levantine trade was at its height also. As the Italian republics declined, as Genoa and Pisa and Venice lost their custom, Great Britain succeeded to their inheritance. I suspect if any trade returns were in existence, showing the condition of British commerce two centuries ago, it would be found that the Levant trade was at that period one of the most important branches of our commerce with foreign countries. In every important city of the Levant there was a British factory, or a British guild of merchant-adventurers; and in every city this factory or guild held the highest rank in the community. In those days the energy and the enterprise of the British trader knew no bounds. It was still a time when success in business depended not on vast capital and gigantic combinations, but on the personal efforts of each individual trader; and this state of things was eminently favourable to the growth of British enterprise. We were first in the field, and we held our own against all comers. Moreover, we got on better with the Turks than the other mercantile races who sought to earn fortunes in the Tom Tiddler's ground of the Levant. At the bottom of his heart the Turk—in common with other followers of Islam—has a supreme contempt for the Christian, an unassailable conviction of his own supreme intellectual superiority. But Giaour for Giaour, the Turk prefers the British Christian to any other member of the category. There is something in our national character, in our courage, our contempt of falsehood, our worship of strength, which appeals to the instincts of the Osmanli as the descendant of a military and a masterful race. Our merchants were men of another stamp from the Armenians and Greeks and Jews, whom the Turk knew and despised as peddlers and hucksters. We shared, too, with the Turk his contempt for the Rayah races subject to his dominion; we had no desire to proselytise, we were content to live after our insular fashion. So the consequence was that by usage, if not by treaty, the British traders throughout Turkey were treated on the footing of the most favoured nation; and for a time the commerce of the Levant practically passed into our hands. Smyrna was the head-quarters of



the British Levantine trade; and the Turkey merchant occupied in popular imagination something of the position assigned later to the Indian nabob who had shaken the Pagoda tree. A certain savour of romance hung about the trade with the Morning Land. Figs and raisins, acorns and madder, silk and opium, liquorice and emery, sponges, boxwood, scammony and olive oil, carpets and rugs, and lace which still bears the name of *Point de Smyrne*, attar of roses, and spices from the far East—these were the wares in which the Smyrna merchants mainly dealt; and the very character of their goods placed them somehow above the vendors of hides and tallow. In the plays and the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Turkey merchant is a familiar personage. Tristram Shandy's father had been engaged in the Levant trade; and one of Roxana's protectors had, if I remember rightly, according to De Foe, made his fortune in the same pursuit. At Smyrna, and all over the Levant, you will find traces of the days when the British traders dwelt there as merchant princes. They kept open house, they lived in a semi-Oriental fashion, and many of them—if legend be true—had harems of their own.

Of our old mercantile supremacy there is little trace to be found nowadays in Smyrna or, indeed, throughout the Turkish dominions. Smyrna itself has gone down in the world as a commercial centre. The development of our trade with India, China, and Japan has caused the whole Levant to lose its importance as the mart of Eastern wares; the course of trade has drifted elsewhere. Alexandria originally, and now Port Said, have taken away no small portion of Smyrna's traffic; and the opening of the Suez Canal has proved detrimental to its prosperity, as it has indeed to that of all the ports of Turkey in Asia. But the British mercantile community has dwindled away out of all proportion to the decline in the relative importance of the Levantine trade, and the causes of this decline are obvious enough. Smith, Brown, and Jones are supplanted, out-matched, and under-sold by Spiridion, and Ambrosino, and Pericles. The Armenian, the German, and above all the Greek houses have driven the British merchant princes out of the field. They work longer hours, they live more frugally, they employ fewer clerks, they associate more with the natives, they are more apt in acquiring foreign languages, they conform more readily to local usages, and, if common repute be correct, they resort to arts and tricks of trade which the British merchant, either from scruple or carelessness, is averse from employing. To put it shortly, the Greeks are able to buy cheaper and can afford to sell at a smaller profit than our own people; and therefore, by the law of the survival of the fittest, they have got our trade into their possession. Moreover, they have the great advantage of belonging to a sort of Hellenic fraternity. The British merchant in the Levant, as elsewhere, trades upon his own bottom; but the Greeks form a kind of clan of their own. In Smyrna—as for that matter in Odessa, Galatz, Stamboul, Alexandria, Marseilles, London, Liverpool, and New York—the Greek

mercantile community hangs together and stands one by another. Even when a Greek makes bad affairs, it is not his Hellenic fellow traders who bear the loss; and they in their turn do their best to set the defaulter on his legs again. Thus it comes



*A Street Group.*

to pass that the Greeks have got nowadays almost a monopoly of the Levantine commerce, just as the grain trade of the world has become their special property. To the trading instincts of the Jew, the Greek adds a courage and an audacity of speculation utterly alien to the Hebraic nature; and thus for the time, at any rate, he sweeps all before him. The shipping and carrying trade in the Eastern Mediterranean is still very largely carried on by vessels sailing under the Union Jack; and

therefore at Smyrna, as elsewhere, the chief ship-brokers' firms are British. But the British Turkey merchants, properly so called, have pretty well disappeared; and at Smyrna, at any rate, their place knows them no more.

Indeed, *Fuit* is the epitaph that should by rights be inscribed over so many things in Smyrna. In the days when the Plague was a word of terror in Europe, Smyrna was looked upon as a sort of head-quarters and depôt of that terrible and mysterious malady. Probably this evil reputation was due to the fact that Smyrna was the point of arrival of the caravans which passed through the lands where the Plague had its chosen abode; and was also the point whence the infection of the disease was most likely to be carried across the seas by the traders and mariners from the West. But for upwards of half a century the Plague has practically been unknown in Smyrna. The inhabitants attribute this immunity to the improvement in the sanitary conditions of the city. This may be so, though to the Western traveller it would seem as if the narrow, reeking, undrained streets of the native quarters still contained every element requisite for the propagation of any form of contagious malady. A more probable explanation is that the Plague, like other epidemics, is gradually losing its virulence. Be this as it may, it is curious to Europeans at the present to hear, as you may from the older inhabitants of Smyrna, recollections of the day when the black pest ravaged the cities of Asia Minor, and made Smyrna its





THE PLAINS OF EPHEBUS



special habitat. It seems to carry one back to the time of the great Plague of London to hear how, as soon as the disease declared itself, the first precaution taken was to shoot all the cats in the city. The reason of this precaution was as follows. According to the theory which found favour in those days, whether rightly or wrongly, the Plague could only be communicated by actual contact. Cats crawl about from house to house, pass over roofs, and pay visits in all sorts of localities, and in their fur, according to the Smyrniote theory, they carry, or may carry, the germs of the pest caught by rubbing against some infected person. So when the Plague appeared a holocaust of cats was made, the houses were barricaded, a stock of provisions was laid in, and all unnecessary communication with the outer world was rigidly cut off. Of course, these precautions were only possible to the wealthy merchants, who could live at home at ease. The poor had to take their chance, and in most cases the chance was a sorry one. Still—Plague or no Plague—business went on. Acceptances had to be met, cargoes loaded, and bills of lading provided. All these things required visits to offices and warehouses; and so when occasion arose the merchants of the Plague-stricken city used to leave their houses and, mounted on donkeys, wind their way through the narrow streets preceded by kavasses, whose duty it was to beat off the common folk and prevent any one from touching even the hem of their masters' garments. When the office was reached the donkey was brought inside, for fear any passer-by should put his hands on his sleek sides and thus render him a medium of contagion; and then when the business was over, when the letters had been read, after being fumigated with spices, and when the piastres had been handed about in small ladles filled with vinegar, the merchant returned home to his barricaded palace. Altogether, if the reminiscences of ancient Smyrniotes can be trusted, the Black Plague was not so dreadful a visitation, at any rate to the well-to-do, as we are apt to imagine. The cholera, of which the inhabitants of Smyrna, as of all the Levant, have an abject terror, is declared to be a far more formidable epidemic. However this may be, it is certain that the Plague is now unknown in Smyrna; while cholera morbus reigns in its stead.

Another institution which is on the wane is that of the donkeys of Smyrna and their drivers. Up to a comparatively recent time donkeys were practically the only means of locomotion. Every person of any position had his own donkey, or chartered his own donkey-boy. The merchants went to 'Change, the ladies went to the bath and the bazaar, the children went to school on donkey-back. To walk was a sign of poverty, to go on foot was to lose caste, and as the streets were too narrow, too crowded, and too badly paved to allow of any other form of conveyance, donkeys were at a premium. A donkey worthy to bear the weight of a person of society would cost from £50 to £100; and even the donkeys which plied for hire in the fashionable quarters represented a value of from £15 to £25. The donkey-boys formed a sort of

guild of their own, and no one not affiliated to the craft could pilot a donkey. It is not an easy or a healthy life, that of the donkey driver. If he wants to earn the full amount of backsheesh, he has to make the donkey gallop as fast as his legs will carry him, and has to follow behind at a full run, elbowing his way, shouting at the top of his voice, and brandishing his stick from side to side whenever he is not prodding on the donkey. The lads as a rule are not long-lived. They suffer from heart complaints, or they get over-heated and chilled, and sicken with diseases of the lungs. But they are bright and cheery, and seem to possess an enviable faculty of never getting tired of the same jokes, no matter how often repeated. When work is slack they will squat for hours day after day watching the street conjurer doing the same old tricks, or listening to the street story-teller reciting the same old story; but as soon as a customer comes in sight they spring up and begin shouting, gesticulating, and hustling, in a way calculated to make a stranger think they are about to engage in deadly combat. But as soon as the customer has made his choice and bestrode his ass, the unsuccessful competitors for his patronage settle down again in perfect amity. From motives of self-interest, the better class of donkeys which ply for hire in the well-to-do localities are treated with some regard to appearances. But humanity to animals is a thing incomprehensible to the Smyrniote donkey driver, as it is to almost all Orientals. With all their cheery good humour, there is a strong vein of savagery about Easterns, and the Smyrna donkey-boy is only following the instincts of his nature, in gratifying a love of inflicting pain on the beast he drives and by whom he lives. The only animal indeed that is not cruelly ill-treated in Smyrna is the camel; and the sole reason of this comparative immunity from blows and kicks and sores is that the ship of the desert has a tenacious memory. Experience has taught their drivers that if you misuse a camel he will bear the wrong in mind, and months afterwards will grip at you unawares, and mangle you to the best of his power. But the asses bear no malice, and suffer in virtue of their own longsuffering. Another noteworthy feature about the Smyrniote donkey-boy is his extraordinary aptitude in picking up stray words of an unknown tongue, and his utter inability to master the construction of a strange language. Most of them learn single words enough to make themselves understood to English, French, and Italians. But beyond this they cannot get. They may escort foreigners about the city every day of their lives, may have on the tips of their tongues all the words, and even the slang, they hear employed in ordinary conversation; but however perfect their vocabulary may be, they never make the slightest progress towards learning the language whose words they patter off so quaintly and so glibly. Moreover, their hey-day, in common with most other things in Smyrna, belongs to the past. Broad roads have been made, carriages have of late years become comparatively common; and it is no longer the fashion for people who respect themselves, for the ladies of the Pashas' harems, or for



the Frank merchants and their wives, to bestride a donkey. In locomotion, as in everything else, the fashions of the West have invaded the East.

Again, there is another historic feature of Smyrna which lives rather in tradition



*Street in Smyrna.*

than in actuality. Amongst the cities of the Levant, Smyrna is especially celebrated for the beauty of its women. In matters of taste, as the Spanish proverb says, there is no standard to measure by, no scale wherewithal to weigh. It is possible, therefore, that opinions may differ as to the beauty of the Levantine ladies. All one can fairly say is that the casual visitor sees but little in the streets of any exceptional beauty. The Turkish women are all strictly veiled, and it is impossible to say more than that their eyes are bright, though whether the brightness is due to art or nature may be open to question. Up to not many years ago, even the Armenian ladies wore the veil whenever they appeared in public. Indeed, amongst all native

racess in the East, whatever their creed may be, there is a latent sympathy with the Oriental view of woman's proper place and mission; and you may take it for granted that the great majority of the ladies you meet driving about the streets of Smyrna, or shopping in the bazaars, are European born, or of European extraction. There is not much hospitality, or much public entertaining in the Levantine cities; and the only occasions on which you see any large gatherings of the ladies of Smyrna are at the weekly promenades on Fridays—the Moslem Sabbath—which take place at the New Quay, or at the carnival gaities. Judging from what one catches glimpse of on such occasions, one would say that amongst the young ladies of the Levant, Greek profiles, bright eyes, and rich-coloured complexions were very common; but that long before middle age is reached they grow sallow, lose their complexions, and become stout and unwieldy.

For a city which has played so large a part in the world's history, Smyrna is singularly devoid of associations with great names or historic individualities. It has



a claim, in common with almost every city in the same region, to have been the birthplace of Homer; and the river, or more correctly speaking the torrent, Melos, which alternately rushes or trickles through the town on its way to the tideless sea, is by popular tradition associated with his name. The neighbouring Isle of Scio, however, has the preference in song and story over all its competitors, for the honour of having given birth to the blind old bard who made the fall of Troy immortal. But who Homer was, where he was born, or indeed whether there ever was a Homer at all,



*View from the Line to Ephesus*

are all questions about which scholars will go on disputing, without ever arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, till the end of time; and all that can fairly be said, is, that there is no particular reason why Homer should not have been born at Smyrna, which in its day was a flourishing colony of Magna Grecia. Still, for all that, Scio has the call as the place where the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* first saw the light of day. For this reason, if for no other, most visitors to Smyrna make a point of crossing to Scio. Only seven miles of sea divide the island from the mainland of Asia Minor; and its history has always been closely identified with that of Smyrna. But it was not till nearly two centuries after the Turkish occupation of the latter city that Scio passed finally under the rule of the Crescent. Indeed, the conquest of Scio was one of the last achievements of the Turks in Europe. The tide of the Mussulman invasion had long been on the ebb before the Turks definitely established their dominion over the birthplace of Homer. And even then the sway

of the Osmanli was exceptionally mild. The island was for a long time the dowry of the Sultana Validé, that is, of the mother of the Sultan for the time being; and the inhabitants were left very much to themselves, so long as they paid a poll-tax, and supplied the full toll of mastic, for whose production Scio is celebrated, and which forms the delight of the harems of Stamboul. Indeed, up to about half a century ago, Scio was the most favourable specimen existing of a Christian community subject to Moslem rule. It was unwillingly that the people of Scio took part in the Hellenic rising against the sway of the Sultan. The Sciotes were almost coerced by the Greeks of the neighbouring isles to join in the rising. They were conspirators against their will; and it was a cruel fate that they, above all of their countrymen, should have been singled out for the objects of Moslem vengeance. It is impossible for any one to have lived any time in the Levant without learning to entertain a profound scepticism as to the truth, and still more as to the accuracy, of any Levantine statement, especially when it is directed against the real or alleged iniquities of the unspeakable Turk. It is lawful, therefore, to hope that the cruelties exercised by the Turks when they had crushed the revolt in Scio were not quite so atrocious as they are represented to have been. Still, after making every allowance for the exaggeration of the Levantine imagination, it is impossible to doubt that the punishment exacted by the victorious Moslem was something terrible. On the arrival of the Turkish troops the rising was put down without serious resistance—as, indeed, was the case throughout the whole of the Greek insurrection, except when the insurgents were backed up by foreign Powers. When the fighting, such as it was, was at an end, the island was given over to rapine and plunder. The cities were burnt down, the Turkish soldiery were let loose to kill and rob as they pleased. And according to the common legend, 25,000 Sciotes were shot down or hanged; 45,000, chiefly women and children, were sold into slavery; and 15,000 were driven into exile. The Plague completed what the Turks left unfinished; and within the year of the ill-fated rising the Greek population of the island was reduced from 105,000 to only 20,000. All this happened within the memory of many a living inhabitant of Smyrna. Amongst my friends there is a gentleman who was for many years a leading merchant in Alexandria, and who is well known both in London and Paris, whose earliest recollection is that of being a slave page-boy in a Turkish harem. His parents were inhabitants of Scio when the massacre took place. They themselves escaped; but my friend, who was then a very young child, was carried off by the Turks, and sold to a Pasha on the mainland. One day, when he was passing through the streets in attendance on the ladies of his master's harem, who were going to the baths, he was recognised by an old Greek who had served in his father's household at Scio. The news was sent to his family, who had settled themselves in Egypt after the massacre; they had influential friends amongst the Greeks of the Fanar at



Stamboul, interest was brought to bear at Court, and the child was rescued from slavery and given back to his parents. There are few families in the Levant who have not some adventure of this kind to narrate, though in most of these stories the ending is far more tragical; and it is not to be wondered that while there still exist survivors of the Sciote horrors, the Greeks should in their hearts entertain a bitter personal hatred towards the Turks.

Save for the recollections of the great massacre, the traditions of Scio's illustrious poet, and the quaint ruins that, for some reason not very clearly known, bear the name of Homer's School, there is not much to be seen in the island. A far more interesting excursion is that—made by all visitors to Smyrna—to the ruins of Ephesus, or in Turkish, Ayasolook. Scholars tell you that Ayasolook derives its name from St. John the Evangelist, who dwelt here, and was known as Agios Theologos, or the Holy Divine. It may be so; at any rate, the derivation is ingenious. Traditions of many faiths, legends of various kinds, are connected with the sacred city. It was here that Latona fled for safety, here that Apollo and Diana were born, here that the god Pan hid amidst the reeds, here that Bacchus and Hercules fought with and defeated the Amazons, here that the world-famed shrine of the divine huntress was erected in her honour. Here, as elsewhere, too, Homer's birthplace is said to have been situated; and here, to come to more certain records, there was situated one of the greatest and most flourishing of the Greek colonies of Asia Minor. Alexander the Great, Hannibal, and Mark Antony are all associated with the glories of Ephesus. After the defeat of Mithridates it passed finally under the rule of Rome. Then it came under the dominion of Constantinople, until it fell into the hands of the Turks, and with that its page in history was brought to an end.

There is something anomalous in the idea of going by rail to the temple of the great Diana of the Ephesians. At the time when steamboats first began to ply between the ports of the Levant, there appeared a poem in *Punch* pointing out the ludicrous aspect of the associations connecting the Holy Land with the invention of steam. I remember, by some odd freak of memory, two lines of this poem telling how the captain would have to call out: "Ease her, stop her! Now where's that gentleman for Joppa?" and this doggerel rhyme came back to my mind when I was told on landing at Smyrna that to reach Ephesus I had to take the train. Smyrna enjoys the unique distinction of being the only part of Turkey in Asia that as yet possesses railway accommodation. It has two railways with two stations of its own. The longest is that to Aidin, which has been carried nearly one hundred and fifty miles into the interior; the other, which runs to Alaschehr, is only a little over a hundred miles in length. Whenever the Euphrates Valley line is finally constructed—the line which ought to have been constructed long ago, and which will make us independent





SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.



of the Suez Canal, by giving us a land route, across which we can despatch troops to India—the Smyrna lines will probably form part of the great network of railways by which there is very little doubt that Asia Minor will ultimately be traversed. But for the present they lead nowhere in particular. It is interesting, by the way, to Englishmen to note that these lines—which form, so to speak, the pioneers of railway communication throughout the East—have been built with British capital,



*Bridge over the Melos.*

constructed by British engineers, and are worked under British management. At the same time, to do them justice, it is only fair to say that the natives have learnt under British training how to work engines and steam machinery. When the railway across the desert of Suez was first constructed, the British Post Office, in granting a subsidy for the conveyance of the Indian mails, made it a stipulation that the trains which carried the mails should be driven by English drivers and stokers. But experience has shown that Arab engineers are as efficient as English, and at the same time more sober, so the stipulation has been allowed to fall into disuse. In the same way the *personnel* of the Smyrna railways is composed of natives. But the higher officials are still English, and the English traveller feels a good deal at home on his journey by rail to Ephesus.

At the stations there is the mixture of many tongues to which I have before alluded. The carriages, the tickets, the waiting-rooms, are labelled English fashion. But first class, *premières* and *prima classe*, jostle each other in strange conjuncture, while alongside appear the endless curves and arabesques and contorted lines, which are used in Arabic to convey to the native mind the synonyms of our British railway nomenclature. There is something strange too in seeing the world of the East conveyed in cars English built, and framed to meet our English habits. For the women there are separate cars provided, with wooden or wire lattice blinds, so that their faces may not be seen by the too curious traveller. The first-class compartments as a rule are occupied by Europeans. A few Turkish officials or wealthy landowners, in fezes and turbans, may deem it essential to their dignity to travel in the cars of honour. But the vast majority of the native passengers patronise the cheaper vehicles. By so doing they avoid parting with money—a thing eminently distasteful to the Oriental nature—and they feel more at home amongst their own people. Thus the open cars on the Ephesian line are, as a rule, crowded with as quaint a gathering as you could meet with on a long day's journey. Sheiks with white muslin turbans, Dervishes with green head-gear, Bedouins from the desert with their long white bernouses, Syrian traders in their rich silk robes, Jew peddlers with their flowing beards, Turkish soldiers, fruit-sellers, slaves, and children, are all mixed up in a mass of picturesque but mal-odorous humanity. On the cars they sit, or for the most part squat, with a sublime indifference to the character or comfort of their conveyance. The wonders of steam—novel as it must be to most of them, and supernatural as it must seem—excite, apparently, no interest in their minds. A railway journey leaves them as indifferent, as apathetic, and as incurious as any ordinary incident of daily life. I remember a day or two after the opening of the Suez Canal steaming along it, when we were stopped at the ferry station of Kantara by a long caravan, coming from the desert of Sinai, which was being ferried across the Canal. The Canal itself, the steamboats puffing to and fro, the huge ocean-bound ships sailing as it were across the desert, must, one would have thought, have filled with astonishment, if not dismay, these wanderers from far-away lands, where steam had never even been heard of. But, in as far as I could notice, not one single member of the caravan took any heed of the transformation scene unrolled before their eyes. One and all passed over the Canal without even looking round, stolid, and unconcerned. So it is with all Arabs. A street singer, a performing monkey, a snake charmer, a Punch-and-Judy show, will stimulate them to uproarious excitement. But the marvels of science, or the triumphs of machinery, leave them untouched.

The distance from Smyrna to Ephesus is not quite fifty miles, but the journey occupies from three to four hours. You start from Touzli Boumon, you pass the Caravan Bridge across the shallow Melos, you skirt the Turkish cemetery,



where the mouldering tombs lie open to the roadside, under the shadow of the dark cypress trees; and then you halt at the French yecept station of Le Paradis, hard by the English racecourse. The line runs through a long succession of plains, or rather of marshy low moorlands. The stations along the line bear to the Western ear an outlandish sound. Desertcheuy, Turbali, Arik, Bashier, Baindeh, Tireh, and Gelat are passed in turn, and at last you are landed at a station a little less forsaken and forlorn looking than its predecessors, and are told that you have arrived at Ayasolook, or what once was Ephesus. Only a few years ago it was not deemed safe to visit Ephesus without an armed escort, and within the same period, merchants of Smyrna who went out shooting in the neighbourhood have been carried off by brigands, and only released after payment of a heavy ransom. But nowadays the police is somewhat better managed; what is more, the railway has made the trade of brigandage unremunerative; and the tourist may visit Ephesus without running any other danger of molestation than what he is certain to receive from the beggars who infest the ruins.

How Ephesus became the ruin it is, is not recorded in any trustworthy narrative. The same question, however, may be asked about hundreds of once flourishing and famous cities in Asia Minor; and in their case also we must be content with the same negative answer. The ports filled up, trade drifted to other centres, and other commercial rivals succeeded to the inheritance. But I fancy, myself, Ephesus must have declined with the decay of the old Pagan faith. It was the cult of Diana that had raised Ephesus to fame; and as the world ceased to worship the sister of the sun god, trade and custom ebbed away from the city of her birth. In fact, though he is often held up to scorn by pulpit orators for his blindness of vision, Alexander the Coppersmith was not far out when he proclaimed that the triumph of the new evangel taught by the Apostle meant ruin to the trade of Ephesus. By a curious Nemesis of fate, the cause that brings most travellers to the spot where Ephesus once stood, does not consist in the traditions of the great Diana, but in the associations connected with the faith which supplanted the old mythology. The temple where the Apostles denounced the worship of false gods, the circus where St. Paul fought with wild beasts, these are the sites which tourists try to identify amidst the mass of shattered stones, which are well-nigh all the relics left of the world-famed city, where Antony went with Cleopatra, masked as god and goddess, to visit Diana's shrine.

Indeed, there is no city in the world save Jerusalem which is so associated with the early days of Christendom as Ephesus. Here St. John is said to have dwelt after he had quitted Patmos. Here the Virgin Mary is believed to have ended her days after the Crucifixion, in the company of the beloved Apostle; here, too, Mary Magdalene is recorded to have come to die. But all this, and all the scores of traditions centred about Ephesus, have left but scant record in the waste of ruins with

*Entrance to Bazaar.*

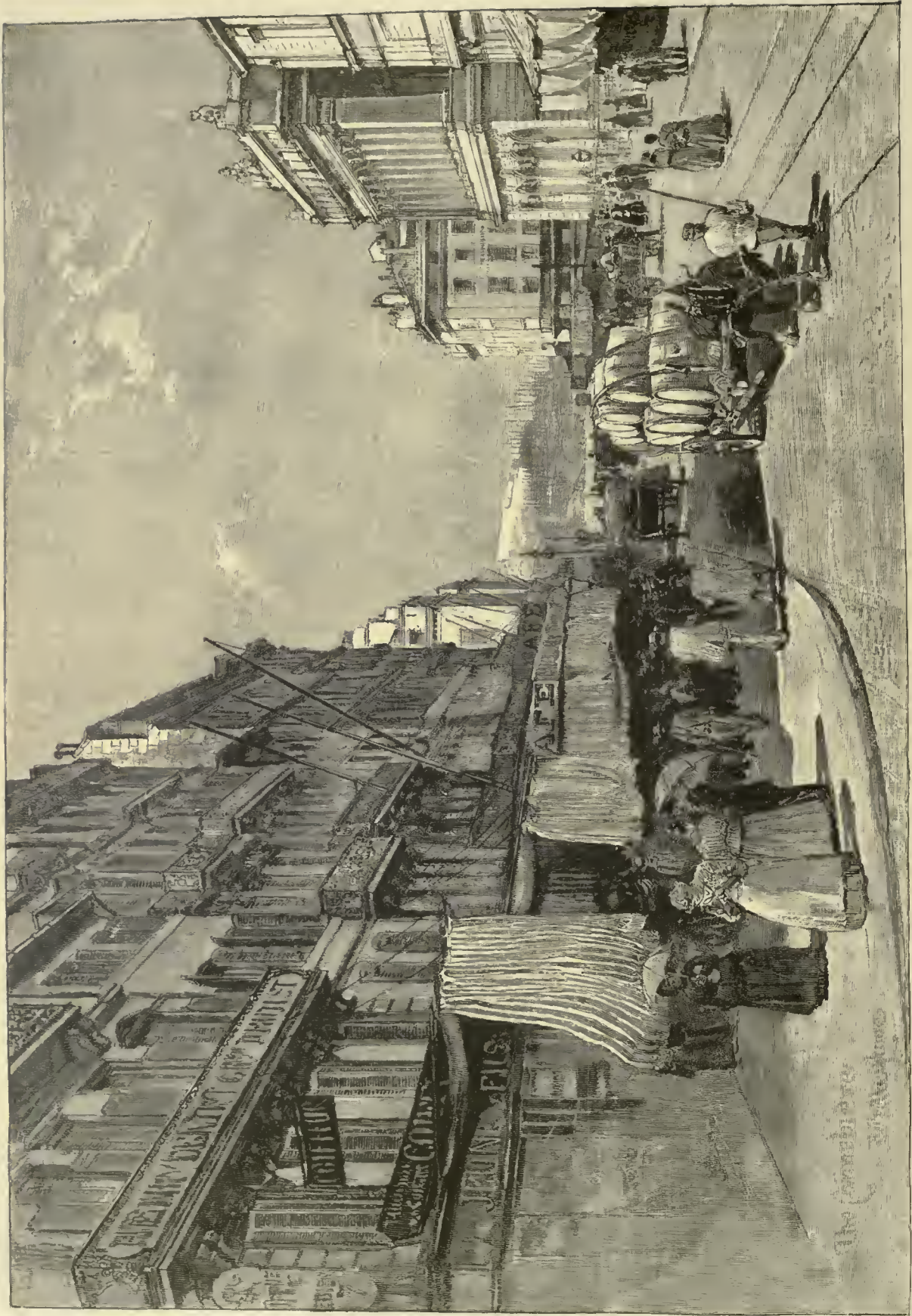
which the place is covered. Of the great Temple, one of the Seven Wonders of the world, all that can be seen are mere slabs and broken columns, by means of which archæologists profess to be able to ascertain its site and dimensions. It is easy enough, if you are a collector of relics, to carry away a chip of stone, which may have belonged to the Temple. But the coins and images that the beggars pester you to buy are as likely as not imitations, made in Europe. If you want a reminiscence of Ephesus, the best thing you can do is to visit the bazaar of Smyrna, and there to buy one of the talismans,

on which are engraved the names of the Seven Sleepers, who, in accordance with a tradition widely spread throughout the East, fell asleep in a cave near Ephesus, where, being Christians, they had hidden themselves during the persecutions of Diocletian; and awoke two centuries afterwards to find Paganism dethroned and extinct, and the religion of Christ installed in its stead. The tradition, in common with many other legends of Christendom, was appropriated by Mahomet; and the talisman, recording the names of the seven forerunners of Rip Van Winkle, is held in high honour by the followers of the Prophet. It is believed to protect the wearer from harm and hurt; and its sale adds largely to the profits of the jewellers and goldsmiths of Smyrna.

Another site which is always pointed out to visitors to Ephesus is the Gymnasium, where two dilapidated arches are well-nigh all that remain above ground of the great training academy of the Ephesians. Underneath there are huge vaults and passages, choked up with earth and stones, but which, the story of the countryside says, stretch away for miles and miles, even up to the walls of Smyrna. Indeed, to the antiquarian, Ephesus is still an almost unexplored treasure ground. But to the ordinary traveller it is rather a place one likes to have seen, than a place there is







THE CANNEBIÈRE, MARSEILLES

much actual pleasure in visiting. Unlike the ruins of Greece, or Italy, or Egypt, the remnants of Ephesus are not of a kind to impress the mind of an uninstructed tourist. It is out of the resources of your own imagination you have got in fancy to reconstruct the city; and the prevailing impression left is that of a huge deserted brickfield, situated in a lonely and dreary expanse of morass-like plain.

Again, if the visitor is bent on exhausting all the sights of Smyrna, he should ascend Mount Pagus, from whose heights he will enjoy a magnificent panorama of the city lying at his feet, of the line of coast, and of the Mediterranean, studded with the islands of the Archipelago. On his road, too, he may visit the tomb of Polycarp, the patron saint of the city. Hard by the Turkish burying-ground at the face of the hill, one is shown a ruin which is said to be the tomb of the Bishop who, if tradition be true, first held the See of Smyrna, and died a martyr to his faith during the great persecutions in the second century of the Christian era.

But to my mind, the real charm of Smyrna lies neither in its ruins, nor in its antiquities, nor in its traditions. To me it has an attraction of its own, as being, more than any other city in the Levant, a sort of gateway to the East, an entrance to the Morning Land, to the region of mosques and turbans, and caravans and camels, and harems. It is as the meeting-ground of Asia and Europe that Smyrna dwells chiefly in my memory.

EDWARD DICEY.



*The Gymnasium, Ephesus.*



## MARSEILLES.

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ABOUT six hundred years before the birth of Christ, when the Mediterranean, ringed round with a long series of commercial colonies, was first beginning to transform itself with marvellous rapidity into "a Greek lake," a body of adventurous Hellenic mariners—young Columbuses of their day—full of life and vigour, sailed forth from Phocæa in Asia Minor, and steered their course, by devious routes, to what was then the Far West, in search of a fitting and unoccupied place in which to found a new trading city. Hard pressed by the Persians on their native shore, these free young Greeks—the Pilgrim Fathers of modern Marseilles—left behind for ever the city of their birth, and struck for liberty in some distant land, where no Cyrus or Xerxes could ever molest them. Sailing away past Greece and Sicily, and round Messina into the almost unknown Tyrrhenian Sea, the adventurous voyagers arrived at last, after various false starts in Corsica and elsewhere, at some gaunt white hills of the Gaulish coast, and cast anchor finally in a small but almost land-locked harbour, under the shelter of some barren limestone mountains. Whether they found a Phœnician colony already established on the spot or not, matters as little to history nowadays as whether their leaders' names were really Simos and Protis or quite otherwise. What does matter is the indubitable fact that Massalia, as its Greek founders called it, preserved through all its early history the impress of a truly Hellenic city; and that even to this moment much good Greek blood flows, without question, in the hot veins of all its genuine native-born citizens.

The city thus founded has had a long, a glorious, and an eventful history. Marseilles is to-day the capital of the Mediterranean, the true commercial metropolis of that inland sea which now once more has become a single organic whole, after its long division by the Mohammedan conquest of North Africa and the Levant into two distinct and hostile portions. Naples, it is true, has a larger population; but then, a population of Neapolitan *lazzaroni*, mere human drones lounging about their hive and basking in the sunlight, does not count for much, except for the macaroni trade. What Venice once was, that Marseilles is to-day; the chief gate of Mediterranean traffic, the main mart of merchants who go down in ships on the inland sea. In the *Cannebière* and the Old Port, she possesses, indeed, as Edmond About once graphically phrased it, "an open door upon the Mediterranean and the whole world." The steamers and sailing vessels that line her quays bind together the entire Mediterranean coast into a single organic commercial whole. Here is the packet for Barcelona and Malaga; there, the one for Naples, Malta, and Constantinople. By this huge liner, sunning herself at La Joliette, we can go to Athens and Alexandria;



by that, to Algiers, Cagliari, and Tunis. Nay, the Suez Canal has extended her bounds beyond the inland sea to the Indian Ocean; and the Pillars of Hercules no longer restrain her from free use of the great Atlantic water-way. You may take ship, if you will, from the Quai de la Fraternité for Bombay or Yokohama, for Rio or Buenos Ayres, for Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, Singapore, or Melbourne. And this wide extension of her commercial importance Marseilles owes, mainly no doubt, to her exceptional advantages of natural position, but largely also, I venture to think, to the Hellenic enterprise of her acute and vigorous Græco-Gaulish population.

And what a marvellous history has she not behind her! First of all, no doubt, a small fishing and trading station of prehistoric Gaulish or Ligurian villagers occupied the site where now the magnificent façade of the Bourse commemorates the names of Massalia's greatest Phocæan navigators. Then the Phœnicians supervened upon the changeful scene, and built those antique columns and forgotten shrines whose scanty remains were recently unearthed in the excavations for making the Rue de la République. Next came the early Phocæan colonists, reinforced a little later by the whole strength of their unconquerable townsmen, who sailed away in a body, according to the well-known legend preserved in Herodotus, when they could no longer hold out against the besieging Persian. The Greek town became as it were a sort of early Calcutta for the Gaulish trade, with its own outlying colonies at Nice, Antibes, and Hyères, and its inland "factories" (to use the old familiar Anglo-Indian word) at Tarascon, Avignon, and many other ancient towns of the Rhône valley. Her admirals sailed on every known sea: Euthymenes explored the coasts of Africa as far as Senegal; Pytheas followed the European shore past Britain and Ireland to the north of the Shetlands. Till the Roman arrived upon the Gaulish coast with his dreaded short-sword, Massalia, in short, remained undisputed queen of all the western Mediterranean waters.

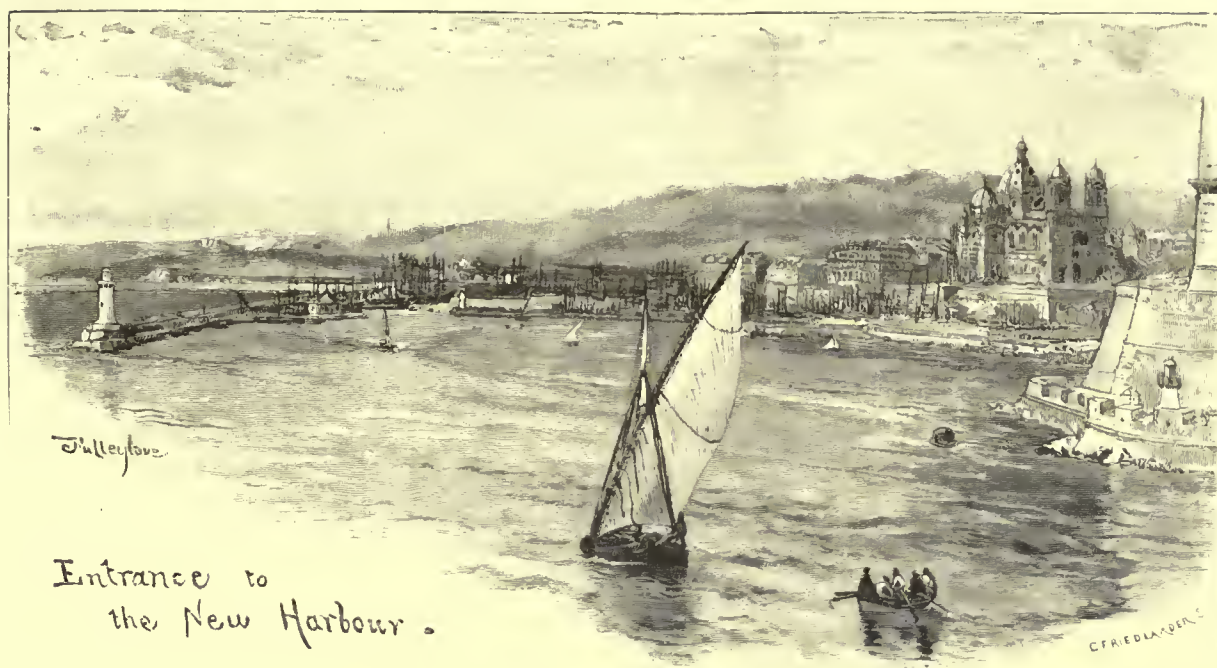
Before the wolf of the Capitol, however, all stars paled. Yet even under the Roman Empire Massilia (as the new conquerors called the name, with a mere change of vowel) retained her Greek speech and manners, which she hardly lost (if we may believe stray hints in later historians) till the very eve of the barbarian invasion. With the period of the Crusades, the city of Euthymenes became once more great and free, and hardly lost her independence completely up to the age of Louis XIV. It was only after the French Revolution, however, that she began really to supersede Venice as the true capital of the Mediterranean. The decline of the Turkish power, the growth of trade with Alexandria and the Levant, the final crushing of the Barbary pirates, the conquest of Algeria, and, last of all, the opening of the Suez Canal—a French work—all helped to increase her commerce and population by gigantic strides in half a dozen decades. At the present day Marseilles is the chief maritime town of France, and the acknowledged centre of Mediterranean travel and traffic.



*The Old Harbour, Marseilles.*

The right way for the stranger to enter Marseilles is, therefore, by sea, the old-established high road of her antique commerce. The Old Port and the Cannebière are her front door, while the railway from Paris leads you in at best, as it were, through shabby corridors, by a side entry. Seen from the sea, indeed, Marseilles is superb. I hardly know whether the whole Mediterranean has any finer approach to a great town to display before the eyes of the artistic traveller. All round the city rises a semicircle of arid white hills, barren and bare indeed to look upon; but lighted up by the blue Provençal sky with a wonderful flood of borrowed radiance, bringing out every jutting peak and crag through the clear dry air in distinct perspective. Their sides are dotted with small square white houses, the famous *bastides* or country boxes of the good Marseillais bourgeois. In front, a group of sunlit rocky isles juts out from the bay, on one of which tower the picturesque bastions of the Château d'If, so familiar to the reader of "Monte-Cristo." The foreground is occupied by the town itself, with its forest of masts, and the brand-new dome of its chequered and gandy Byzantine Cathedral, which has quite supplanted the old cathedral of St. Lazare, of which only a few traces remain. In the middle distance the famous old pilgrimage chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde crowns the summit of a pyramidal hill, with its picturesque mass of confused architecture. Away to right and left, those endless white hills gleam on with almost wearying brightness in the sun for miles together; but full in front, where the eye rests longest, the bustle and commotion of a great trading town teem with varied life upon the quays and landing-places.





Entrance to  
the New Harbour.

If you are lucky enough to enter Marseilles for the first time by the Old Port, you find yourself at once in the very thick of all that is most characteristic and vivid and local in the busy city. That little oblong basin, shut in on its outer side by projecting hills, was indeed the making of the great town. Of course the Old Port is now utterly insufficient for the modern wants of a first-class harbour; yet it still survives, not only as a historical relic but as a living reality, thronged even to-day with the crowded ships of all nations. On the quay you may see the entire varied Mediterranean world in congress assembled. Here Greeks from Athens and Levantines from Smyrna jostle cheek by jowl with Italians from Genoa and Arabs or Moors from Tangier or Tunis. All costumes and all manners are admissible. The crowd is always excited, and always animated. A babel of tongues greets your ears as you land, in which the true Marseillais dialect of the Provençal holds the chief place—a graceful language, wherein the predominant Latin element has not even yet wholly got rid of certain underlying traces of Hellenic origin. Bright colour, din, life, movement: in a moment the traveller from a northern climate recognises the patent fact that he has reached a new world—that vivid, impetuous, eager southern world, which has its centre to-day on the Provençal seaboard.

Go a yard or two farther into the crowded Cannebière, and the difference between this and the chilly North will at each step be forced even more strikingly upon you. That famous thoroughfare is firmly believed by every good son of old Marseilles to be, in the familiar local phrase, “la plus belle rue de l’univers.” My own acquaintance with the precincts of the universe being somewhat limited (I have never travelled myself, indeed, beyond the narrow bounds of our own solar system), I should be loth to endorse too literally and unreservedly this sweeping commendation of the

Marseillais mind; but as regards our modest little planet at least, I certainly know no other street within my own experience (save Broadway, New York) that has quite so much life and variety in it as the Cannebière. It is not long, to be sure, but it is broad and airy, and from morning till night its spacious *trottoirs* are continually crowded by such a surging throng of cosmopolitan humanity as you will hardly find elsewhere on this side of Alexandria. For cosmopolitanism is the true key-note of Marseilles, and the Cannebière is a road that leads in one direction straight to Paris, but opens in the other direction full upon Algiers and Italy, upon Egypt and India.

What a picture it offers, too, of human life, that noisy Cannebière! By day or by night it is equally attractive. On it centres all that is alive in Marseilles—big hotels, glittering cafés, luxurious shops, scurrying drays, high-stepping carriage-horses, and fashionably-dressed humanity; an endless crowd, many of them hatless and bonnetless in true southern fashion, parade without ceasing its ringing pavements. At the end of all, the Old Port closes the view with its serried masts, and tells you the wherefore of this mixed society. The Cannebière, in short, is the Ruc de Rivoli of the Mediterranean, the main thoroughfare of all those teeming shores of oil and wine, where culture still lingers by its ancient cradle.

Close to the Quai, and at the entrance of the Cannebière, stands the central point of business in new Marseilles, the Bourse, where the filial piety of the modern Phocæans has done ample homage to the sacred memory of their ancient Hellenic ancestors. For in the place of honour on the façade of that great palace of commerce the chief post has been given, as was due, to the statues of the old Massaliote admirals, Pytheas and Euthymenes. It is this constant consciousness of historical continuity that adds so much interest to Mediterranean towns. One feels as one stands before those two stone figures in the crowded Cannebière, that after all humanity is one, and that the Phocæans themselves are still, in the persons of their sons, among us.

The Cannebière runs nearly east and west, and is of no great length, under its own name at least; but under the transparent alias of the Rue de Noailles it continues on in a straight line till it widens out at last into the Allées de Meilhan, the favourite haunt of all the gossips and quidnuncs of Marseilles. The Allées de Meilhan, indeed, form the *beau idéal* of the formal and fashionable French promenade. Broad avenues of plane trees cast a mellow shade over its well-kept walks, and the neatest of nurses in marvellous caps and long silk streamers dandle the laciest and fluffiest of babies, in exquisite costumes, with ostentatious care, upon their bountiful laps. The stone seats on either side buzz with the latest news of the town; the Zouave flirts serenely with the bonnetless shop-girls; the sergent-de-ville stalks proudly down the midst, and barely deigns to notice such human weaknesses. These Allées are the favourite haunt of all idle Marseilles, below the rank of



“carriage company,” and it is probable that Satan finds as much mischief still for its hands to do here as in any other part of that easy-going city.

At right angles to the main central artery thus constituted by the Cannebière, the Rue de Noailles, and the Allées de Meilhan runs the second chief stream of Marseillais life, down a channel which begins as the Rue d'Aix and the Cours Belzunce, and ends, after various intermediate disguises, as the Rue de Rome and the Prado. Just where it crosses the current of the Cannebière, this polyonymous street rejoices in the title of the Cours St. Louis. Close by is the place where the flower-women sit perched up quaintly in their funny little pulpits, whence they hand down great bunches of fresh dewy violets or pinky-white rosebuds, with persuasive eloquence to the obdurate passer-by. This flower-market is one of the sights of Marseilles, and I know no other anywhere—not even at Nice—so picturesque or so old-world. It keeps up something of the true Provençal flavour, and reminds one that here, in this Greek colony, we are still in the midst of the land of roses and of Good King René, the land of troubadours, and gold and flowers, the land of sun and summer sunshine.

As the Rue de Rome emerges from the town and gains the suburb, it clothes itself in overhanging shade of plane-trees, and becomes known forthwith as the Prado—that famous Prado, more sacred to the loves and joys of the Marseillaise than the Champs Élysées are to the born Parisian. For the Prado is the afternoon-drive of Marseilles, the Rotten Row of local equestrianism, the rallying-place and lounge of all that is fashionable in the Phocæan city, as the Allées de Meilhan are of all that is bourgeois or frankly popular. Of course the Prado does not differ much from all other promenades of its sort in France: the upper-crust of the world has grown painfully tame and monotonous everywhere within the last twenty years: all flavour and savour of national costume or national manners has died out of it in the lump, and left us only in provincial centres the insipid graces of London and Paris, badly imitated. Still, the Prado is undoubtedly lively; a broad avenue bordered with magnificent villas of the meretricious Haussmannesque order of architecture; and it possesses a certain great advantage over every other similar promenade I know of in the world—it ends at last in one of the most beautiful and picturesque sea-drives in all Europe.

This sea-drive has been christened by the Marseillais, with pardonable pride, the Chemin de la Corniche, in humble imitation of that other great Corniche road which winds its tortuous way by long, slow gradients over the ramping heights of the Turbia between Nice and Mentone. And a “ledge road” it is in good earnest, carved like a shelf out of the solid limestone. When I first knew Marseilles there was no Corniche: the Prado, a long flat drive through a marshy plain, ended then abruptly on the sea-front; and the hardy pedestrian who wished to return to town



*In the Old Cathedral.*

by way of the cliffs had to clamber along a doubtful and rocky path, always difficult, often dangerous, and much obstructed by the attentions of the prowling *douanier*, ever ready to arrest him as a suspected smuggler. Nowadays, however, all that is changed. The French engineers—always famous for their roads—have hewn a broad and handsome carriage-drive out of the rugged rock, here hanging on a shelf sheer above the sea; there supported from below by heavy buttresses of excellent mason-work; and have given the Marseillais one of the most exquisite promenades to be found anywhere on the

seaboard of the Continent. It somewhat resembles the new highway from Villefranche to Monte Carlo; but the islands with which the sea is here studded recall rather Cannes or the neighbourhood of Sorrento. The seaward views are everywhere delicious; and when sunset lights up the bare white rocks with pink and purple, no richer colouring, against the emerald green bay, can possibly be imagined in art or nature. It is as good as Torquay; and how can cosmopolitan say better?

On the Corniche, too, is the proper place nowadays to eat that famous old Marseillais dish, immortalised by Thackeray, and known as *bouillabaisse*. The Réserve de Roubion in particular prides itself on the manufacture of this strictly national Provençal dainty, which proves, however, a little too rich and a little too mixed in its company for the fastidious taste of most English gourmets. Greater exclusiveness and a more delicate eclecticism in matters of cookery please our countrymen better than such catholic comprehensiveness. I once asked a white-capped Provençal *chef* what were the precise ingredients of his boasted *bouillabaisse*; and the good man opened his palms expansively before him as he answered with a shrug, “*Que voulez-vous? Fish to start with; and then—a handful of anything that happens to be lying about loose in the kitchen.*”





MARSEILLES, FROM NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE.



Near the end of the Prado, at its junction with the Corniche, modern Marseilles rejoices also in its park or Public Garden. Though laid out on a flat and uninteresting plain, with none of the natural advantages of the Bois de Boulogne or of the beautiful Central Park at New York (the high-watermark hitherto of landscape gardening), these pretty grounds are nevertheless interesting to the northern visitor, who makes his first acquaintance with the Mediterranean here, by their curious and novel southern vegetation. The rich types of the south are everywhere apparent. Clumps of bamboo in feathery clusters overhang the ornamental waters; cypresses and araucarias shade the gravel walks; the eucalyptus showers down its fluffy flowers upon the grass below; the quaint *Salisburia* covers the ground in autumn with its pretty and curious maidenhair-shaped foliage. Yuccas and cactuses flourish vigorously in the open air, and even fan-palms manage to thrive the year round in cosy corners. It is an introduction to the glories of Rivieran vegetation, and a faint echo of the magnificent tones of the North African flora.

As we wind in and out on our way back to Marseilles by the Corniche road, with the water ever dashing white from the blue against the solid crags, whose corners we turn at every tiny headland, the most conspicuous object in the nearer view is the Château d'If, with the neighbouring islets of Pomègues and Ratonneau. Who knows not the Château d'If, by name at least, has wasted his boyhood. The castle is not indeed of any great antiquity—it was built by order of François I<sup>er</sup>—nor can it lay much claim to picturesqueness of outline or beauty of architecture; but in historical and romantic associations it is peculiarly rich, and its situation is bold, interesting, and striking. It was here that Mirabeau was imprisoned under a *lettre de cachet* obtained by his father, the friend of man; and it was here, to pass from history to romance, that Monte-Cristo went through those marvellous and somewhat incredible adventures which will keep a hundred generations of schoolboys in breathless suspense long after Walter Scott is dead and forgotten.

But though the Prado and the Corniche are alive with carriages on sunny afternoons, it is on the quays themselves, and around the docks and basins, that the true vivacious Marseillais life must be seen in all its full flow and eagerness. The quick southern temperament, the bronzed faces, the open-air existence, the hurry and bustle of a great seaport town, display themselves there to the best advantage. And the ports of Marseilles are many and varied: their name is legion, and their shipping manifold. As long ago as 1850, the old square port, the Phocæan harbour, was felt to have become wholly insufficient for the needs of modern commerce in Marseilles. From that day to this, the accommodation for vessels has gone on increasing with that incredible rapidity which marks the great boom of the nineteenth century. Never, surely, since the spacious days of great Elizabeth, has the world so rapidly widened its borders as in these latter days in which we are all living. The Pacific



and the Indian Ocean have joined the Atlantic. In 1853 the Port de la Joliette was added, therefore, to the Old Harbour, and people thought Marseilles had met all the utmost demands of its growing commerce. But the Bassin du Lazaret and the Bassin d'Arene were added shortly after; and then, in 1856, came the further need for yet another port, the Bassin National. In 1872 the Bassin de la Gare Maritime was finally executed; and now the Marseillais are crying out again that the ships know not where to turn in the harbour. Everywhere the world seems to cosmopolitanise itself and to extend its limits: the day of small things has passed away for ever; the day of vast ports, huge concerns, gigantic undertakings is full upon us. "There were giants in those days" will indeed be the verdict of after ages upon the second half of the nineteenth century.

Curiously enough, however, in spite of all this rapid and immense development, it is still to a great extent the Greek merchants who hold in their hands—even in our own time—the entire commerce and wealth of the old Phocæan city. A large Hellenic colony of recent importation still inhabits and exploits Marseilles. Among the richly-dressed crowd of southern ladies that throngs the Prado on a sunny afternoon in full season, no small proportion of the proudest and best equipped who loll back in their carriages were born at Athens or in the Ionic Archipelago. For even to this day, these modern Greeks hang together wonderfully with old Greek persistence. Their creed keeps them apart from the Catholic French, in whose midst they live, and trade, and thrive; for, of course, they are all members of the "Orthodox" Church, and they retain their orthodoxy in spite of the ocean of Latin Christianity which girds them round with its flood on every side. The Greek community, in fact, dwells apart, marries apart, worships apart, and thinks apart. The way the marriages, in particular, are most frequently managed, differs to a very curious extent from our British notions of matrimonial proprieties. The system—as duly explained to me one day under the shady plane-trees of the Allées de Meilhan, in very choice modern Greek, by a Hellenic merchant of Marseilles, who himself had been "arranged for" in this very manner—is both simple and mercantile to the highest degree yet practised in any civilised country. It is "marriage by purchase," pure and simple; only here, instead of the husband buying the wife, it is the wife who practically buys the husband.



*Monument to Belzunce.*

*In the Zoological Gardens.*

A trader or ship-owner of Marseilles, let us say, has two sons, partners in his concern, whom he desires to marry. It is important, however, that the wives he selects for them should not clash with the orthodoxy of the Hellenic community. Our merchant, therefore, anxious to do the best in both worlds at once, writes to his correspondents of the great Greek houses in Smyrna, Constantinople, Beyrout, and Alexandria; nay, perhaps even in London, Manchester, New York, and Rio, stating his desire to settle his sons in life, and the amount of *dot* they would respectively require from the ladies upon whom they decided to bestow their name and affections. The correspondents reply by return of post, recommending to the favourable attention of the happy swains certain Greek young ladies in the town of their adoption, whose *dot* and whose orthodoxy can be equally guaranteed as beyond suspicion. Photographs and lawyers' letters are promptly exchanged; settlements are drawn up to the mutual satisfaction of both the high contracting parties; and when all the business portion of the transaction has been thoroughly sifted, the young ladies are consigned, with the figs and dates, as per bill of lading, to the port of entry, where their lords await them, and are duly married, on the morning of their arrival, at the Greek church in the Rue de la Grande Armée, by the reverend archimandrite. The Greeks are an eminently commercial people, and they find this idyllic mode of conducting a courtship not only preserves the purity of the orthodox faith and the Hellenic blood, but also saves an immense amount of time which might otherwise be wasted on the composition of useless love-letters.

It was not so, however, in the earlier Greek days. Then, the colonists of Marseilles and its dependent towns must have intermarried freely with the native Gaulish and Ligurian population of all the tributary Provençal seaboard. The true antique Hellenic stock—the Aryan Achæans of the classical period—were undoubtedly



a fair, a light-haired race, with a far more marked proportion of the blond type than now survives among their mixed and degenerate modern descendants. In Greece proper, a large intermixture of Albanian and Slavonic blood, which the old Athenians would have stigmatised as barbarian or Scythian, has darkened the complexion and blackened the hair of a vast majority of the existing population. But in Marseilles, curiously enough, and in the surrounding country, the genuine old light Greek type has left its mark to this day upon the physique of the inhabitants. In the ethnographical map of France, prepared by two distinguished French savants, the other Mediterranean departments are all, without exception, marked as "dark" or "very dark," while the department of the Bouches du Rhône is marked as "white," having, in fact, as large a proportion of fair complexions, blond hair, and light eyes as the eastern semi-German provinces, or as Normandy and Flanders. This curious survival of a very ancient type, in spite of subsequent deluges, must be regarded as a notable instance of the way in which the popular stratum everywhere outlasts all changes of conquest and dynasty, of governing class and ruling family.

Just think, indeed, how many changes and revolutions in this respect that fiery Marseilles has gone through since the early days of her Hellenic independence! First came that fatal but perhaps indispensable error of inviting the Roman aid



The Prado from  
Place Castellane.

against her Ligurian enemies, which gave the Romans their earliest foothold in Southern Gaul. Then followed the foundation of Aquæ Sextiæ or Aix, the first Roman colony in what was soon to be the favourite province of the new conquerors. After that, in the great civil war, the Greeks of Marseilles were unlucky enough to espouse the losing cause; and, in the great day of Cæsar's triumph, their town was reduced accordingly to the inferior position of a mere Roman dependency. Merged for a while in the all-absorbing empire, Marseilles fell at last before Visigoths and Burgundians in the stormy days of that vast upheaval, during which it is impossible for even the minutest historian to follow in detail the long list of endless conquests and re-conquests, while the wandering tribes ebbed and flowed on one another in wild surging waves of reflux confusion. Ostrogoth and Frank, Saracen and Christian, fought one after another for possession of the mighty city. In the process her Greek and Roman civilisation was wholly swept away, and not a trace now remains of those glorious basilicas, temples, and arches, which must once, no doubt, have adorned the metropolis of Grecian Gaul far more abundantly than they still adorn mere provincial centres like Arles and Nîmes, Vienne, and Orange. But at the end of it all, when Marseilles emerges once more into the light of day as an integral part of the Kingdom of Provence, it still retains its essentially Greek population, fairer and handsomer than the surrounding dark Ligurian stock; it still boasts its clear-cut Greek beauty of profile, its Hellenic sharpness of wit and quickness of perception. And how interesting in this relation to note, too, that Marseilles kept up, till a comparatively late period in the Middle Ages, her active connection with the Byzantine Empire; and that her chief magistrate was long nominated—in name at least, if not in actual fact—by the shadowy representative of the Cæsars at Constantinople.

May we not attribute to this continuous persistence of the Greek element in the life of Marseilles something of that curious local and self-satisfied feeling which northern Frenchmen so often deride in the born Marseillais? With the Greeks, the sense of civic individuality and civic separateness was always strong. Their *Polis* was to them their whole world—the centre of everything. They were Athenians, Spartans, Thebans first; Greeks or even Bœotians and Lacedæmonians in the second place only. And the Marseillais bourgeois, following the traditions of his Phocæan ancestry, is still in a certain sense the most thoroughly provincial, the most uncentralised and anti-Parisian of modern French citizens. He believes in Marseilles even more devoutly than the average boulevardier believes in Paris. To him the Cannebière is the High Street of the world, and the Cours St. Louis the hub of the universe. How pleased with himself and all his surroundings he is, too! "At Marseilles, we do so-and-so," is a frequent phrase which seems to him to settle off-hand all questions of etiquette, of procedure, or of the fitness of things generally.



"Massilia locuta est; causa finita est." That anything can be done better anywhere than it is done in the Cannebière or the Old Port is an idea that never even so much as occurs to his smart and quick but somewhat geographically limited intelligence. One of the best and cleverest of Mars's clever Marseillais caricatures exhibits a good bourgeois from the Cours Pierre Puget, in his Sunday best, abroad on his travels along the Genoese Riviera. On the shore at San Remo, the happy, easy-going, conceited fellow, brimming over to the eyes with the happy-go-lucky Cockney joy of the South, sees a couple of pretty Italian fisher-girls mending their nets, and addresses them gaily in his own soft dialect: "Hé bien, més pitchounettes, vous êtes tellement croussetillantes que, sans ézaggrer, bagasse! ze vous croyais de Marseille!" To take anyone elsewhere for a born fellow-citizen was the highest compliment his good Marseillais soul could possibly hit upon.

Nevertheless, the Marseillais are not proud. They generously allow the rest of the world to come and admire them. They throw their doors open to East and West; they invite Jew and Greek alike to flow in unchecked, and help them make their own fortunes. They know very well that if Marseilles, as they all firmly believe, is the finest town in the round world, it is the trade with the Levant that made and keeps it so. And they take good care to lay themselves out for entertaining all and sundry as they come, in the handsomest hotels in Southern Europe. The mere through passenger traffic with India alone would serve to make Marseilles nowadays a commercial town of the first importance.

Marseilles, however, has had to pay a heavy price, more than once, for her open intercourse with the Eastern world, the native home of cholera and all other epidemics. From a very early time, the city by the Rhône has been the favourite haunt of the Plague and like oriental visitants; and more than one of its appalling epidemics has gained for itself a memorable place in history. To say the truth, old Marseilles laid itself out almost deliberately for the righteous scourge of zymotic disease. The *vieille ville*, that trackless labyrinth of foul and noisome alleys, tortuous, deeply worn, ill-paved, ill-ventilated, has been partly cleared away by the works of the Rue de la République now driven through its midst; but enough still remains of its Dædalean maze to show the adventurous traveller who penetrates its dark and drainless dens how dirty the strenuous Provençal can be when he bends his mind to it. There the true-blooded Marseillais of the old rock and of the Greek profile still lingers in his native insanitary condition; there the only scavenger is that "broom of Provence," the swooping *mistral*—the fierce Alpine wind which, blowing fresh down with sweeping violence from the frozen mountains, alone can change the air and cleanse the gutters of that filthy and malodorous mediæval city. Everywhere else the *mistral* is a curse: in Marseilles it is accepted with mitigated gratitude as an excellent substitute for main drainage.

It is not to be wondered at that, under such conditions, Marseilles was periodically devastated by terrible epidemics, of which the cholera of 1885 was the last visitation—up to date. Communications with Constantinople, Alexandria, and the Levant were always frequent; communications with Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco were far from uncommon. And if the germs of disease were imported from without, they found at Marseilles an appropriate nest provided beforehand for their due development. Time after time the city was ravaged by plague or pestilence; the most memorable occasion being the great epidemic of 1720, when, according to local statistics (too high, undoubtedly), as many as forty thousand persons died in the streets, “like lambs on the hill-tops.” Never, even in the East itself, the native

home of the plague, says Méry, the Marseilles poet-romancer, was so sad a picture of devastation seen as in the doomed streets of that wealthy city. The pestilence came, according to public belief, in a cargo of wool in May, 1720: it raged till, by September, the tale of dead per diem had reached the appalling number of a thousand.



*Group on the Quay.*

So awful a public calamity was not without the usual effect in bringing forth counterbalancing examples of distinguished public service and noble self-denial. Chief among them shines forth the name of the Chevalier Rose, who, aided by a couple of hundred

condemned convicts, carried forth to burial in the ditches of La Tourette no less than two thousand dead bodies, which infected the streets with their deadly contagion. There, quicklime was thrown over the horrible festering mass, in a spot still remembered as the “Graves of the Plague-stricken.” But posterity has chosen most especially to select for the honours of the occasion Mousigneur Belzunce—“Marseilles’ good bishop,” as Pope calls him, who returned in the hour of danger to his stricken flock from the salons of Versailles, and by offering the last consolations of religion to the sick and dying, aided somewhat in checking the orgy of despair and of panic-stricken callousness which reigned everywhere throughout the doomed city. The picture is indeed a striking and romantic one. On a high altar raised in the Cours which now bears his name, the brave bishop celebrated Mass one day before the eyes of all his people, doing penance to heaven in the name of his flock,





his feet bare, a rope round his neck, and a flaming torch held high in his hand, for the expiation of the sins that had brought such punishment. His fervent intercession, the faithful believed, was at last effectual. In May, 1721, the plague disappeared; but it left Marseilles almost depopulated. The bishop's statue in bronze, by Ramus, on the Cours Belzunce, now marks the site of this strange and unparalleled religious service.

From the Belzunce Monument, the Rue Tapis Vert and the Allées des Capucins lead us direct by a short cut to the Boulevard Longchamp, which terminates after the true modern Parisian fashion, with a vista of the great fountains and the Palais des Arts, a bizarre and original but not in its way unpleasing specimen of recent French architecture. It is meretricious, of course—that goes without the saying: what else can one expect from the France of the Second Empire? But it is distinctly what the children call “grand,” and if once you can put yourself upon its peculiar level, it is not without a certain queer rococo beauty of its own. As for the Château d'Eau, its warmest admirer could hardly deny that it is painfully *baroque* in design and execution. Tigers, panthers, and lions decorate the approach; an allegorical figure representing the Durance, accompanied by the geniuses of the Vine and of Corn, holds the seat of honour in the midst of the waterspouts. To right and left a triton blows his shelly trumpet; griffins and fauns crown the

summit; and triumphal arches flank the sides. A marvellous work indeed, of the Versailles type, better fitted to the ideas of the eighteenth century than to those of the age in which we live at present.

The Palais des Arts, one wing of this monument, encloses the usual French provincial picture-gallery, with the stereotyped Rubens, and the regulation Caraccio. It has its Raffael, its Giulio Romano, and its Andrea del Sarto. It even diverges, not without success, into the paths of Dutch and Flemish painting. But it is specially rich, of course, in Provençal works, and its Pugets in particular are both numerous and striking. There is a good Murillo and a square-faced Holbein, and many yards of modern French battles and nudities, alternating for the most part from the sensuous to the sanguinary. But the gem of the collection is a most characteristic and interesting Perugino, as beautiful as anything from the master's hand to be found in the galleries of Florence. Altogether, the interior makes one forgive the façade and the Château d'Eau. One good Perugino covers, like charity, a multitude of sins of the Marseillais architects.

Strange to say, old as Marseilles is, it contains to-day hardly any buildings of remote antiquity. One would be tempted to suppose beforehand that a town with so ancient and so continuous a history would teem with Græco-Roman and mediæval remains. As Phocæan colony, imperial town, mediæval republic, or Provençal city, it has so long been great, famous, and prosperous that one might not unnaturally expect in its streets to meet with endless memorials of its early grandeur. Nothing could be farther from the actual fact. While Nîmes, a mere second-rate provincial municipality, and Arles, a local Roman capital, have preserved rich mementoes of the imperial days—temples, arches, aqueducts, amphitheatres—Marseilles, their mother city, so much older, so much richer, so much greater, so much more famous, has not a single Roman building; scarcely even a second-rate mediæval chapel. Its ancient cathedral has been long since pulled down; of its oldest church but a spire now remains, built into a vulgar modern pseudo-Gothic Calvary. St. Victor alone, near the Fort St. Nicolas, is the one really fine piece of mediæval architecture still left in the town after so many ages.

St. Victor itself remains to us now as the last relic of a very ancient and important monastery, founded by St. Cassian in the fifth century, and destroyed by the Saracens—those incessant scourges of the Provençal coast—during one of their frequent plundering incursions. In 1040 it was rebuilt, only to be once more rased to the ground, till, in 1350, Pope Urban V., who himself had been abbot of this very monastery, restored it from the base, with those high, square towers, which now, in their worn and battered solidity, give it rather the air of a castellated fortress than of a Christian temple. Doubtless the strong-handed Pope, warned by experience, intended his church to stand a siege, if necessary, on the next visit



to Marseilles of the Paynim enemy. The interior, too, is not unworthy of notice. It contains the catacombs where, according to the naïve Provençal faith, Lazarus passed the last days of his second life; and it boasts an antique black image of the Virgin, attributed by a veracious local legend to the skilful fingers of St. Luke the Evangelist. Modern criticism ruthlessly relegates the work to a nameless but considerably later Byzantine sculptor.

By far the most interesting ecclesiastical edifice in Marseilles, however, even in its present charred and shattered condition, is the ancient pilgrimage chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde, the antique High Place of primitive Phœnician and Ligurian worship. How long a shrine for some local cult has existed on the spot it would be hard to say, but, at least, we may put it at two dozen centuries. All along the Mediterranean coast, in fact, one feels oneself everywhere thus closely in almost continuous contact with the earliest religious beliefs of the people. The paths that lead to these very antique sacred sites, crowning the wind-swept hills that overlook the valley, are uniformly worn deep by naked footsteps into the solid rock—a living record of countless generations of fervent worshippers. Christianity itself is not nearly old enough to account for all those profoundly-cut steps in the schistose slate or hard white limestone of the Provençal hills. The sanctity of the High Places is more ancient by far than Saint or Madonna. Before ever a Christian chapel crested these heights they were crested by forgotten Pagan temples; and before the days of Aphrodite or Pallas, in turn, they were crested by the shrines of some long since dead-and-buried Gaulish or Ligurian goddess. Religions change, creeds disappear, but sacred sites remain as holy as ever; and here, where priests now chant their loud hymns before the high altar, some nameless bloody rites took place, we may be sure, long ages since, before the lonely shrine of some Celtic Hesus or some hideous and deformed Phœnician Moloch.

It is a steep climb even now from the Old Port or the Anse des Catalans to the Colline Notre Dame; several different paths ascend to the summit, all alike of remote antiquity, and all ending at last in fatiguing steps. Along the main road, hemmed in on either side by poor southern hovels, wondrous old witches of true Provençal ugliness drive a brisk trade in rosaries, and chaplets, and blessed medals. These wares are for the pilgrim; but, to suit all tastes, the same itinerant chapwomen offer to the more worldly-minded tourist of the Cookian type appropriate gewgaws, in the shape of photographs, images, and cheap trinkets. At the summit stand the charred and blackened ruins of Notre Dame de la Garde. Of late years, indeed, that immemorial shrine has fallen on evil times and evil days in many matters. To begin with, the needs of modern defence compelled the Government some years since to erect on the height a fort, which encloses in its midst the ancient chapel. Even military necessities, however, had to yield in part to the

persistent religious sentiment of the community; and though fortifications girt it round on every side, the sacred site of Our Lady remained unpolluted in the centre



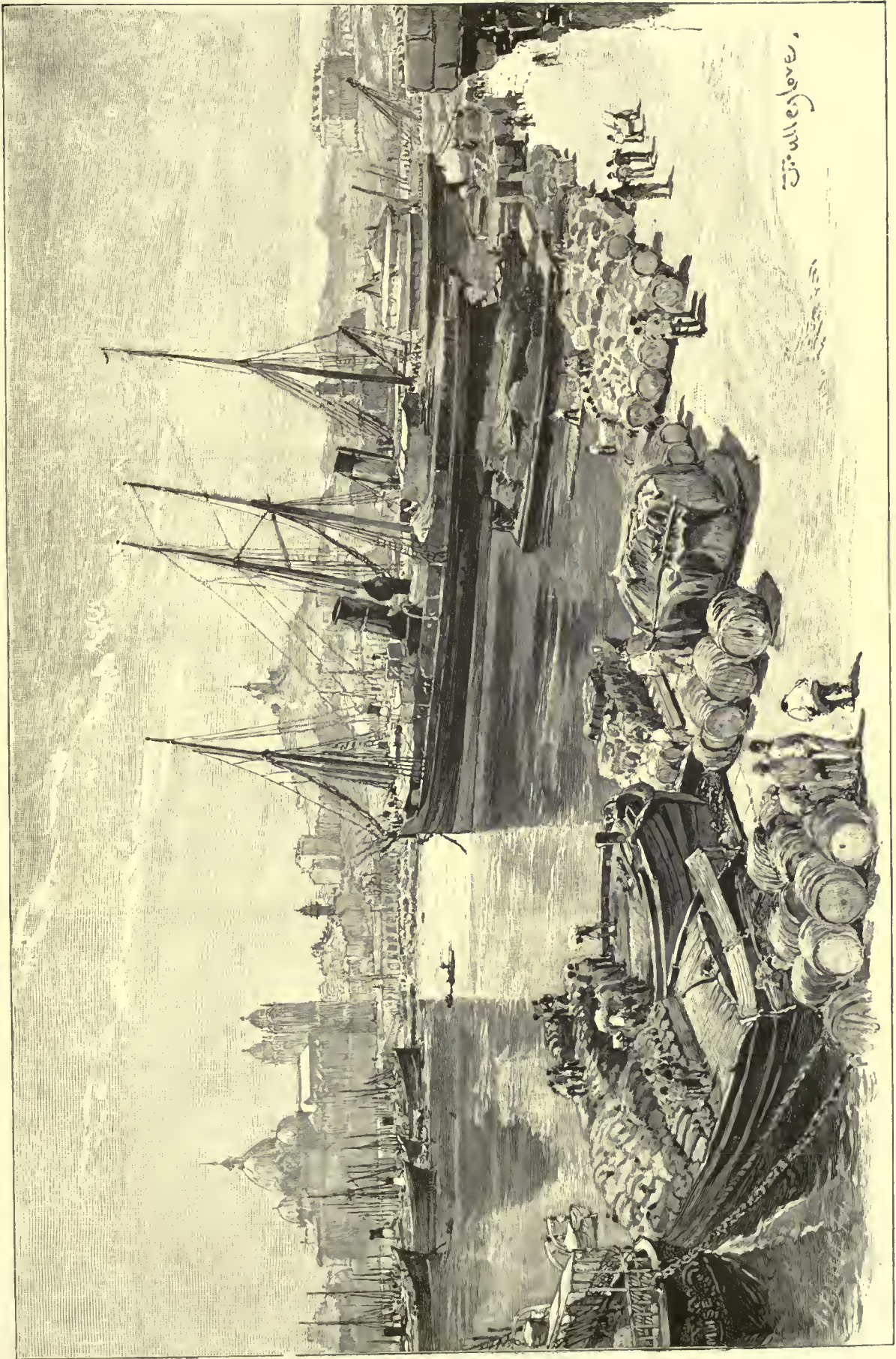
Church of St. Victor.

of the great defensive works of the fortress. Passing through the gates of those massive bastions a strongly-guarded path still guided the faithful sailor-folk of Marseilles to the revered shrine of their ancestral Madonna. Nay, more; the antique chapel of the thirteenth century was superseded by a gorgeous Byzantine building, from designs by Espérandieu, all glittering with gold, and precious stones, and jewels. On the topmost belfry stood a gigantic gilded statue of Our Lady. Dome and apse were of cunning workmanship—white Carrara marble and African *rosso antico* draped the interior with parti-coloured splendour. Corsican granite and Esterel porphyry supported the

massive beams of the transepts; frescoes covered every inch of the walls: the pavement was mosaic, the high altar was inlaid with costly Florentine stonework. Every Marseilles fisherman rejoiced in heart that though the men of battle had usurped the sanctuary, their Madonna was now housed by the sons of the Faithful in even greater magnificence and glory than ever.

But in 1884 a fire broke out in the shrine itself, which wrecked almost irreparably the sumptuous edifice. The statue of the Virgin still crowns the façade, to be sure, and the chapel still shows up bravely from a modest distance; but within, all the glory has faded away, and the interior of the church is no longer accessible. Nevertheless, the visitor who stands upon the platform in front of the doorway and gazes down upon the splendid panoramic view that stretches before him in the vale beneath, will hardly complain of having had his stiff pull uphill for nothing. Except the view of Montreal and the St. Lawrence Rapids from Mont Royal Mountain, I hardly know a town view in the world to equal that from Notre Dame de la Garde, for beauty and variety, on a clear spring morning.





THE DOCKS.



Close at our feet lies the city itself, filling up the whole wide valley with its mass, and spreading out long arms of faubourg, or roadway, up the lateral openings. Beyond rise the great white limestone hills, dotted about like mushrooms, with their glittering *bastides*. In front lies the sea—the blue Mediterranean—with that treacherous smile which has so often deceived us all the day before we trusted ourselves too rashly, with ill-deserved confidence, upon its heaving bosom. Near the shore the waves chafe the islets and the Château d’If; then come the Old Port and the busy bassins; and, beyond them all, the Chain of Estacades, rising grim and grey in serrated outline against the western horizon. A beautiful prospect, though barren and treeless, for nowhere in the world are mountains barer than those great white guardians of the Provençal seaboard.

The fortress that overhangs the Old Port at our feet itself deserves a few passing words of polite notice; for it is the Fort St. Nicolas, the one link in his great despotic chain by which Louis Quatorze bound recalcitrant Marseilles to the throne of the Tuileries. The town—like all great commercial towns—had always clung hard to its ancient liberties. Ever rebellious when kings oppressed, it was a stronghold of the Fronde; and when Louis at last made his entry perforce into the malcontent city, it was through a breach he had effected in the heavy ramparts. The king stood upon this commanding spot, just above the harbour, and, gazing landward, asked the citizens round him how men called those little square boxes which he saw dotted about over the sunlit hillsides. “We call them *bastides*, sire,” answered a courtly Marseillais. “Every citizen of our town has one.” “Moi aussi, je veux avoir ma bastide à Marseille,” cried the theatrical monarch, and straightway gave orders for building the Fort St. Nicolas: so runs the tale that passes for history. But as the fort stands in the very best possible position, commanding the port, and could only have been arranged for after consultation with the engineers of the period—it was Vauban who planned it—I fear we must set down Louis’s *bon mot* as one of those royal epigrams which has been carefully prepared and led up to beforehand.

In every town, however, it is a favourite theory of mine that the best of all sights is the town itself: and nowhere on earth is this truism truer than here at Marseilles. After one has climbed Notre Dame, and explored the Prado, and smiled at the Château d’Eau, and stood beneath the frowning towers of St. Victor, one returns once more with real pleasure and interest to the crowded Cannebière, and sees the full tide of human life flow eagerly on down that picturesque boulevard. That, after all, is the main picture that Marseilles always leaves photographed on the visitor’s memory. How eager, how keen, how vivacious is the talk; how fiery the eyes; how emphatic the gesture! With what teeming energy, with what feverish haste, the great city pours forth its hurrying thousands! With what endless spirit they move up and down in endless march upon its clattering pavements! *Circulez,*



*messieurs, circulez*: and they do just circulate! From the Quai de la Fraternité to the Allées de Meilhan, what mirth and merriment, what life and movement! In every *café*, what warm southern faces! At every shop-door, what quick-witted, sharp-tongued, bartering humanity! I have many times stopped at Marseilles, on my way hither and thither round this terraqueous globe, farther south or east; but I never stop there without feeling once more the charm and interest of its strenuous personality. There is something of Greek quickness and Greek intelligence left even now about the old Phocæan colony. A Marseillais crowd has to this very day something of the sharp Hellenic wit; and I believe the rollicking humour of Aristophanes would be more readily seized by the public of the Alcazar than by any other popular audience in modern Europe.

"Bon chien chasse de race," and every Marseillais is a born Greek and a born littérateur. Is it not partly to this old Greek blood, then, that we may set down the long list of distinguished men who have drawn their first breath in the Phocæan city? From the days of the Troubadours, Raymond des Tours and Barral des Baux, Folquet, and Rostang, and De Salles, and Bérenger, through the days of D'Urfé, and Mascaron, and Barbaroux, and De Pastoret, to the days of Méry, and Barthélemy, and Taxile Delord, and Joseph Antran, Marseilles has always been rich in talent. It is enough to say that her list of great men begins with Petronius Arbiter, and ends with Thiers, to show how long and diversely she has been represented in her foremost citizens. Surely, then, it is not mere fancy to suppose that in all this the true Hellenic blood has counted for something! Surely it is not too much to believe that with the Greek profile and the Greek complexion the inhabitants have still preserved to this day some modest measure of the quick Greek intellect, the bright Greek fancy, and the plastic and artistic Greek creative faculty! I love to think it, for Marseilles is dear to me; especially when I land there after a sound sea-tossing.

Unlike many of the old Mediterranean towns, too, Marseilles has not only a past but also a future. She lives and will live. In the middle of this century, indeed, it might almost have seemed to a careless observer as if the Mediterranean were "played out." And so in part, no doubt, it really is; the tracks of commerce and of international intercourse have shifted to wider seas and vaster waterways. We shall never again find that inland basin ringed round by a girdle of the great merchant cities that do the carrying trade and finance of the world. Our area has widened, so that New York, Rio, San Francisco, Yokohama, Shanghai, Calcutta, Bombay, and Melbourne have taken the place of Syracuse, Alexandria, Tyre, and Carthage, of Florence, Genoa, Venice, and Constantinople. But in spite of this cramping change, this degradation of the Mediterranean from the centre of the world into a mere auxiliary or side-avenue of the Atlantic, a certain number of Mediterranean ports have lived on uninterruptedly by force of position from one

epoch into the other. Venice has had its faint revival of recent years; Trieste has had its rise; Barcelona, Algiers, Smyrna, Odessa, have grown into great harbours for cosmopolitan traffic. Of this new and rejuvenescent Mediterranean, girt round by the fresh young nationalities of Italy and the Orient, and itself no longer an inland sea, but linked by the Suez Canal with the Indian Ocean, and so turned into the main highway of the nations between East and West, Marseilles is still the key and the capital. That proud position the Phocæan city is not likely to lose. And as the world is wider now than ever, the new Marseilles is perforce a greater and a wealthier town than even the old one in its proudest days. Where tribute came once from the North African, Levantine, and Italian coasts alone, it comes now from every shore of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with Australia and the Pacific Isles thrown in as an afterthought. Regions Cæsar never knew enrich the good Greeks of the Quai de la Fraternité: brown, black, and yellow men whom his legions never saw send tea and silk, cotton, corn, and tobacco to the crowded warehouses of the Cannebière and the Rue de la République.

GRANT ALLEN.









VALDONIELLO.





*Capo Corso.*

## CORSICA.

CORSICA—according to Dr. Bennet, “without doubt the most beautiful island in the Mediterranean”—is a short range of mountains thrown up abruptly in that angle of the historic sea formed by France on the north and Italy on the west. The principal ridge runs about north and south, throwing off spurs to the east and west, from which other offshoots straggle down in endless variety of form and outline to the sea. The highest summits are capped with snow three parts of the year. Lower down stunted pines crop up among the rugged crags. The growth thickens and the lower hills are clothed with forests of giant firs, but many a shattered trunk and torn limb stand out in evidence against the fierce winds that sweep through the mountain gorges. Lower yet, the firs mingle with noble chestnuts, and these in turn are interspersed with gray olives. Still descending, the olives give place to terraced gardens, where graceful palms spring up above the citron and orange, whose dark shining foliage is spangled with golden fruit. Here down in the sheltered valleys the banana and guava ripen; canes twenty feet high mark the course of the streams; agaves and Barbary figs skirt the roads, and the rose blooms all the year round. The island is but fifty miles across in its broadest part, yet in this brief space a diversity of climate exists equal to that which is to be found between Stockholm and Naples. The visitor who ventures to cross the island in January, may, at six o'clock, be called out of his coupé into the fog to help in dragging the

*diligence* through the Focce de Vizzavona—with the possibility, in the event of failure, of being buried seventeen feet deep in snow—and at ten be taking lunch in the open air at Ajaccio, grateful to the eucalyptus that shelters him from the sun. There he will see the fog that still hangs about Vizzavona; but from below it takes the form of a pearly cloud clinging to the mountain, whose crest rises above it, glistening like frosted silver against the deep blue sky. On the coast there are in reality but two seasons: one hot and dry, from May to September; the other soft and temperate, from September to May; and to enjoy perpetual immunity from excess of heat and cold, one has but to follow in the steps of the goatherd, who comes down into the lowlands with his goats, his dog, and his family, carrying the household effects, as soon as the leaves begin to fall from the chestnuts; and

returns to the highlands when the woods up there take on the first tender tints of spring.



*On the Road to Bastia.*

The right hand upturned, with the index extended and the other fingers closed upon the palm, gives a rough-and-ready plan of Corsica—the fingers showing that part of the island most worthy to be explored, and the thumb representing the only portion which should not be

visited. From Bonifacio to Bastia—which may be supposed to stand where the tip of the thumb lies on the second joint of the forefinger—the east coast is not only uninteresting, but dangerously unhealthy in certain seasons. For this reason, Bastia should be taken as the starting point, the visitor turning his back upon the south, with the comforting assurance that there is nothing down there worth seeing save Bonifacio, which he will ultimately reach by following the safer and more picturesque route along the north and west coast. There are other considerations favourable to this selection; and not the most unimportant to those who regard comfort is, that from Leghorn to Bastia the voyage is shorter than from Newhaven to Dieppe.

Cape Corso is before us, a long promontory, represented in our plan by the top of the forefinger, formed by a prolongation of the mountain chain which is the backbone of the island. The two sides of this mountain range are entirely different in aspect: on the east the green wide undulating slopes, with fishing villages nestling in the bays at their feet, and white hamlets perched upon the heights above, are charming; on the west the deep ravines, the innumerable little fiords, and rugged granite rocks plunging into the sea, with the view of blue waters and snow-capped





Brando.

mountains beyond are superb, and challenge any point upon the famous Corniche Road of Nice. The ramifications of the range form natural divisions of territory, each commune occupying a river basin. Formerly these communes had no means of communication, except by extremely difficult mountain paths or by sea; now a good carriage road cut *en corniche*, and following the contour of the slopes, skirts the whole seaboard from Bastia to St. Florent.

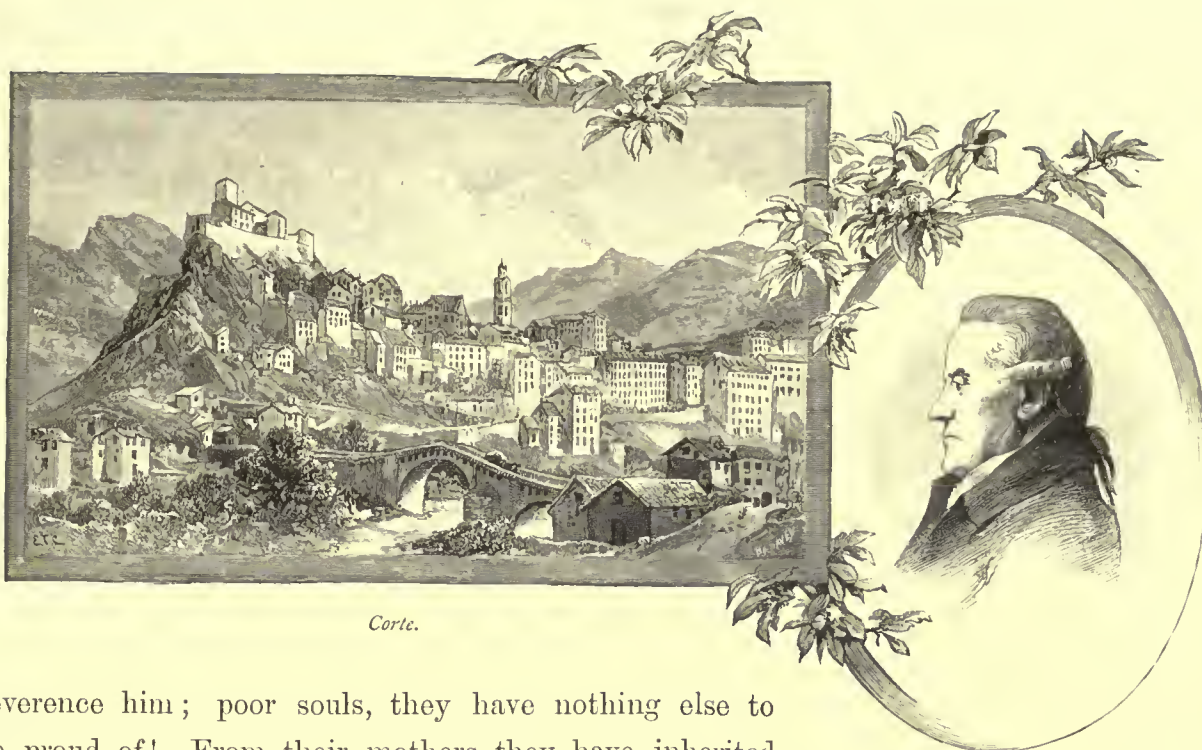
This road is delightful from beginning to end. You start shaded from the sun by magnificent chestnuts and walnuts, and before you have left Bastia a couple of miles behind, you—supposed to be a stranger to Corsica—wonder if anything better is to be found in the whole island than the picture that lies before you. To the right the deep blue sea, specked with the white lateen sails of fishing boats, a ruined watch-tower on a jutting rock at the extremity of the bay, a cluster of white houses in the shelter of the headland; on the left a vast amphitheatre of verdure rising to the clouds, terraced at the base with gardens and olive groves, beyond which woods of chestnuts and dark evergreen oaks sweep up into the rugged pastures of machis, broken here and there with an outcrop of red granite. The woods seem unbroken and impenetrable. One would never dream of gardens and cultivated land being up there, but for the groups of whitened houses that crop out at irregular intervals, marking the spots where little communities find their subsistence on the earth. The road before you is full of interest. On the unsheltered side it is hedged with sturdy agaves, their long fleshy blades obtaining each a growth of four to six feet, their flower-stem rising stout and straight to a

height of twenty feet, with the flowers projected on sprays at right angles in the form of candelabra. Beside these, enormous Barbary figs straggle along in irregular patches, all hung about with a network of slender climbing plants, as graceful and delicate as their support is ungainly and cumbersome. Beware how you touch the fruit that clusters upon the edge of those flat, fleshy leaves; the fig is covered with fine, almost imperceptible, spines, that once touched, seem to have the faculty of multiplying and travelling over the whole surface of the body, and wherever they go they prick and stick. If it be April you will find the banks in sheltered places brilliant with yellow marigolds, pale lavender-coloured anemones, and bright crimson cyclamen; the dripping rocks are underhung with a tapestry of maidenhair fern; wherever there is a crack for its rootlets to take hold something of beauty lives. The peasants you meet upon the road add human interest to the scene. It is worth while timing your departure from Bastia on market day, to see them coming in with their produce. The Corsican is a fine well-built man of the Italian type, with a long visage, an olive complexion, raven black beard and moustache, and beautiful eyes. The diminutive size of the horse he bestrides gives value to his proportions. He wears a black felt hat with a broad brim, and a suit of dark velveteen with shoulder straps, and a double row of waistcoat buttons. He carries a long pipe in his mouth, a wine gourd is slung under his arm, and his gun, *en bandoulière* at his back. That is all he carries; he leaves the rest to the women of his family who follow meekly in the rear of their magnificent chief. They



Calvi.





Corte.

Paoli.

reverence him; poor souls, they have nothing else to be proud of! From their mothers they have inherited the hard features that are formed by hard usage; they have lost their youth before they are old, and their lives are made up of toil and sadness. They sit astride their sorry nags with their petticoats tucked under their legs, goats and fowls and sacks of garden produce dangling before and behind them, a basket on each arm, and a world of care apparently on their bent shoulders.

About four miles from Bastia the road passes through La Vasina, a fishing village of about two thousand inhabitants. On the right is the little port, on the left the church of Nôtre Dame de Vasina, which contains some curiously artless pictures, and numberless *ex-voto* offerings, left there by the pilgrims, who come hither from all parts of the island. A convent is perched upon each of the verdant mamelons thrown up like gigantic molehills about Vasina. In the distance Erbahunga, another fishing village, stretches out into the sea upon a neck of land, dominated by a ruined tower. About midway between the two villages is situated the remarkable grotto of Brando. To visit it you must take the path on the right, a little beyond the mill by the roadside. The ascent is steep, and only practicable by a series of steps cut in the hillside, but a charming wood of evergreen oaks, olives, and cherries gives shade, and there are stone benches in cool nooks where you can rest, ever with a new picture in a frame of foliage before you. The path terminates in a large platform shaded by magnificent oaks; on the left is the cottage of the guide, who will lead you down a staircase cut in the rock to the great hall hung with snow-white translucent stalactites, whence you descend to a lower corridor, and there the grotto ends. The guide will show you a gun with a flint-lock embedded in the stalactites, and tell you that it belonged to the brigands

who formerly inhabited the cave. It is not impossible that the gun did belong to a brigand. It might have been placed there by the guide before he obtained his present less hazardous and more lucrative occupation. Perhaps the finest effect produced by the grotto is the contrast of its gloom and evil odours with the perfumed air and dazzling beauty of the sunlit sea that delight one's senses in coming out of it on to the platform. There is a pretty cascade near the grotto, and thence, if you are a good scrambler, you can make your own way down through the woods to Erbalunga. Beyond Erbalunga the road loses many of its charms, and the country becomes more savage. For long distances the road is cut in the naked rock that plunges into the sea, or crosses level tracts where the only vegetation is composed of agaves and machis—the name of that scrubby growth of cistus, arbutus, tree-heath, and myrtle, which spreads wherever the soil does not permit of richer growth. Where a creek gives refuge to a fishing-boat will be found a few squalid cabins; where a bay affords better shelter there is a little port; where there is a jutting rock there are the ruins of one of those towers scattered thickly along this coast, that served formerly to protect the island by signalling the approach of an enemy. Beauty of flowers and trees must be sought on the slopes of the lateral valleys, like that of Luri, which, narrow in their opening towards the sea, expand inwards in vast hemicycles, where, sheltered from the *libeccio* or south-west wind by the surrounding mountains, the rich soil, cultivated in vast gardens, yields thousands of tons of fruit, for which there is eager competition between the traders of Genoa and Leghorn. Nevertheless, there are many admirable points of view to reward the traveller who follows the coast, and Cape Corso cannot be quitted without mentioning that to be obtained from the Col de la Serra at its farthest point. From the road itself the view is extremely beautiful, but five minutes' walk through the machis will bring you to a height above the mill of Francesehi, from which the panorama of sea and mountain is simply marvellous. To the north—from Cape Bianco to the Finocchiarola Islands, all the northern coast of the cape, with the Island of Giraglia and the sea are in sight; to the east, beyond the charming hollow of Ersu and the pasture lands of Rogliano, the Tuscan Sea is seen between the green mamelons, with Elba to the south, and Capraja to the north, rising like purple clouds above the horizon; to the south the green slopes and pine-covered heights of the promontory stand out against the sky. A little to the west the grand summit of Monte Cinto, with its cap of snow, pierces the blue, rising three thousand yards above the beautiful bay of St. Florent. One can imagine nothing more beautiful than this *coup d'œil* in the rich sunset of an April evening.

Quitting Cape Corso, not without regret, at St. Florent, you can proceed to Calvi by *voiture publique*. There is a *diligence* every day, and if you can secure a place on the *banquette* beside the driver this is the best way of seeing the country,



which is less worthy of tramping than the road round Cape Corso. Seen from a distance, Calvi, rising on a rocky headland from the beautiful bay, with its background of snow-capped mountains, and a picturesque felucca in the foreground, is attractive. The town looks old, irregular, and ruinous; its fortifications, and the cupolas that rise beyond, have a distinctly Oriental aspect, which is emphasised on nearer approach by the figure of a swarthy Arab, muffled in a white *bernouse*, sitting in the sun, with his knees drawn up to his chin, amongst the semi-tropical vegetation which spreads down to the very edge of the sea. Tired with your long journey from Bastia, you will look upon the old town as an interesting haven of rest, and promise yourself to stay there a good long while. But when you have made your way up the stony road to the *haute-ville*, you will in all probability begin to think you have had enough of it. The view, to be sure, is magnificent; the town is old enough in all conscience; there are more Arabs loafing about, and the narrow, steep cobble-stoned streets, with their houses displaying from every window an amount of rag-washing hardly accounted for by the cleanliness of the inhabitants you meet, have a certain dirtiness and smelliness which add considerably to the Oriental effect. Your smiling hotel-keeper will inform you cheerfully that in 1794 your compatriots threw four thousand shells into the place, and point out evidence of the bombardment on the cupola of the church. But even this will not reconcile you to staying a great while in the town. The Arabs, you find, have a sinister expression in their long eyes, and their home is the citadel, and you are not surprised to learn that they have been sent hither from Africa for doing something wrong. The pain also of walking about on those rounded cobble-stones is excruciating, and you will decide that on the whole Calvi is one of those places that are best seen from a distance, and that if there is one *diligence* that leaves earlier than another you will not fail to be up in time to take it. You will go right away out there amongst those mountains, the work of Nature, who never yet deceived her admirers, where the air is sweet and fresh, and there are no Arabs and no cobble-stones. There are two ways by which those snowy mountains and the grand country amongst them may be approached—by Corte or by Porto and Evisa. The latter route is the more beautiful. From Evisa a walk of eight or nine miles will bring you to the Col de Vergio, whence you get a glimpse of the Forest of Valdoniello, but the whole of this magnificent forest, in all its savage grandeur, can be seen at a little distance from the Col, at a point near the Maison de Cantonnier. At these houses, by the way, placed at regular intervals along the mountain roads, you can always obtain shelter, wine, bread, coffee, and generally eggs and *broccio*. The route passes through the most beautiful parts of the forest, and the traveller will do well scrupulously to avoid all the “short cuts” recommended by the woodcutter. As you descend among the magnificent pines, some of which are between 150 and 200 feet in height, and measure twenty-four feet in circumference

at their base, you find signs of activity that shake your faith in the opinion that has slowly grown upon your observant mind, that the Corsican man is an idle beggar on horseback. You may have asked one of them why he neglected to cultivate his rich fields, and he will assuredly have answered with a shrug that they are a miserable people, with not half enough women to do the work that is absolutely necessary. But here the hollow woods echo on all sides the sharp strokes of the woodman's axe.

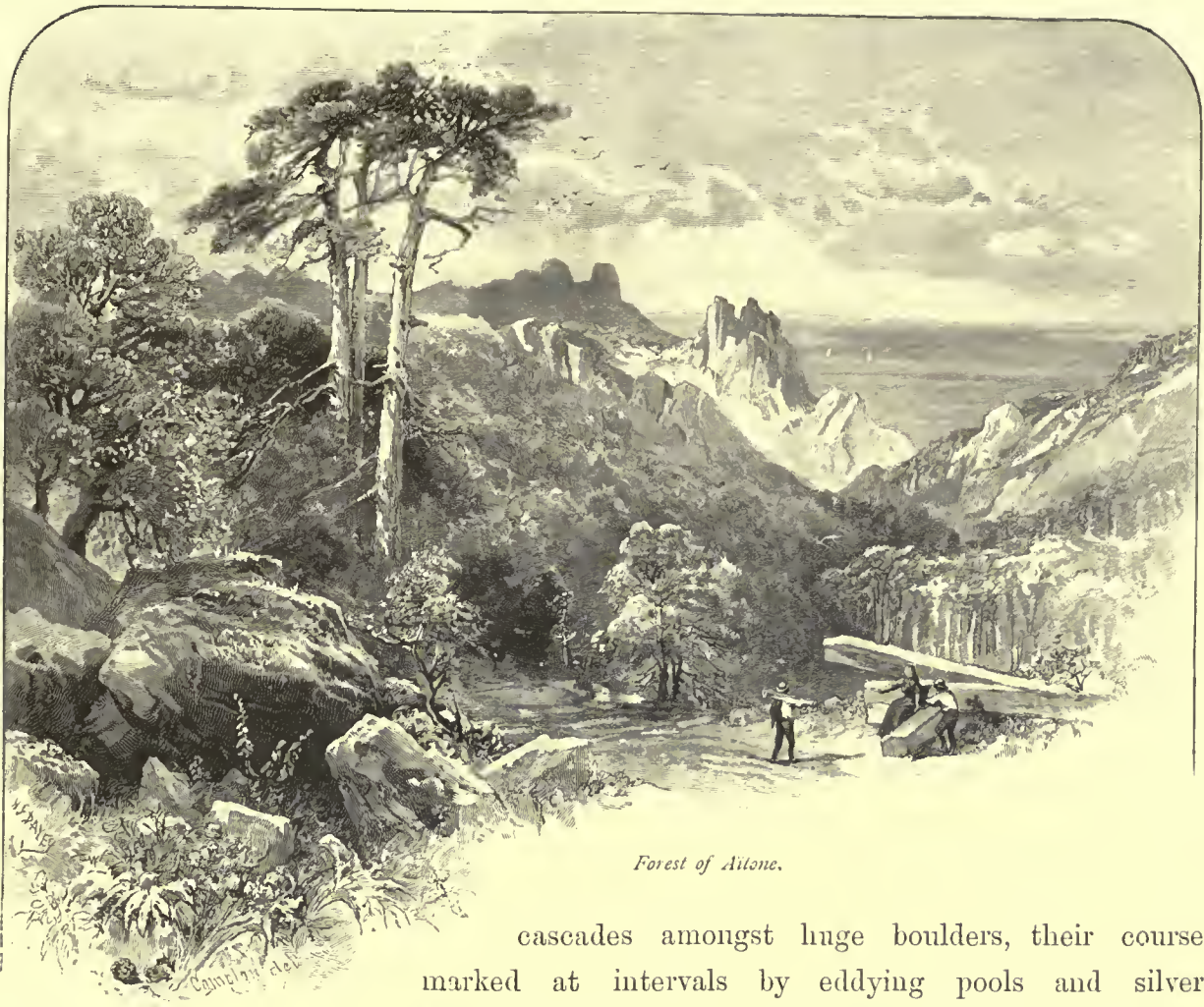


*Ascent of Monte Cinto.*

Women—especially Corsican women—can do a good deal, but they cannot fell such monsters as this that lie along the road. Through an opening you see here and there thin columns of blue smoke rising through the pines, and spreading in gauzy strata against the sombre green of the slopes beyond: are the charcoal burners women? But now a wain comes in sight, with a team of twenty mules straining at their load under the encouragement of yells and cracking whips, while bearded men pull and shove and set their shoulders to the wheel

with an energy that is altogether unaccountable. What is the explanation? When Corsicans lose their wits do they go into the woods for an asylum, and take to hard work in simple madness? No; the explanation is simpler. Every man engaged in this work is an Italian from Lucca. The Lucquoises find that it pays them well to come here, fell the timber, cart it to the ports, and carry it away for sale at Genoa and Leghorn; the philosophic Corsican is content with this arrangement, and wonders why anyone should take so much pains to obtain happiness when he might get it by merely looking on with a pipe in his mouth. The forest is intersected in all directions by mountain streams, that dash down in a thousand





*Forest of Aitone.*

cascades amongst huge boulders, their course marked at intervals by eddying pools and silver birches springing from a wild growth of briar and bush, their tender foliage standing out like a gleam of light against the sombre hues of the pines. The dripping rocks beside the road are tapestried with moss and fern, and every ledge and crevice is a holder for a fairy bouquet. Occasionally, through an opening or at a turn in the road, you get a view of the valley where the Golo rushes along, fretting and foaming at the obstacles in its way; from above the broken water takes on a bright emerald tint, which would astonish one more if the whole country were not so suggestive of enchantment. You quit the forest at the edge of the river, and crossing by the Ponte Alto (835 mètres above the sea-level) and following the road through Albertacce, reach Corte.

Corte is a straggling collection of houses built on the side of a steep hill, and surmounted by a citadel, which seems literally to overhang the little river Tavignano, that brawls, four hundred feet below, along the base of the rock on which it is perched. If the town itself is uninteresting, and contains no public edifice of any architectural importance, it can at least boast of two capital hotels, and serves as an excellent centre for excursions into the wonderful country that surrounds it. There is, however, one public building that commands respect: the house now used as a

court of justice was inhabited by Pascal Paoli—a man whose name is deservedly held in greater veneration by Corsicans than that of any patriot the island has produced. His first achievement was the release of his country from the tyranny of the Genoese; he drove the old enemy from the island, and organising a little fleet harassed their commerce on the seas. Then taking upon himself the part of legislator, he in a great measure subdued the vendetta, which destroyed the unity of the people; he established regular courts of justice, revived agricultural industry, promoted commerce, circulated a new money, restricted the ecclesiastical influence, and established a system of education. When the Genoese sold the island to France, Paoli drew the sword against this new invader; but after obtaining some advantages over the enemy in the first encounter, he was defeated at Ponte Nuovo, and compelled to take refuge in England. In 1793 he again returned to Corsica, and once more leading his countrymen against the French, succeeded in driving them out completely from the island. Convinced, however, that the lasting welfare of the island could only be secured under the aid and protection of a stronger Power, he entered into negotiation with England. Perfidious Albion, it seems, promised considerably more than she performed, and the French once more obtaining mastery over the island, Paoli came to London, where he died in 1795, after vainly endeavouring to make us keep our engagement. A bronze statue of the grand citizen stands in the Place Paoli.

The ascent of Monte Cinto—which presents no great difficulties, although in places it necessitates the use of hands and considerable agility—is rarely made; for the guides have a horror of snow, and will insist upon the impossibility of ascending, while they perceive the least chance of persuading you to be guided somewhere else. If a willing guide is not to be found at Corte, there is one certainly to be found at the village of Calasima, near Albertacce, where mules also can be obtained for the first part of the ascent. Leaving Calasima the mule-path winds through a narrow and dismal valley, and comes to a stop at the height of 1,600 mètres. From this point you cross a series of ridges by a path which is sufficiently troublesome, and made treacherous by occasional patches of snow. At an altitude of about 2,500 mètres there is a cave that serves as a shelter; but from this point the ascent is comparatively easy. At 2,710 mètres you have reached the highest summit in the island. On the whole the view, though of course vast in its extent, is disappointing, and less beautiful by far than that obtained from the Incudine. To the north extends the forest and savage Valley of Asco; to the south-west the whole of the western coast, with the sea beyond it, is seen; to the south you get nothing but mountains rising one beyond another; and on the east you look down on to the Forest of Valdoniello and the Valley of the Golo. Of all the surrounding mountains, Monte Falo (2,549 mètres) stands out the boldest.



The return from Corte to the coast should be made by the Lake of Nino—a beautiful basin 1,743 mètres above the sea-level, lying amongst the summits of the Campotile. A broad flat belt of sward encircles the lake; the waters are clear as crystal, and swarm with delicious trout. How those trout got up there is a mystery that even a guide cannot explain. From Nino a mule-path crosses the intervening mountain, and dipping down into the Valley of the Golo cuts through the Forest of Valdoniello, and strikes the route close by Albertacce. By long and wearisome zigzags the route winds up the side of the mountain to the Col de Vergio, and you have more than one reason to be satisfied when the culminating point is reached. You are three or four thousand feet above the sea, which lies out there to the west, between the red and black masses of rock that wall in the green Valley of Porco. The vast basin of verdure at your feet, spreading upwards to its confines of sunlit rock, is the Forest of Aitone. It is refreshing to think that your road tunnels that green expanse, and leads you out to the blue sea beyond. The descent to Evisa through the Forest of Aitone realises your anticipations. At every turn of the road the opening in the trees reveals something fresh to admire: from one you get a glimpse of the sea, from another a view of the picturesque mountains of Evisa, and though you see the same hills, the same sea again and again, their aspect is never alike, their interest never slackens. Every ravine has its little torrent leaping down from one moss-covered rock to another amongst hanging ferns, here crossed by a fallen tree festooned and garlanded with creeping plants, there disappearing under a wild growth whose dripping foliage glistens in a ray of sunlight. At one time the Forest of Aitone rivalled Valdoniello in the grand proportions of its pines; but for many years the woodcutter has been at work, and the giants are gone. Nevertheless, the woods are beautiful with their young growth of beech and fir, and it is easy enough to find pines whose lowest branches are from seventy to a hundred feet above the ground. It is unnecessary to follow the route beyond the Fountain of Caracuto; a cross path thence cuts off the uninteresting détour by the Bocca Sorra, and leads you directly to Evisa. The journey from Corte to Evisa by the Lake of Nino is long, and should not be made without mules and a stock of provisions. It cannot well be done under fourteen hours, and there is not a single hotel or auberge on the road. You can break the journey at Albertacce, but in that case you must depend upon the kindness of the inhabitants for your lodging. Happily for the traveller, hospitality is the one law that a Corsican never breaks. It is written—with a rude illustration, on the gourds in which they carry their provision of wine—that one Costa Ordioni shot his own son for violating the sacred right of the stranger under his roof to protection. With the air of a prince the peasant will offer you all that his house contains; he will sleep in the open air that you may have his room, taking care to sweep it out, and put clean sheets on the bed beforehand. But be

careful how you respond to his generosity. If he offers hospitality you must on no account attempt to pay him for it. He expects to be treated as your equal from



*Moufflon.*

the moment you accept what he has to give, and the suggestion of payment for hospitality is as much an insult to him as it would be to one of your own rank. He will refuse your money, and bow you out of his house with a humiliating condescension. Of course, the case is different should you demand hospitality; you are then justified in laying upon his table whatever you consider is the pecuniary value of what you have received. At Nino there are shepherds' huts in the vicinity of the lake, and in any of them you can get bread, milk, and possibly a dish of trout. As a rule, the shepherds' huts are squalid hovels, and the shepherds themselves dirty, and about as strong a contrast as you can imagine to the

shepherd of poetry and Watteau. Sometimes there are sausages to be had, but as these delicacies are usually kept under the bed as a place of security against the cats and dogs that prowl about, you will do better to confine yourself to bread and milk in some form—and the trout if you can get them. The hard cheese is good, so is the *broccio*, a kind of cream cheese, and the butter is excellent. They have the most primitive kind of churn in existence. It consists of a basin, and the first stick to hand. Cream is put in the basin, held over the fire till the basin begins to feel unpleasantly warm, and then whipped till the butter forms. Throughout Corsica the milk used is that of the goat, the sheep, or the moufflon. Even at Ajaccio, the only butter made from cow's milk that is used comes from Italy. The herds are composed chiefly of the moufflon—an animal of the sheep kind, and identical with the caprovis of Greece. It is about the size of a small sheep, and, although covered with long silky hair instead of wool, bears a stronger resemblance to the ram than to any other animal, both in regard to its horns and its appearance. It is by nature extremely wild, and feeds on the buds and tender sprays of the *machis* that covers the open spaces on the hillsides. Young moufflon is a very general article of diet; without the skin, they are sold in the towns for about fifteen or eighteenpence each.

Evisa is a small town of about a thousand inhabitants. It has a small hotel, of the kind usually to be found in places of this size, where one can get a clean bed,



plenty of simple food, and excellent wine, at a charge of about four or five shillings a day, coffee and cognac included. Cigars might very well be "thrown in" at this price, for they are to be had at the cost of four for two sous. You do well to make Evisa your headquarters for a time, as the country round it is savage and astonishing beyond imagination. A walk of a few miles in the direction of Chidazzo, for instance, produces an effect upon the mind that time can scarcely efface. There is something absolutely terrible in the savage grandeur of the Spelunca; and the Gorge of Porto, near Evisa, should be known to all who value an artistic education. To visit the Spelunca you quit the carriage road near the Chapel of St. Cyprian, cross the cemetery, and descend to the west by a path cut in the rock, and sufficiently steep to necessitate sure and careful footing. Little by little the growth of maquis disappears, and you see nothing but the dark red granite and the jagged needles that fret the skyline. The path winds round enormous blocks, sometimes passes under overhanging rocks that seem to menace the intruder for his temerity, and then follows the edge of a precipice whose walls echo the rushing of a torrent below. Descending by numberless zigzags you reach the Bridge of Zaglia, where you cross the Porto near its junction with the Aitone. Then you find yourself at the bottom of an immense pit, walled in by rugged black granite: this is the Spelunca. The best effects of light and shade are to be obtained here about sunset, but on this



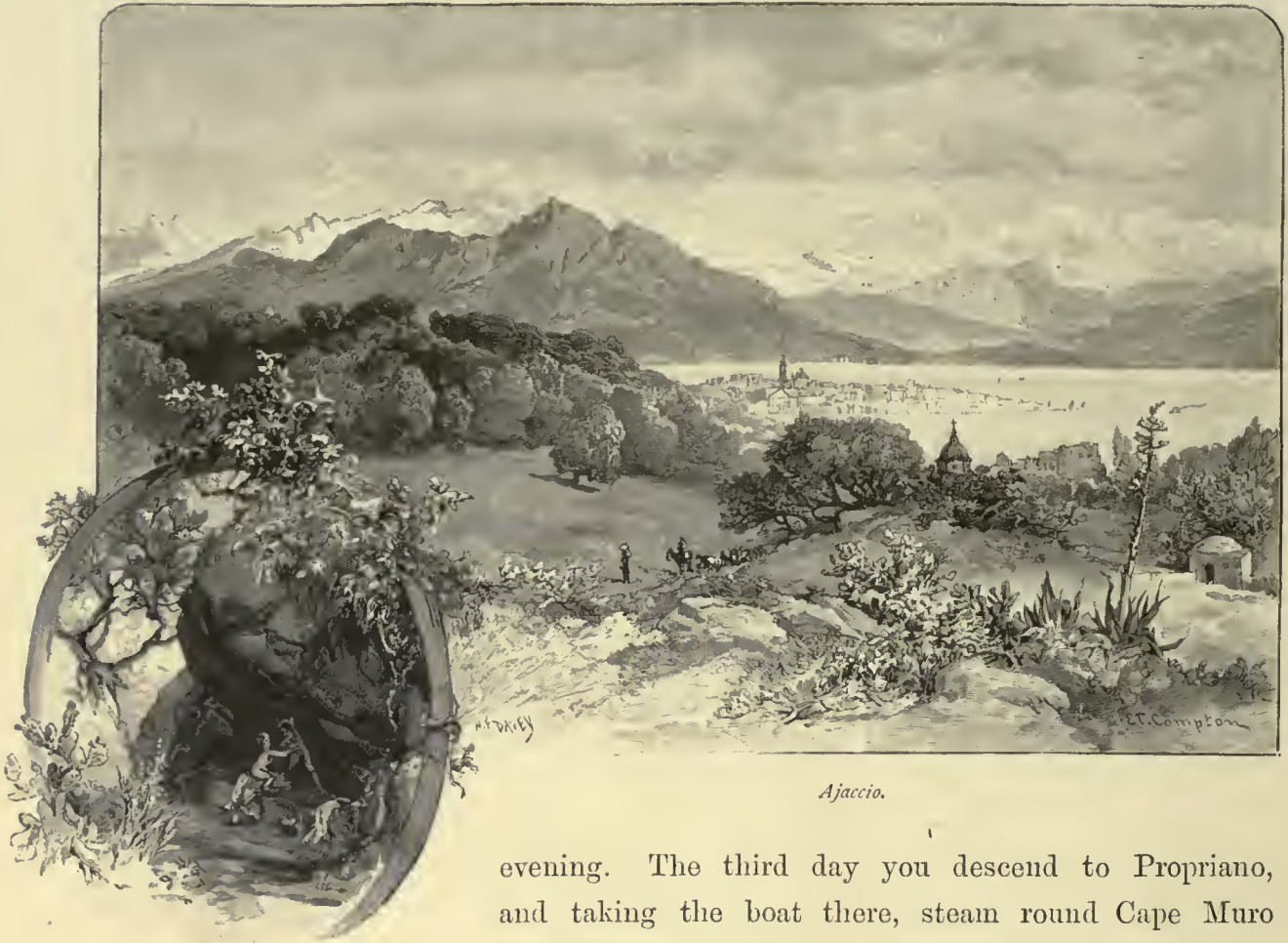
*Gorge of Evisa.*

excursion you will have to dispense with a guide, for though the men of Evisa are not wanting in courage, there is not one who will trust himself in the "cavern" (spelunca) after dark. They affirm that it is haunted by sorcerers and evil spirits, and, indeed, the weird sounds that echo in the abyss and the aspect of those huge ravined rocks partly justify their superstition.

The walk from Evisa to Porto by the forest road, if less grand, is scarcely less beautiful. Beyond St. Cyprian the route turns to the east, crosses a stream, skirts the chestnut woods of Evisa, and descending to the brawling little river Porto, continues along its left side for some distance. After working in and out of the ravines that seam the side of Capo al Monte, the country, though still exceedingly beautiful, becomes less and less savage, until at last you quit the red and black rocks, with their granite needles piercing the blue, and descend through vineyards to Porto. The route from Porto to Ajaccio penetrates the Calanches—a region of rocks scarcely less extraordinary than those about Evisa. Before entering this chaos you follow the coast of the beautiful Gulf of Porto for a considerable distance. The road is cut in the side of the mountain, which plunges down here and there into the sea 800 feet below. Above these magnificent precipices the slopes are covered with trees and climbing plants. Arbutus, covered in March with orange and red fruit, tree-heaths, cistus, and myrtle, with a thousand flowering plants and ferns, grow with surprising vigour in the scanty soil, and wherever there is foothold for things of larger growth olives and evergreen oaks spring up, giving value to the red rocks and the intense blue of sky and sea. Beyond the Calanches to Vico, and thence across the peninsula to Ajaccio, the road is tame in comparison with that which has gone before; but enthusiastic admiration is revived again by the first glimpse of Ajaccio—"the pearl of the Mediterranean"—stretching out into the beautiful gulf, with orange gardens and olive groves in the rear sheltered under the hills, whose evergreen oaks stand out in relief against the purple mountains with their snowy crests. The *diligence* clatters up the Cours Napoléon through an avenue of elms, lofty as the six-storeyed houses they protect from the sun; farther up, the street is bordered on each side with orange trees. A theatre and an infinity of cafés are signs of civilisation that the wanderer amongst mountains and squalid villages is not loth to see. You recollect that the town has historic interest when you reach the top of the Cours Napoléon, and see facing the sea before you a group representing the great emperor mounted, with the four kings of his family at the corners of the pedestal on which he stands; and the great emperor again, facing the sea on your left hand, with four spouting lions at his feet amidst a garden of tropical plants and swaying palms. You are reminded that this was his birthplace, when a shabby individual leads you into a back street and points out the modest little dwelling with a marble tablet over the door attesting the fact; and you cannot lose sight of the subject when you seek refuge



and rest in the English quarter, for there, at the top of the Cours Grandval, are the two great blocks of granite that form a kind of cave, where you are told, more often than is necessary, that the great emperor when a boy retired to meditate. At the present time the Corsican boy retires there to play. At the back of the grotto is a delightful valley planted with lemons and oranges, where one is free, as elsewhere in Corsica, to wander without fear of being prosecuted for trespassing. The cultivated ground is broken up by a number of little ravines, brilliant with yellow oxalis, marigolds, allium, larkspur, linum, and cyclamen in the early spring months, and watered with streams that leap and trickle from rock to rock. The hills above are covered with machis, and shaded with fine olive trees and evergreen oaks. There is no season when these woods are bare or flowerless. The view from the hills is superb. Looking over the orange gardens with their graceful tufts of palm you see the town spread out below, and stretching out into the gulf that lies enclosed with majestic mountains, that take on the tenderest tints of blue and purple as the sun sinks into the water beyond the Sanguinaire Islands. An English lady has done a great deal to make Ajaccio attractive to her countrymen. To begin with, she has made the place habitable by building a range of charming houses in a boulevard, at a respectable distance from the narrow dirty streets which form the town proper; she has established an English church and three or four good hotels, provided a constant supply of excellent water, secured a perfect system of drainage, and, as a further sanitary precaution, planted the eucalyptus abundantly. There are a few English residents, and a tolerable sprinkling of visitors during the winter months; the wonder is that there are not more residents and visitors. Living is cheap, the climate is delightful and far more dependable than the Riviera or even Naples—the thermometer registering in four years only one degree of frost; dust, the plague of most of the Mediterranean resorts, is here unknown; and the difficulty of getting to the island is far less than that of getting to Algiers. The journey to Ajaccio will be facilitated shortly by the completion of the railway between that town and Bastia. At present it extends to Corte on the east side of the mountains, and to Bocognano on the west, the ridge having to be crossed by *diligence*. As far as the English visitor is concerned, there would be no need of that railway if someone only would do for Bastia what Miss Campbell has done for Ajaccio; it would then be habitable to people of nice senses and delicate susceptibilities, and a charming winter resort. There are a score of delightful walks in the vicinity of Ajaccio, and if these tempt you, as they must, to make a still longer excursion, there is one that (taken towards the end of April) will afford three days of perpetual delight. Take the *diligence* from the Cours Napoléon to St. Marie Siché, in order to get quickly over the ground you may have tramped before, and thence walk to Bicchisano, where there is a decent auberge to sleep at. Leaving Bicchisano early in the morning, you will reach Olmetto in the



Ajaccio.

Napoleon's Grotto.

evening. The third day you descend to Propriano, and taking the boat there, steam round Cape Muro and down the beautiful gulf to Ajaccio. This delightful tour may be extended by taking the *diligence* from Propriano to Sartène (all up hill), and returning the next morning through the woods of cork trees and fields of flowers on foot. Near Sartène is the village where the Corsican brothers dwelt in the imagination of Alexander Dumas. The country thereabouts is still plentifully supplied with bandits. As there exists a great deal of misconception with regard to the Corsican bandit, it may be as well to assure the visitor that he has nothing whatever to fear from them. They are by no means to be confounded with the brigands who cut off your toes and send them to your family for business purposes, with a request for ransom. They are simply outlaws, who will not pay taxes, or will cut each other's throats in vendetta, or in some other way defy the laws of civilisation and the penal code of the French Government. They have never been known to rob or injure a stranger; if you have the good fortune to fall in with one upon your expeditions you will admit that no one in the world could be kinder or more courteous. A short time since three English ladies made a tour through the villages about Sartène with a magic lantern, which they exhibited for the amusement and instruction of the villagers. Nothing of the kind had ever been seen before, and the auberges in which





BASTIA



they gave their modest entertainment were crowded every night by men who came leagues to see the marvellous pictures. It was a curious sight—those three delicate ladies unprotected, in face of an audience made up almost exclusively of men, dark-eyed and black-bearded, and everyone of them armed with a gun. The only enemies they met with were a couple of gendarmes, who in the name of the law sent them back to Ajaccio.

The foregoing tours, including even the ascent of Monte Cinto and descent into the Spelunca, are all practicable to an Englishwoman with an ordinary amount of strength and adaptability to circumstances; but there is one which ought not to be neglected by those whose endurance is just a little beyond the average—a tour through the forests of Bavella and St. Pietro di Verde, with the magnificent descent to Ghisonaccia by the defile of the Inzecca. Before starting, it is advisable to get a written permit from the Bureau des Ponts et Chaussées, which will enable you to obtain refreshment and a bed in the maisons forestières or maisons de cantonniers upon the road; otherwise the amount of endurance required will be very great indeed, for you may travel for days without seeing an auberge. For those who only wish to dive into the forest in search of ferns and flowers, or to follow the course of a tumbling stream for a few miles with no other guide than inclination, it will be sufficient to choose as a centre either Levie, Zouza, or Ghisoni, where the auberges are good, wine excellent, game plentiful, and trout delicious. In addition to these advantages the air is pure, and some of the most beautiful views on the island are within easy distance. Ghisoni itself is remarkable—a little town perched on the side of Monte Calvi, about 2,000 feet above the sea, the houses built on terraces one under the other, with a stream brawling along at its feet, and the fantastic turrets and walls and battlements of the grand Kyrie and Christe-Eleïson rocks forming the sky-line, 5,000 feet from the sea level, in front. It is worth while rising early to see these rocks as they take on the tender tints of coming day and gradually flame up in the rising sun. About eight miles from Ghisoni is the *refuge* de Marmano, a queer little village most picturesquely placed near the bottom of a great basin formed by the circling hills. On every side the streams tumble down among the rocks through the changing shadow of chestnut and pine, beech and birch, and uniting a little lower than the village form the Fium' Orbo. Beyond the Col de Verde lies the forest, which in some parts has not yet been touched by the hand of man, and here are to be found the finest trees in the island. A dozen miles from Levie, the descent into the forest of Bavella offers a series of exquisite pictures; now grand, now pretty, but always beautiful. About the month of June the forest is pervaded with the scent of a particularly odorous kind of thyme with a red flower.

There are two ways of descending to Ghisonaccia by the defile of the Inzecca. One is to go in a hired voiture, the other to accompany a timber-wane on foot. The



latter is the preferable way, but if you *will* go in a carriage, be very careful to ascertain if there be any wanes on the road before starting, and wait till the road is clear, for it is impossible for two vehicles to pass each other. The road is about ten feet in width, with a sheer precipice on one side, and only one dock in the whole course. If two vehicles meet one must back, and it would not be the wane. If either of them went over the precipice it would probably be the lighter carriage. The road has been blasted from the side of the mountain, and following the meandering course of the Fium' Orbo, passes through cuttings in the bright red schist and green serpentine. The views are magnificent. At one instant through a deep fissure you catch sight of the beach and the sea beyond. It is a sight to take your breath away. A little way beyond this the passage of the Inzecca passes an immense block of serpentine, literally overhanging the Fium' Orbo, which foams white far below amongst the enormous blocks of rock blasted from the hillside; everywhere there is a prolific growth of myrtle and cistus, heath and fern, the latter including many rare varieties. The road here is perilous in the extreme; at one point where there is no sort of parapet to guard the road, the timber on the wanes in turning the corner actually overhangs the abyss. The men who guide it along the narrow road at the critical moment *hang on*, and so pass the point where there is no room for them to set foot. One day a poor woman who had fallen asleep in this particularly disagreeable part, was suddenly awoke by the cries of the quickly descending charretiers. There was no time to jump up and run, and she only saved herself from being swept over the precipice by clinging to the rock. But the fright killed her. Your guide, who tells you the remarkable story with tears in his eyes, will, if you ask him, lay his finger on the exact spot where this happened. Yet you will find it difficult to believe him; for the woman who could compose herself to sleep on the brink of such a precipice, would, of necessity, have nerves that nothing short of a fall to the bottom could shake.

Bonifacio, standing on the land's-end of Corsica, is the last, but not least, worthy place of interest on this imperfect list. It is altogether exceptional. There is not in all Europe another town like it. It differs from any other place in Corsica—both in regard to its buildings and the character of its inhabitants. Here, contrary to the rule that prevails elsewhere on the island, the women are not suffered to do any work, and the men are brusque and inhospitable. They even speak a dialect of their own. The old town covers a projecting limestone rock two hundred feet above the sea, and is so undermined by the action of the sea that many of the houses are abandoned as unsafe. The grottoes excavated by the sea are exceedingly curious and beautiful, and rival, though they do not excel, the celebrated grottoes of Capri. They are accessible by boat under certain conditions of the sea. Most of them are hung with stalactites, and the rocks, covered with a peculiar kind of violet moss, reflect

the most beautiful tints upon the water, the motion of the boat making the surface look as if it were covered with lacework of jewels and gold. This is particularly noticeable in the Dragonetta, where, in addition to the reflections from above, the rocks at the bottom, seen through a sheet of water absolutely transparent, have the colour of garnet, and coral, and lapis-lazuli. From the Dragonetta you enter another cave where the sea does not penetrate. There you get a fine view of the great grotto, with a glimpse of the blue sea beyond seen through the month of the cave. The mass of colour is dazzling. Your guide will inevitably try to make you see in the outline of the opening a perfect representation of the coast of Corsica; he will also suggest that you, in accordance with the custom of visitors, will take your *déjeuner*, and open the bottles he was careful to provide you with before starting. From these material things you will be glad to paddle out alone into the half light of the fairy grotto, and leave your guide in possession of the coveted bottles. The old town is mediæval in its aspect and unsavouriness, but there are two or three churches worth visiting; and the grand view of Sardinia from the citadel ought not to be neglected.

One word, in conclusion, with regard to the time of visiting this beautiful island. The guide-books tell you that you should visit Corsica between April and October; but if you are wise you will visit Bastia and Ajaccio at least between October and April, for in this way may you add another summer to your existence.

FRANK BARRETT.



*Grottoes of Bonifacio.*





*Approach to Jaffa.*

## THE SYRIAN COAST.

A MORE unattractive and uninteresting coast-line than that of Philistia or Southern Syria, apart from its history, it would be hard to find. Eastward from Port Said, the tideless sea, here no azure depth, but a pale green expanse, breaks gently on the sand-banks which stretch for many a monotonous mile in front of the Serbonian marsh and the desert of Gaza. Rarely is the watery waste enlivened by a sail. There is neither port nor anchorage, and only some inquisitive yachtsman ever thinks of sighting that desolate beach. Yet it was not always so. Pelusium, the easternmost mouth of the Nile, was to the ancients what Port Said is to us, and along the coast both Egyptian and Phœnician galleys traded with Gaza and Askelon. An absolutely desert waste forms the background of the shore, till as the coast curves northwards, where the little stream of El Arish forms the boundary line between Egypt and Syria, the fringe of yellow sand is backed by low hills of a greenish-brown hue, the extremity of the wilderness or pasturage of Gerar. As we tacked in our yacht on our way up to Jaffa we could see the little town very slightly retired from the shore, with a few clumps of palm-trees, and what appeared to be the column of some ruined building. What memories does the sight of that crumbling village suggest! Along that beach for four thousand years passed the armies of the rival empires of the world. Here was the last halt made by Rameses the Great returning from the conquest of Asia; here Pharaoh Necho checked the advance of Sennacherib, and rolled back the Assyrian invasion; along this shore marched the armies of Cambyses, of Alexander the Great, and of the Khalif Amru; and here, wounded and baffled, died Baldwin, the second crusading king of Jerusalem.

We skirt the coast, which now trends northward, the shallow sea still discoloured by the waters of the Nile; for in the sand gathered on the shore at Gaza there may always be detected a deposit of Nilotic mud.

Sand-dunes form the foreground. The slightly elevated plains behind stand out in clearer relief as we approach what was once the port of Gaza, but of which not a vestige now remains; nor do vessels ever risk the anchorage on those treacherous sand-banks. The shore must have strangely changed since the days when Alexander of Macedon transhipped to Gaza the military engines by which he had breached the fortifications of Tyre. Against the west wind there is not, nor ever can have been, any shelter; but doubtless the gales of the last two thousand years have deposited many feet of sand on the shore, and filled in all traces of the old port, known in later Roman times as Constantia, probably far nearer the city, if we may judge from Strabo's description, than the strand is at present. A weary tramp over loose and deep sand for more than an hour brings us to the town—open and unfortified—lying on the northern slope of the hill on which stood the ancient citadel, and which can be seen from the offing, while the modern town is completely concealed. But when once reached the visitor is amply rewarded for his toilsome march from the strand. In spite of the squalor of its houses, and the gutters which do duty for streets, there is a charm about Gaza, girt with its rich olive and palm groves, which not many Syrian cities can rival. It is purely Oriental. The telegraph wire running from Egypt to Jerusalem and Damascus alone reminds us of the West. One of the oldest places in the world, it has long ceased to be a city, for walls it has none—the only unwall'd town of twenty thousand inhabitants which I can recall in Syria. Taught by the bitter experience of the sieges of three thousand years, its people have for several centuries preferred the risk of being defenceless against Bedawee inroads to the honour of being the frontier fortress between Egypt and Syria. It still retains a flourishing local trade, though commerce has taken other routes, by sea and land; while tourists at their leisure always pass from Egypt to Palestine by Sinai and Petra; or, if in a hurry, by steamer to Jaffa. Thus the streets straggle towards the plains to the south, and into the olive groves northwards. For three or four miles these olive groves extend, not thickly crowded, but open and park-like, with springy turf beneath, pastured by horned cattle, sheep, and camels, till they melt into the rich corn plain of Philistia. The chief part of Gaza lies on the northern slope of the hill once crowned by the citadel in which stood the Temple of Dagon, whither the Ark of Jehovah was carried in triumph. When first seen from the north at a distance, were it not for minarets rising here and there above clumps of palm-trees, the town could scarcely be detected. The slope appears as though girt with narrow bands of brown and green from its base. On a nearer approach the brown bands resolve themselves into the walls of the houses, and the





*Landing Place, Jaffa.*

green into the grass, which in winter covers all the flat mud roofs. The streets and houses of Gaza are full of memorials of its ancient grandeur. Marble shafts are laid along mud walls or form "mastabas" in the courtyard; richly sculptured Parian capitals do duty for seats or stands; and often a fluted white column supports the balcony of a dilapidated hovel, while magnificent sarcophagi serve as drinking-troughs for the camels. The only conspicuous or ancient building is the Great Mosque, once a Christian cathedral, built by the Empress Helena in the Corinthian style. There are still traces of its original use in the crosses over the clerestory. The only architectural change made by the Moslems has been the erection of a minaret on the site of the apse, and the addition of a low aisle. If El Arish sharply marks the limit between the desert and the wilderness, not less sharply is the boundary line between the fertile corn-lands of Philistia and the rolling downs of Beersheba, marked by the hill of Gaza. From the summit of that hill, whither tradition says Samson carried the gates of Gaza, we can see the rich plain, with its mingled green and dainty tufts of colour melting into the distance, flanked on the east by the grey hills of Judæa, while on its western edge a broad belt of sand fringes the sparkling sea. Then turning to the south we can follow with the eye for miles the southern caravan track to Egypt over the pasture-land of Gerar, where Isaac was born, and where Abraham's herdmen wrangled for the wells with the servants of Abimelech.

The key of Egypt and Syria, Gaza has stood many a siege since the time when it arrested for five months the march of Alexander of Macedon. Saracen and Crusader held it in turn, and in the now desecrated cathedral of Helena, Richard of England and Louis of France did honour to their Saviour. But one other city of Philistia stands by the sea, the once royal Askelon, about twelve miles north



*The Old Port, Jaffa.*

of Gaza. Here for the first time a line of low cliffs faces the sea, at the south end of which are faint traces of what was once a haven. A narrow silver strip of sand, from which here and there broken shafts project, extends from the foot of the rock to the water's edge. As we stand into shore, we can easily trace the outline of this city of ruins, which stands on a brow slightly rising as it recedes from the cliffs. The sea-wall was built up against the face of the rock, and rose to a considerable height above it, constructed of the material of former palaces, for many a column of grey granite protrudes several feet beyond its face, looking at a distance like a battery with the guns run out. Large masses of the wall have fallen away and strew the shore below, but so strong is the mortar, that the huge blocks of solid masonry remain unshattered. For a mile this marvellous rampart extends, forming the diameter of the semicircle which embraced the ancient city. We climb up, and find ourselves in a wilderness of gardens and marble fragments. But not a solitary habitation. No man lives within the walls. We stumble over marble capitals and prostrate granite shafts, as we pick our way under apricot and fig trees, among onion and cucumber beds, for the onion, which derives its name of *échalotte* and *shalot* or scallion from Askelon, still remains its chief product. Wells of sweet water abound, their mouths lined with Parian marble, and marble troughs beside them. We follow the line of the ancient ramparts on the edge and brow of the hill, round which the fortifications swept in a perfect semicircle. They have been overthrown by man, and we wonder at the force which must have been used to overturn many of those bastions, which lie on their side without a fragment of masonry detached, and seeming to need only a like force to set them in their place again. As we come round to the south side, the sand from the dunes has





THE GARDENS OF JAFFA.



rapidly encroached on the soil, and has almost buried the ramparts, as well as half the trees outside; and is now steadily advancing over the gardens within. "Ashkelon shall be a desolation"; "Ashkelon shall not be inhabited," is true to the letter. There is not such another mass of ruins in Palestine, and yet the place has been for ages the quarry whence the marbles and pillars of the mosques and palaces of Acre and Jaffa have been drawn. We can sometimes trace the streets which have been lined with granite columns, not one of which remains upright, all strewing the ground, the gravestones of Philistia's grandeur. And what a history rises before us! Captured by Judah, it was soon lost again, and tenaciously held by the Philistines as their chief seaport. To tell its subsequent story were but to recount the wars of the Seleucidæ, the Romans, and the Crusades. No more heroic feat stands recorded in history than the Saracen defence against Baldwin III. Never was greater energy under difficulties displayed than when forty years later Richard of England restored its mighty forts; to be razed, as we see them now, a century later by the Sultan Bibars. Just outside the walls at the north-east corner is the mud village of El Jura, the home of the cultivators of Askalân.

Thirty miles of low featureless coast stretch from Askalân to Jaffa. The Philistian plain is so slightly elevated, that its rich verdure scarcely relieves the monotony of the sand-dunes which fringe it; while the hills of Judæa recede so far inland, that their outline can scarcely be traced from the deck of a yacht. With Jaffa commences the long line of Phœnician seaports which once dotted the Syrian coast up to the mouth of the Orontes at Snadieh. With what contempt would they be viewed by the modern harbour master! Every one of them is of the same type. At each a little barrier reef stands out parallel to the coast line, seldom more than 300 or 400 yards from the shore, intercepting the swell from the west, which often sets in with terrific fury. There is not a solitary natural harbour along the whole of the inhospitable coast. Yet, with no other natural advantages than these fragments of reefs, did the indomitable Phœnicians found the first great naval power known in human history. From behind those insignificant rocks issued the fleets that ruled the Mediterranean to the Pillars of Hercules, that carried commerce and arts along the Atlantic seaboard from Cornwall to the Canaries. From behind those little reefs were sent forth the colonies that overspread Sicily, that dominated Spain, that formed in Carthage an empire which could dispute for a century the supremacy of the world with Rome in all the vigour of her youth. Strange and mysterious race, sprung we know not whence; the source from which Greece derived her letters and her civilization, politically consolidated and cultured, till Sidonian power and Tyrian splendour have passed into a proverb; the Phœnician has vanished, and baffles the researches of ethnologist and philologist alike. His place is lost in the genealogy of living nations. The Phœnician, as we look back on him, seems like the seabirds



of his beloved waters; who need and seek no home on land, beyond the rocks where they can make their nest and visit their brood from time to time. His true dwelling was on the waves, and all he required of solid earth was a safe haven for his fleets, the shingle on which he could draw up his galleys, a *depôt* for his wealth, and a secure fortress for his women and children. Jaffa well illustrates the contrast between the marine of the ancients and the moderns. While our vessels must ride at anchor half a mile outside the reef, the inner harbour—where the Tyrian galleys rested, and where the rafts of timber were landed from the ports of Lebanon for the building of Solomon's temple—is scarce large enough for a few good-sized fishing boats. The Phœnicians generally formed their harbours by running an artificial breakwater from the mainland to the north end of the reef. But here this has long since been broken up, and the old port (as may be seen in the illustration), owing to the breaches in the ancient mole and the half-submerged rocks, is now a trap instead of a shelter. It was on these rocks that the Greek myth placed the chained Andromeda, to be rescued by Perseus.

Jaffa, as seen from the sea, at once arrests the eye. A round dome-shaped knoll, covered with a mass of bee-hive topped buildings, glittering white in the sunlight, stands boldly forward in its setting of rich green gardens and orange groves, with the distant background of dark-brown mountains, behind which Jerusalem lies hid. But here, as elsewhere in the East, distance lends enchantment to the view. Unless he has the rare good fortune of arriving in a calm, the traveller will find his landing on sacred soil a not very dignified proceeding. The barge which has received him from his steamer watches its opportunity to rise over the crest of the breakers into the calmer water within the reef, but where there is still considerable swell; when coming under a framework supported on piles, he is suddenly seized by the arms and legs by a number of Arabs, and passed on to the steps like a bale of merchandise, to scramble as best he may among the broken masses of the ancient sea-wall. There is nothing picturesque in the streets, save the brightly-clad but ragged inhabitants, and the camels with their loads and trappings. Everything is Oriental, but it is Oriental squalor. Antiquities there are none, for the place has been desolated and razed time after time, and the sculptured stones and marbles that are mingled with the shabby modern masonry have been brought from Askelon. The only spot of Scriptural interest—the house of Simon the tanner—where St. Peter lodged, is still shown; but, of course, is modern, though from the position near the sea, and the well close by, it may probably be not far from the original site. But the charm of Jaffa lies in its surroundings. North and south of the city, the walls of which are partially demolished, European suburbs are springing up. On the south are the English Church Mission buildings and a hospital, tended by ladies from Mildmay, overlooking the sandhills where Napoleon massacred the capitulated

*Ruins of Caesarea.*

garrison in cold blood to the number of four thousand. On the north are widely extended gardens, with palm, orange, and fig groves, and a considerable settlement of industrious and cleanly Germans, named Saron. The cultivation has within the writer's memory extended for several miles inland, and it would not be easy to find a more lovely ride than the first hour's journey towards Jerusalem through groves of palms, and orange-trees laden with fruit and filling the air with perfume. The view from the high ground behind the town, looking east towards Ramleh, as shown in the illustration, gives a picture of what all the littoral of Palestine once was, and what it might be again—groves of fruit-trees pushing far into a plain—a gorgeous flower-carpet in spring, a corn-field in summer.

From Jaffa for more than fifty miles we sail northwards along the edge of the Plain of Sharon. Not a curve, not a rock, not the slightest undulation in that narrow white fringe, the border of the green mantle which clothes the richest and the widest of the maritime plains of Syria. But thirty miles along the coast we catch a glimpse of several rugged bastions standing out from the shore, beaten by the ceaseless surf, while at right angles to them along the edge of the land is a clump of tall masses of masonry, which looks at first sight like a group of gigantic trees stripped of their branches. These are the ruined towers of Cæsarea. The bastions stand on a submerged reef, which runs out at right angles into the sea, and the existence of which suggested to Herod the possibility of founding here a city and a port. The place had no existence before his time. King Herod, like Brunel,



seems to have delighted in overooming arehiteetural and engineering difficulties. He built a reetangular city, whose walls extended a mile in length, and more than half a mile in breadth. He exeavated an artifieial harbour, larger than that of the Piræus, extending the reef to the south of it by a mole, and proteeting the north side by a breakwater of granite eolumns laid side by side, to develop the eommeree of Central Palestine, of whieh it soon beeeame the eapital. For twelve hundred years an important eity, it is to-day even more desolate than Askelon. Not even a eluster of Arab huts is sheltered in its neighbourhood, for man has utterly deserted it. But enough remains to attest its former magnifieenee. There is not the lavish profusion of sculptured marble whieh strews the site of the Philistian port, and whieh is probably of the date of the Seleueid Syrian kings, long before the time of Herod; but there are numberless shafts and eapitals of grey and red granite, brought by him from Egypt. But shrunk far within the wide *enceinte* of the Roman battlements there rose by the indefatigable labours of the Crusaders a mediaeval eitadel in front of the harbour, but not extending beyond it, about six hundred yards in length, and reaehing baek two hundred and fifty yards, eovering an area of thirty aeres. To this eitadel belong the weird-like masses of masonry we behold. On the land side fourteen of these gaunt towers still stand, and within their shelter are the principal remains—the eastle, a ehureh at the north end, and the eathedral at the south, its walls in great part intact, with vaults, three apses, sedilia, and piscina *in situ*. Outside the Crusading fortress, but within the Herodian walls, are the remains of the theatre and a very large hippodrome. To examine the interior of the eity is no easy task. Gigantie nettles and every sort of weed ehoke the soil, and eoneeal the wells, cellars, arehes, and pitfalls, into whieh at each step the explorer may fall. The most remarkable relies of the greatness of Cæsarea are two aqueduets at different levels, one eondueting the water from the river Zerka, the other from the fountain of Subbarin, a distanee of eight miles, and both of them requiring but little repair.

The temples and the eolossal statues of Herod are gone and forgotten. There is no trae now to be recognised of that palae where Herod Agrippa the Elder eame to his dreadful end (as mentioned in Aets xii.); and of that Forum where St. Paul stood to plead, first before Felix, and then before Festus and that Herod's son. But we have still the ehureh of whieh the great historian Eusebius was bishop, and the eitadel is the finest remnant of Crusading arehiteeture left in Palestine. Cæsarea was always the landing plaee of the Crusaders, and strange and bloody were its vieissitudes, till its final ruin by the destroyer Bibars.

Musing on the vieissitudes of fortune, we pass north about fifteen miles. The plain rapidly eontraets; and the bold bluff whieh forms the eastern erest of Mount Carmel comes in sight. We pass the mouth of the Zerka, a little stream flowing

through a reedy marsh, known to the ancients as the Crocodile River, and where the true Egyptian crocodile is still to be found, though very scarce and shy. The writer obtained one here twenty-five years ago, which measured sixteen feet in length. A few miles farther up a little rocky knob projects into the sea, and on it is a dilapidated town, the only remains of the ancient Dor, a Phœnician port, but which has dwindled into the village of Tantura, with some thirty hovels. Far bolder and more conspicuous are the ruins of Athlit, seven miles farther north, separated by a narrow plain from the heights of Carmel. The ruins cover fifty acres, and, viewed from the sea, might have been some Rhenish baron's castle slipped down from the steeps above. The place is a labyrinth of vaults, many of them in fine preservation, built or restored by the Crusaders. We pass northwards for eight miles, and the monotony of the long featureless strand, unbroken since we left Egypt, is interrupted by the bold promontory of Carmel running north-west, and, as it bends towards the sea, relieved by the lighthouse and the massive white monastery of the Carmelite friars hard by. The mountain stretches out its neck, like a "hog's-back," as the Greeks called it, rising boldly from the plain in the east, and dropping gently to seaward. To the Israelite, "the forest of his Carmel," "the excellency of Carmel," expressed his highest idea of woodland beauty and mountain grandeur—to those who recall the Alps or the Pyrenees it is insignificant; but for ordinary hill scenery it is undoubtedly fine. Alas! the forests that partially covered it thirty years ago are now utterly destroyed by the reckless axe, to supply charcoal for the silk factories of Lebanon. Still the plains on either side remain the same, and they are truly vast; and the tiers of distant hills are so numerous and varied in outline, that, bare as Carmel now is, the scenery can never be called tame. The highest point of the ridge is 1,750 feet above the sea, but the monastery on the western bluff is only 500 feet up. Yet from its roof we gain one of the finest views in Palestine. To the south the whole coast-line can be traced, a fertile fringe to Carmel's mantle, with a hem of sand, and a lace-edging of spray, dotted by the lonely fragment of the ruins of Athlit, and beyond it by the mounds of Tantura, with the dislocated remains of Caesarea in the dim distance. At our feet, to the northward, is spread the broad bay of Acre, and the dark green plain beyond, with the white city of Acre looking like the farther horn of the crescent. Beyond it, the white headland of Ras-en-Nakura, the Ladder of Tyre, as shown in the sketch, closes the sea view northwards. But above it rises the distant snow-clad Lebanon, almost lost in the clouds; while to the east, Tabor and Hermon, with the dark hills of Galilee in a confused and crowded mass, bound the half-hidden plain of Esdraelon. The heights of Carmel behind us shut out the hill region of Samaria and Central Palestine. We descend again into the monastery, a cheerful and welcome hospice, entirely modern, raised by the indomitable energy of Fra Battista, fifty years ago, after the Turks had swept



*The Lighthouse.**The Monastery on Mount Carmel.*

away every vestige of the old monastery, on the spot where Pythagoras is said to have sojourned and meditated. But the worthy friars are firmly convinced that this is also the very spot where Elijah sacrificed, and where the Godhead of Jehovah was proved before assembled Israel. For this tradition there is not the slightest ground. On all accounts the site is impossible, and it is now well known to be at the farther or eastern extremity of the ridge, sixteen miles farther inland, where the crest is 1,700 feet high, overlooking the perennial fountain and the slope on which Ahab and his priests were assembled, known as the Mohrakah or “place of burning,” with the Kishon flowing beneath, and the barrow heaped over the priests of Baal on its bank, still called Tell Kassis—“the mound of the priests.” From the crest above there is a magnificent view seawards, though Cyprus is far beyond the range of vision. Landwards, the whole of Central Palestine, as far as the slopes towards the Jordan valley, is spread like a map, Mount Tabor and Gilboa proudly closing in any farther prospect. We look down on the historic battle-field of Palestine. Down that distant Tabor poured the hosts of Barak, to overwhelm their foes in the marshes below us. On the edge of that Gilboa the suddenly gleaming lights of Gideon’s trusty band startled the Midianites. On the same slopes Saul fell in the last great struggle with the Philistines. Across that plain marched the Assyrian hordes of Shalmanezar, to the extinction of the Israelite kingdom. Immediately below us fell Josiah at the battle of Megiddo. By the shoulder of Tabor the last hope of the Crusader was crushed, on the fatal field of Hattin; and almost in our



*Looking towards Cyprus, from the Summit of Mount Carmel.*

own day, on the battle-field of Barak, Napoleon routed the Turkish army at the battle of Tabor.

We descend to the Kishon, and skirting the base of Carmel back to the sea reach Haifa, a small town, with a German agricultural colony in its suburbs. It has nothing of antiquarian interest, but is the successor of the classic Sycaminum. In the Crusades it was captured by Tancred, and only taken by Saladin after the battle of Hattin. Under the shelter of Carmel vessels can ride, though at a distance from shore, and when unable to debark at Jaffa, travellers may often land here, although there is no harbour. If we wish to realise the Oriental combination of picturesqueness and squalor, of luxury and filth, we cannot do better than sip our Mocha and smoke our Latakieh in the café outside of Haifa. A large rickety platform on piles, with the rudest of balustrades, and a patchwork of laths, matting, and canvas for roof, shaded from the sun by a clump of palm trees, overlooks the bay towards Acre. The strand is strewn with the skeletons and gaunt projecting ribs of many a coaster, caught in the sudden westerly gales. The floor gaps between each plank, and the guests sit on straw mats, keeping an eye on their camels reposing beneath, while the most fragrant of coffee, and primitive narghilies or hubble-bubbles—formed of a calabash and two stout reeds inserted in it nearly upright, one with a mouthpiece, and the other with a red clay pipe fixed in the end—are served round. The foreground shuts out the plain, but Acre is seen to









advantage at the farther end of the bay. From the higher ground, above the German colony, there is a much more commanding view; but in this also we do not obtain any idea of the wide plain of Acre, which is well seen as we stand in from the sea towards the port, and which is only separated by an absolutely imperceptible watershed from the great plain of Esdraelon running right across the land to the slopes of the Jordan valley. The plain is foreshortened to the eye by the range of the Galilean hills behind it, rising in tiers to the Lebanon, of which they are the prolongation.

Whether we approach Acre from the north or the south, it seems to rise out of the sea, with its minarets and domes of dazzling whiteness. From the sea it has the appearance of an island in front of the coast-line, or a fortress actually in the water. It has been called the key of Palestine, and such it has proved in modern, though not in ancient, wars. The first peculiarity which strikes the eye is its absolute isolation. Once there were forests behind it, now not a tree, not a building in sight, breaks the monotony of the plain in front of which it projects. The harbour—formed partly by the horn of the little reef on which Acre is built, and partly artificial—is now silted up, and useless except for small boats. All other craft must anchor in the offing, where is good holding ground. The city is still walled, and the only gate is in a strong bastion near the landing-place. From the gate a winding entrance leads us into the narrow lane which forms the principal street, and which quickly dispels the illusions that, under the sunlight, lent enchantment to the distant view.hovels and shattered palaces, granite and marble fragments, mingled with the meanest modern masonry, compose the city of Acre.

Its importance and historical reminiscences are all mediæval and modern.



*Acre, from the Coffee-House at Haifa.*

*Street in Acre.*

Only incidentally mentioned in the Old Testament; and once only in the New, under its Greek name of Ptolemais, as the place where St. Paul spent a day on his way from Tyre to Caesarea; it has drawn to its focus a concentration of historic episodes for fifteen hundred years. It stands conspicuous in the history of the Crusades, and in our own days has more than once been the centre of military interest, and the pivot on which Syrian campaigns have turned. As Tyre waned after its capture by Alexander, Ptolemais rose, and was fostered afterwards by Herod. At the fall of the Roman Empire, the name of Ptolemais was lost; and the Phœnician Akka, never forgotten through centuries by the people of the country, was resuscitated. How hard it is to change a name! The Crusaders forgot the long roll of the bishops of Ptolemais, and knew only St.

Jean d'Acre. Not even the trenches of Badajoz can tell of more desperate and bloody struggles than were witnessed in the ditches and breaches of Acre, when Baldwin King of Jerusalem, Saladin, Guy of Lusignan, Richard Cœur de Leon, Philip Augustus, and Melek Khalil, in turn defenders and besiegers, hurled for two hundred years the flower of the chivalry of Christendom and Islam against the ramparts of Acre. Gibbon—after describing its final storming by Khalil, which closed the history of the Crusades, for it was the last spot in Syria where the flag of the Cross floated—gives us this colophon of the story: "A mournful and solitary silence prevailed along the coast which had so long resounded with the world's debate." That silence was scarcely broken till near our own time, when, in 1799, Akka was besieged by Napoleon after the battle of Mount Tabor. Sir Sydney Smith arrived off the place instead of the French fleet; and as Napoleon said, "that man marred my destiny," for he threw the English seamen into the town to assist the Turks, and after eight desperate assaults the French abandoned the siege, and with it Syria. Monuments to British officers who fell in the defence still remain in two of the side streets. A second time Acre was the theatre of British prowess, and with equally decisive results—the evacuation of the country. When held by Mehemet Ali, it was in 1832 bombarded by the allied fleet under Admiral Stopford, the magazine exploded with terrific loss, and a great part of the city was utterly destroyed. The Egyptians evacuated the



fortress and the whole of Syria and Palestine without another blow. There is one spot of historic interest close to Acre, the Nahr N'amein, the ancient river Belus, where an apparently well-founded tradition tells us that glass was first accidentally discovered by some Tyrian sailors, who lighted a fire of seaweeds among the flints and sand, and noticed that it produced a vitreous mass. We know that the manufacture of glass originated with the Phœnicians.

For about thirteen miles north of Acre we have the same straight monotonous strand fringing the narrowing plain, till we reach the bold headland of Ras-en-Nakurah, the ancient "ladder of Tyre." The foot of the hills, now easily reconnoitred as we coast along, is studded with villages, but the shore is utterly desolate; save for the mud hovels where Zib, one of the creeks of Asher, still retains its ancient name, perched on a low mound of shapeless ruins. Far back, about seven miles, perched on a brow 1,650 feet high, a few jagged but massive fragments mark the site of Kulat-el-Kurein, the Montfort Castle of the Crusaders, and the first in a chain of Crusading fortresses all but impregnable, which intersected Northern Palestine from the sea to Banias at the foot of Hermon, and by which the knights could defy any attempt at invasion from the north. The place is well worth a visit. The tall fragments at either end of the castle, as seen from the sea, give no idea of its size or of the extent of the architectural remains. It was the headquarters of the Teutonic Knights, the commandant of the castle being the Grand Treasurer of the Order.

Ras-en-Nakurah is the only conspicuous headland except Carmel which breaks the uniformity of the straight coast-line. As is seen in the engraving, it is a most prominent feature. Unlike Carmel, it pushes some way into the sea, leaving no passage round its base, beaten and worn by the storms of ages, which have worked a great cavernous tunnel through its extremity. The track over its shoulder is steep and slippery, and as the horse slides over the polished rock with no wall seaward, is quite enough to try the nerves of a novice in Syrian mountaineering, and well deserves its soubriquet of "the ladder." The highest point of the path is, however, only some 250 feet, though Jebel Mushakkah, of which it is a spur, rises within two miles on our left to a height of 2,000 feet. Yet, insignificant as is the elevation, the prospect, owing to its projection seawards, is very impressive. We bid farewell to the Holy Land proper, and take our last glance at the maritime plain and the clearly defined outline of Carmel. There is the spit of sand crowned by historic Acre, and beyond it, nestling under Carmel, a white spot in a crescent of green, the flourishing Haifa. The nearer plain seems a green carpet studded by the grey-blue patches which mark the olive-groves, each half concealing the brown clump of a mud-built village. Turning northward, by the ruined watch-tower, to the true Phœnicia, on which we are entering, our view is interrupted by the next headland, Ras-el-Abiad, "White Cape,"



BAY OF ACRE. FROM HAIFA.



which forms the farther horn of an irregular triangular plain running back from the embayed coast. Beyond the cape we have a glimpse of the headland of insular Tyre projecting forwards in the distance. The near plain is full of ruins. One solitary Doric column without a history or tradition stands erect alone in the wilderness, with many of its former companions, which with it have formed a colonnade, prostrate around it. We come across Phœnician traces everywhere. Broken sarcophagi, with sculptured emblems of Ashtaroth, the goddess of Tyre, fragments of marble shafts and capitals, lumps of tessellated pavement, which must have been broken up in mere wantonness, are strewn everywhere. Shortly before reaching the foot of the pass, retired some way from the shore, are the ruins of Iskanderûne, the ancient Alexandroschene (Alexander's tent).

Ras-el-Abiad, the White Cape, a mass of white chalk, is a spur from the mountain range projecting a perpendicular cliff right into the sea. Over it leads a path with steps cut into the rock, a veritable ladder, but with many of its rungs missing, and now that the road over Nakurah has been improved and its steps disappeared, the name of "ladder of Tyre" is generally but erroneously applied to this headland. A fort, now in ruins, but where in old days a handful of men might have delayed an army, crowns its crest. From hence we have an impressive view of the Phœnician plain, desolate but green, with its girdle of sand curving gracefully till it runs out in the headland of Tyre. Northward still we may trace this belt curving again towards Sidon till lost in distance. The limestone ranges, now close to us, wear no longer



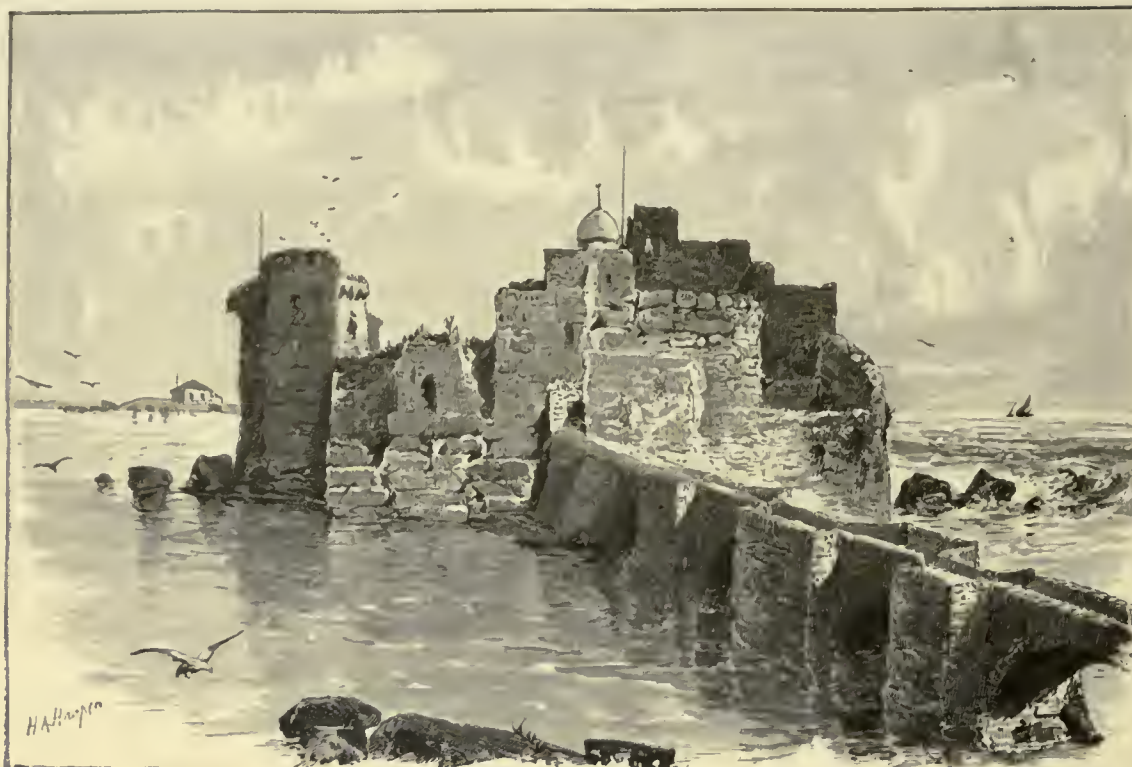
*Ruins at Tyre.*

the hazy brown hue which invested them as we scanned them from Carmel, and stand out clear against the sky, with varying tints of purples, reds, and yellows, in contrast with the glittering white of the headland itself. We follow up the desolate shore, past shapeless mounds which once were villages, for two or three hours, to Ras-el-Ain, "the Fountain Head," near the site of Palæotyrus, or Old Tyre, which lay between the fountain and the shore, and the very stones of which Alexander swept away. The reservoirs, four in number, are magnificent masses of masonry, tapping a mighty spring fed from the hills, and constructed to force the water up about twenty feet; so that an aqueduct with a slight fall might convey it to Tyre. One of the aqueducts is still used for this purpose. The spring wells up with great force, and has been called the mightiest spring in all Palestine, but cannot be compared with the river full-grown at birth which bursts forth at Tell Kadi, under Hermon. It is mentioned by ancient writers. Shalmaneser, in his fruitless siege, cut the aqueduct; William of Tyre describes it at length, and it is certainly far older than Macedonian times. The Arabs, of course, refer it to Solomon, but it was more probably old before the days of Hiram. The stalactites under the arches seem to tell of centuries. Nature is bountiful here, and we can enjoy the luxuriance of the evergreens, climbers, and maidenhair ferns that festoon arches and stalactites alike, though we know not the builder's name or nation.

The approach to Tyre from Ras-el-Ain, along three miles of sandy dunes and stunted scrub, presents a vivid picture of desolation and decay, but gives a much clearer idea of the ancient plan and form of the city than can be obtained from the north or from the sea. Large sand-covered mounds dot the strand a little way back from the shore; we find them to be masses of crushed sea-shells. They might have been taken for ballast-heaps or kitchen middens, but are simply the actual records of the long extinct industry of Tyre, the manufacture of purple or Tyrian dye. This far-famed purple, which dyed the robes of the kings of the Old World, was extracted from the animals of several kinds of *murex*, an univalve shell common in the eastern Mediterranean. As we approach the modern Sûr we at once distinguish the long ridge of sand which covers the causeway which Alexander the Great threw out to unite the island with the mainland. The old southern harbour—for there were north and south harbours in the days of Tyre's greatness—is now silted up, but can easily be traced, and the insular cluster of rocks on which the city stands stretches out horns north and south, low reefs once supporting the busy wharves of the Phœnician capital, but now surge-beaten naked rocks. Massive granite columns protrude prostrate from the sandhills and heaps of ruin, and hundreds more lie strewn in every direction under water in the shallow bay which was once a haven. These and the massive masonry of the wharves are all that is left above ground of Phœnician Tyre. Like Jerusalem, destroyed and rebuilt time after time, even the city of the



Crusaders lies beneath several feet of *débris*. Below this are the remains of Mohammedan and early Christian Tyre, and below these again we must dig if we would expose the traces of the Tyre of the Greeks and of the Phœnicians, if any remains there be. Confined to the rocky islet, every new Tyre occupied the exact site of its predecessor, and we may be sure all available material was employed again. There is but one important relic above ground, but this, though eight hundred years old, is modern indeed in the history of Tyre—the Crusading cathedral, of which the outline, some massive pillars, and the three apses, still remain; built, as Renan ascertained by excavation, on the site of the old Byzantine church; where William of Tyre was bishop, where Eusebius preached the dedication sermon, still extant, and in which lie the bones of the great Father of the Church, Origen, and of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. Here almost the last Christian service held by the Crusaders was offered up. The area is strewn with red granite columns, one, a double shaft of colossal size, which may have helped to support the temple of Melkarth, of which wonder of the ancient world not a vestige remains. The walls of the city can be traced on the south and west; but even these appear, by the smallness of the masonry, to be not earlier, in their present form, than the Crusades. From the sea modern Tyre has a more imposing appearance than it deserves. A belt of turf and gardens intervenes between the column-strewn strand and the modern wall. On the rocks the fishermen spread their nets, as we turn round the little breakwater at the north and round into the Sidonian port, as the north harbour was formerly called. We land close to two picturesque fountains, one of them known as Hiram's Well, where an artist might fill his portfolio with quaint and characteristic groups; and then enter the one gate of the city into a labyrinth of narrow streets and filthy bazaars, more squalid than those of most Oriental third-rate towns. Such is the Tyre of to-day. But we must remember that it was a heap of absolutely uninhabited ruins till one hundred and twenty years ago; and that its restorers have been poor fishermen and peasants, in fact, merely squatters. No prophetic picture has been more literally fulfilled than that of Ezekiel, at an epoch when the wealth and resources of Tyre were at their highest. The whole prophecy reads like a descriptive history of the present. We stand on those water-swept rocks on which rose warehouses that stored the world's wealth when the City of London was an uninhabited swamp. Yet it was to this little rock that the news first came of the existence of a world beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Hence were worked the mines of Spain, and here were freighted ships for Cornwall. The traces of the mother of Carthage, and of the source of our alphabet, are to be found, not on the reef from which she has been swept, but in the literature of Europe, in the commerce, in the marine, in the colonisation of the world, of which for centuries Tyre and her sister cities were the solitary pioneers.



Sidon.

But though the traces of Tyre on the spot lie buried far out of sight, there is abundant evidence of her former greatness in all the country round. Wherever we ascend the sides of the hills which bound the narrow plain, every rock is honey-combed with sepulchral chambers, while many a broken marble sarcophagus strews the ground. In the plain itself, just opposite Tyre, stands the rocky mound of Nebi Mashuk, probably the acropolis of Palæotyrus, and the site of the oldest temple of Melkarth, which preceded the more famous one on the island. There is nothing here now but a squalid Moslem wely. But the slopes of the little hill are covered with tombs, all long ago rifled and empty. The great cemetery seems to have been on the gentle slopes leading up to what is known as Hiram's tomb, about five or six miles south-east of the peninsula. The whole hillside is studded with narrow doorways opening into chambers, each containing two or three ranges of *kokim* or niches for bodies, and some of them platforms for sarcophagi. Very few have escaped the destroyer's hand. These rifled tombs may be counted by thousands, and many of them have been occupied over and over again, Greek and Roman façades and niches for statues having been subsequently added. Of many the roofs have fallen in, of others the fronts have broken away, and some vast subterranean halls are now used as folds for the goats. Nowhere is there to be found a date or an inscription, but occasionally groups of figures rudely sculptured.

Hiram's tomb is quite unique among these sepulchres of a vanished race, a massive stone sarcophagus on a base of three courses, with as massive a lid, standing



by the wayside a little retired from the brow of the hill, near the village of Henawei. Whose bones the empty coffin once held we know not, but its antiquity is undoubted, and it may be even far older than the days of Solomon. Behind it, but not under it, is a large subterranean chamber, the steps to which, cut out in the rock, are partly under the monument, which, by the arrangement of its foundations, is seen to be subsequent to the staircase. From its rudeness and massive simplicity Renan is disposed to ascribe to it a Canaanite or præ-Phœnician origin.

From Tyre to Sidon the coast-line is as monotonous as that of Philistia. The plain gradually contracts, rich but deserted, and the hills as they approach the shore may be seen studded with villages retired thither for security. Soon after passing the mouth of the Flowery river we have an impressive view of Sidon, the mother of Phœnicia, one of the oldest cities in the world, sung by Homer, the "Great Sidon" of Joshua, and still standing nobly in her poverty and decay. In many respects Sidon is a counterpart of Tyre. There is the insular ridge of rocks, united by a causeway to the mainland, and thus forming the two harbours, the Egyptian to the south, now silted up and disused, and the north haven, the entrance to which is partly choked, but might easily be rendered capable of receiving more than the fishing boats which now occupy it. But its two noble though dilapidated castles at either extremity of the still walled city, its large and often well-built houses, and, above all, the luxuriant gardens and fruit orchards which press up to the very walls and spread far beyond into the plain, present a picture of wealth and importance scarcely sustained by closer examination. Pent up within the walls the streets are narrow tunnels, arched, and supporting dwellings overhead, while the six large khans with their spacious courtyards are deserted by the merchants, and Great Sidon is now Saida, "a fishing place." Its trade is only in its own local products of fish and fruit, the latter reputed to be the best and most varied in Syria. The Kulat-el-Bahr, "castle of the sea," as it is called, of which a sketch is given, picturesquely guards the entrance of the north harbour. It is only of mediæval age, as may be seen by the many granite columns built into the walls as bonders. Nor is the southern castle of more ancient date, for it is constructed likewise from the materials of older buildings, and is actually founded on a mound of the *murex* shells of the old Tyrian dye-works. The two principal mosques are Crusading churches very slightly altered. But the true antiquities of Sidon, like those of Tyre, are to be found in the vast cemeteries both in the plain to the south-east, and on the hills beyond. They are simply countless, and are of every period from the old Canaanite to the late Roman. Some are grottoes, to which we may descend by steps hewn in the rock, leading to chamber after chamber, like those of Egypt. In numbers of them are sarcophagi, some in marble and many in lead, though these latter are generally at once broken up when discovered. Here was found, not many years ago, the famous black basalt sarcophagus of Ashmunazar, King of Sidon, with

an inscription of 990 words, one of the very few Phœnician inscriptions of any length known to exist, and which is now in the Louvre.

From Sidon to Beirut the coast-line is very different from that farther south. Instead of long desolated plains with an occasional headland, the masses of the Lebanon range push down in every variety of shape close to the shore, leaving but a narrow strip of plain. The sea castle of Sidon stands nobly out in the foreground, with the white minarets and towers behind it set in the dark green frame of the surrounding orange-groves. As we sail up the coast or plunge through the loose sand of the shore, the snowy top of Jebel Sunnin, the highest peak of Lebanon, comes into view, with a confused mountain mass piled in front of it. The only river of any size which we pass is the Nahr-el-Awali, the ancient Bostrenus, not far from Sidon. A little wely and a quaint khan on the shore under a gnarled old sycomore fig-tree mark Nebi Yunas, sacred in Moslem tradition as the spot where Jonah was cast ashore. The hills are dotted to their very summits with villages, the homes of the noblest and most mysterious race in Syria, the Druses of the Lebanon. Their origin and religion are still alike an enigma. Truculent and savage when provoked, they exhibit in time of peace all the higher virtues, we might almost say, of Christianity: truthful, strictly pure in their domestic relations, giving woman an honour and a place worthy of chivalry, industrious, cleanly, and physically not only the finest and most muscular but the most handsome of all the many races of these lands. An Arabic-speaking Englishman could find no more enjoyable district for a summer pedestrian ramble than the Druse Lebanon. We soon have a splendid view of the headland Ras Beirut, running out three miles into the sea, and the beautiful city of Beirut spread beneath it. To reach it by land, however, there is a weary tramp for several miles by the pine woods which fringe the shore, half buried under the ever-encroaching sand. But the most impressive view of Beirut is from the sea. The wide stretch of the real metropolis of Syria can thus best be seen, with the slopes behind it covered with a mass of gardens, which are irregularly spread out from the nucleus of the old city, studded with villas, all with their flat whitewashed roofs. The houses are buried in a forest of orange, fig, apricot, and mulberry trees, with tall palms or Euphratic poplars rising occasionally from their midst and towering above their fellows. Beyond these stretches the olive-grove, one of the largest in the country, and then the lower ridges of Lebanon, with white mulberry trees planted in terraces completely clothing the hillsides. Higher up not an inch of ground wasted, every foot of soil carefully cultivated, while village after village peeps out among the rocks. Over all rises a belt of wrinkled and chasm-rent cliffs, gleaming with a rosy pink in the sunlight, and crowned by the long flat line of snow-clad Jebel Sunnin. The scene lacks the grandeur of the Alps or the splendour of the Pyrenees, but it is winning and soothing, breathing only peace and prosperity. In Beirut itself the East and West



are strangely intermingled, bright Druse costumes, white-veiled women and Arabs with their brown *'abiehs* jostling with smart European carriages in the streets. No antiquities here, no relics of the past. The emporium of the silk trade and the successor of Tyre and Sidon as the centre of Syrian commerce, with its ninety thousand inhabitants, Beirut is simply a modern thriving and wealthy port, in which the Christian far outnumbers the Moslem element. Beirut is the centre of missionary work for Syria. The American Presbyterian Mission is on a very large scale, has numerous buildings well worth a visit, and has carried on a noble educational work for many years. Their college, in which the highest education is given, and their medical school are the most important in Asiatic Turkey. What they have done for the higher training, the British Syrian schools have also accomplished for the women of all classes, and nowhere has Mohammedan prejudice been so disarmed as in Beirut. It is also the seat of the Governor of the Lebanon, a position always, according to treaty, held by a Christian, and which has brought into notice the ablest statesmen of modern Turkey, such as Rustem Pasha, now Turkish ambassador to St. James's.

North of Beirut to the mouth of the Nahr-el-Kelb or Dog River stretches the graceful curve of St. George's Bay, the roadstead of the port. The sail across it is most beautiful. To this bay is locally assigned the myth of St. George and the Dragon; and the guides point out with great gravity the spot where the combat took place, and also where St. George washed his hands after his successful exploit. We have now finally left the monotonous strand of the plains of Palestine and Phœnicia. Hence, as far as Alexandretta, we coast along a magnificent mountain range, with cliffs, bold headlands, and stupendous gorges, pushing forward to the sea in wild variety, but still leaving here and there narrow plains, with broken reefs in front of them, which the Phœnicians were prompt to seize and utilise for their fleets.

The ridge on the south bank of the Nahr-el-Kelb forms the northern horn of St. George's Bay. It pushes into the sea, terminating in a bluff about one hundred feet high, on the face of which are cut through the rock near its summit two roads, one immediately above the other, and evidently the older of the two—the continuation of the old coast road from Egypt, which we have traced from Pelusium. By the side of the upper road, the southern part of which has perished from the wearing of the cliff, are the chiselled histories of the pass, covering a period of over three thousand years. Near the summit lies a prostrate Roman milestone. On the north side, in the face of the cliff, is a very legible inscription of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who constructed the lower road about A.D. 173. Near the top of the pass, over the higher road, are a series of nine tablets deeply incised on the face of the cliff at different elevations. Three of these are Egyptian, and six Assyrian. The three Egyptian *stelès* bear the cartouche of Rameses II. (Sesostris), B.C. 1351, and are dedicated to Phtha, Ra, and Amun, the gods of Memphis, Heliopolis, and Thebes.

They are much defaced, but no doubt celebrated his three expeditions to Asia Minor. We are looking at the very tablets on which Herodotus tells us he gazed when they



*Boats at Beyrout Bay.*

were one thousand years old. The other six Assyrian are by Assur-ris-islīm and Tiglath-pileser, B.C. 1140; Assur-nazir-pal, B.C. 885; Shalmanezzer, B.C. 860; Sennacherib, B.C. 702; and Esar-haddon, B.C. 680. Here passed all these great conquerors of old, to be followed by Nebuchadnezzar, Cambyses, and Alexander. For centuries Greek cohorts and Roman legions marched successively along this winding path, where we can see the ruts of their chariot-wheels. Saracen and Crusader alternately scoured this coast; and lastly, with a strange absence of any sense of the ludicrous, the first Egyptian *stelè* has been usurped by a pompous record of the unopposed march of some French troops under Napoleon III. to Damascus in A.D. 1860. But there are records here to which the tablets of Rameses II. are but as of yesterday. The Egyptian monarch cut his road through the flooring of an ancient cavern facing the sea; and that flooring is composed of a hardened deposit of bone breccia mixed with flint chips, the relics of the Stone Age; when some rude savages fabricated their weapons on the floor of the cavern, and feasted on the aurochs, the bison, the elk, the red deer, and the reindeer, of all of which the teeth are abundant in the breccia. We are carried back, indeed, to pre-historic times, when glaciers fed the torrents of Lebanon, and these extinct denizens of the polar north roamed in its forests. The road descends steeply into the wild glen of the Dog river (*Lycus flumen*), and facing us is a grand old aqueduct, clinging high up to the cliffs on the north side; and where we were fortunate enough to discover a long cuneiform inscription of Nebuchadnezzar, which, however interesting as being the only local



record yet found of his conquest of Judæa, contains little more of importance than an eulogium of the wine of the district, and a reference to the aqueduct.

There is a fine Roman bridge across the classic river, but in summer it is easily forded close to the sea, and a path runs along the edge of the beach till it climbs the next headland which helps to form the lovely little bay of Jumeh. It recalls the coast of the Riviera. Jumeh is entirely modern; neither a town nor a village, but a collection of scattered villas and little houses, white, and well-cared for, each buried in its own garden and mulberry grove, and extending for several miles. The mountains rise abruptly behind the bay, and though studded with villages, and every foot of available soil cultivated, yet, from the system of terracing, little is seen from the shore, save the white faces of the terraced cliffs; whence, more probably than from its snow-capped crests, the range gained the name of Lebanon, "The White Mountain." The afternoon sun just tints these dazzling white cliffs with a dainty pink, as viewed from the sea, recalling the finest pieces of South Italian landscape. Down a deep glen, north of Jumeh, dashes the little torrent of the Ahna, which must be forded at its mouth, for the noble Roman bridge which spans it a little higher up, part of the old Imperial way, is effectually blocked by a modern house built across either end of it. From this point the headland must be climbed by the land traveller, but the yachtsman has for the next forty miles one of the finest runs the Levant affords. At the summit of the path, overhanging the sea, is a ruined square tower, a Roman signal station for a fire beacon; and at irregular intervals, but always within sight of each other, similar towers can be traced up the coast as far as Alexandretta. They are said to have been erected by the Empress Helena for the purpose of telegraphing to Constantinople the invention of the true cross at Jerusalem (!), by means of which the news reached the metropolis in twelve hours. This is very probably true, but the towers are, in all likelihood, part of the military signalling system of the Empire. As we sail up the coast we pass a succession of magnificent glens, or rather chasms, some thousand feet deep, the channels of the little Lebanon torrents. Chief among these is the mouth of the Nahr Ibrahim, the Adonis of the ancients. The river was said to run red, stained by the blood of Thammuz, the Baal god, or the sun, as the name implies; a myth which can be explained by the fact I have noticed, that after a flood the river has a pink tinge from the red iron-stained sand washed down from its upper banks.

The whole coast-line is full of tombs till we reach Jebeil, the Gebal of the Old Testament, the Byblus of the Greeks—one of the seven cities of the Phœnician league—now a shrunken village within the wide *enceinte* of its ancient walls, chiefly occupied by gardens and mulberry groves. Harbour, strand, streets, gardens, all are strewn with countless grey granite columns, generally small. They must all have been brought from far, for there is no such granite in the country. Gebal was the

holy or Sabbatical city of Phœnicia, and sacred to the god *Chronos*, who is often sculptured on the gems picked up in the inexhaustible cemeteries around it. But of temples, even of Roman date, no trace remains. There is a noble church of Crusading or perhaps earlier date, still used, and a very remarkable citadel, conspicuous from the sea, and in good preservation. The substructure and lower part of the building are Phœnician, but the superstructure Crusading, built with old materials, and many of the stones bearing fragments of Phœnician inscriptions. Some of these stones are of great size, as much as sixteen and eighteen feet by six. There are many traces of English shells in the shattered fortress, for Sir C. Napier in Ibrahim Pasha's time bombarded the place in retaliation for the shooting of some English sailors who had landed for water. The harbour, formed exactly like that of Tyre, is nearly silted up; but the men of Gebal still retain the reputation they had in the days of Ezekiel as caulkers and shipbuilders. The fishermen along the coast still bring their boats here for repairs, and the lively clang of hammers ceases not on the strand from dawn to sunset. Over headlands, on the upturned pavement of old Roman roads, past many a square tower of Helena, and the openings of mountain gorges, we pursue our way to Batrûn, the ancient Botrys. Unlike Jebeil, Batrûn, though one of the Phœnician cities, has not a trace of antiquity beyond the tombs in its neighbourhood. Continuously inhabited, improvements and



*The Mountains of Lebanon, from the Sea.*



restorations have here, as elsewhere, obliterated all records of the past, beyond a Crusading castle. The little reef which forms the breakwater of the harbour has been sawn down on its landward face, so as to make a causeway for traffic. Sponge-fishing is the industry of Batrûn, employing some five hundred fishers. The sponges claim to be the best in commerce. The divers plunge down from boats with a knife in their teeth, and can remain nearly a minute under water, though I have seen them bring up a sponge in a very few seconds.

The headlands north of Batrûn push forward into the sea in rapid succession, and so abruptly that it has not been possible to cut paths in their sides. In order to avoid Ras-esh-Shukah, there is a path up a very narrow and romantic glen—the Nah'r-el-Joseh, or Walnut river. In a narrow pass there is a bridge, with a noble tree by its side, and about three hundred yards off, rising abruptly out of a little plain, a lofty mass of isolated rock, which has supplied the platform for a robber castle, a solidly-built structure of several storeys—Kulat-el-Museililah, “the castle of weapons”—looking as if it were a part of the rock itself. There is no passage up the glen save under close fire from the castle, which has been held for generations by a band of robbers, the terror of the whole country. It is the counterpart of a Rhenish baron's castle, and one of the most picturesque in Syria. Happily the robbers have given place to a party of Lebanon police. The scenery well repays a climb to the castle roof. Other headlands and upturned Roman pavements make the rest of the journey to Tarabulus or Tripoli more varied than rapid.

Tripoli itself is a truly Oriental city, and its inhabitants are proud to call it the maritime Damascus. The river Kadisha, after rending Lebanon to its foundations in its tempestuous course, has here deposited its spoils, and formed a rich triangular plain, four miles in diameter, terminating at the apex, where the inevitable reefs formed the Phœnician port. The city then consisted of three parts, whence its name. Now there are two—El Mina at the port, and Tripoli itself at the base of the triangle, on the banks of the Kadisha. The whole plain is a mass of most luxuriant gardens, olive, fig, and mulberry orchards. Tripoli is intensely Oriental, its population chiefly Moslem; its streets and bazaars are narrow and vaulted—but it is clean. A noble aqueduct from the Kadisha supplies lavishly the purest water, which runs under every street, supplies a fountain to every house, and waters every garden. The interiors of the houses are often lined with Damascus tiles, and built in Damascus fashion. In grotesque contrast with the khans and vaulted streets, and camels, and wild Druse mountaineers, is an English tramway with brightly-painted Birmingham omnibuses plying continually between Tripoli and the port, and hoped by the inhabitants to be the precursor of the Tigris Valley railway starting from this point. But we would not leave Tripoli without a visit to its one great historic monument—the castle, still inhabited, and in good preservation, built by Count Raymond, and one of the most

important of all the Crusading fortresses, held by them for one hundred and eighty years. From its roof is a rich and varied prospect. The minarets, domes, and glittering white roofs of the city form the foreground; inland a forest of orange groves, with the Kadisha dashing down the ravine, and snow-covered Lebanon beyond. Westward we look over the many-hued gardens to the port, which seems to stand out in the sea, while the old towers of the great Phœnician wall stretch in line along the northern shore, and a shoulder of the spur on our right shuts off the view of the coast-line northwards, and marks the limits of our journey.

H. B. TRISTRAM.



*Crusader's Castle, Tripoli.*







GENOA, FROM THE VILLA DORIA.





*Livorno, Gulf of Spezzia.*

## GENOA.

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GENOVA LA SUPERBA—Genoa the Proud—an epithet not inappropriate for this city of merchant princes of olden days, which was once the emporium of the Tyrrhenian, as was Venice of the Adriatic sea, and the rival of the latter for the commerce of the Eastern Mediterranean. No two cities, adapted to play a similar part in history, could be more unlike in their natural environments: Venice clustered on a series of mud banks, parted by an expanse of water from a low coast-line, beyond which the far-away mountains rise dimly in the distance, a fleet, as it were, of houses anchored in the shallows of the Adriatic; Genoa stretching along the shore by the deepening water, at the very feet of the Apennines, climbing up their slopes, and crowning their lower summits with its watch-towers. No seaport in Italy possesses a site so rich in natural beauty, not even Spezzia in its bay, for though the scenery in the neighbourhood certainly surpasses that around Genoa, the town itself is built upon an almost level plain; not even Naples itself, notwithstanding the magnificent sweep of its bay, dominated by the volcanic cone of Vesuvius, and bounded by the limestone crags of the range of Monte S. Angelo. Genoa, however, like all places and persons, has had its detractors. Perhaps of no town has a more bitter sarcasm been uttered, than the well known one, which no doubt originated in the mouth of some envious Tuscan, when the two peoples were contending for the mastery of the western sea, and the maker of the epigram was on the losing side. Familiar as it is to many, we will venture to quote it again, as it may be rendered in our own tongue: “Treeless hills, a fishless sea, faithless men, shameless women.” As to the reproach in the

first clause, one must admit there is still some truth; and in olden days, when gardens were fewer and more land was left in its natural condition, there may have been even more point. The hills around Genoa undoubtedly seem a little barren, when compared with those on the Riviera some miles farther to the south, with their extraordinary luxuriance of vegetation, their endless slopes of olives, which only cease to give place to oak and pine and myrtle. There is also, I believe, some truth in the second clause; but as to the rest, it is not for a comparative stranger to express an opinion. So far, however, as the men are concerned, the reproach is not novel. Centuries since, Liguria, of which Genoa is the principal town, was noted for the cunning and treacherous disposition of its people, who ethnologically differ considerably from their neighbours. In Virgil's "*Æneid*" a Ligurian chief shows more cunning than courage in a fight with an Amazon, and is thus apostrophised before receiving his death-blow from a woman's hand: "In vain, O shifty one, hast thou tried thy hereditary craft." The people of this part of Italy form one of a series of ethnological islands; where a remnant, by no means inconsiderable, of an earlier race has survived the invading flood of a stronger people. This old-world race—commonly called the Iberian—is characteristically short in stature, dark in hair, eyes, and complexion. Representatives of it survive in Brittany, Wales, Ireland, the Basque Provinces, and other out-of-the-way corners of Europe; insulated or pressed back, till they could no farther go, by the advance of the Aryan race, by some or other representative of which Europe is now peopled. On the Ligurian coast, however, as might be expected, in the track of two thousand years of commerce and civilisation, the races, however different in origin and formerly naturally hostile, have been almost fused together by intermarriage; and this, at any rate in Genoa, seems to have had a fortuitous result in the production of an exceptionally good-looking people, especially in the case of the younger women. I well remember some years since, when driving out on a summer evening on the western side of Genoa, to have passed crowds of women, most of them young, returning from work in the factories, and certainly I never saw so large a proportion of beautiful faces as there were among them.

Genoa for at least two thousand years has been an important centre of commerce; though, of course, like most other places, it has not been uniformly prosperous. It fell under the Roman power about two centuries before the Christian era, the possession of it for a time being disputed with the Carthaginians; then it became noted as a seaport town for the commerce of the western part of the Mediterranean, it declined and suffered during the decadence and fall of the Empire, and then gradually rose into eminence during the Middle Ages. Even in the tenth century Genoa was an important community; its citizens, as beseemed men who were hardy sailors, found a natural pleasure—like another race, not wholly alien in

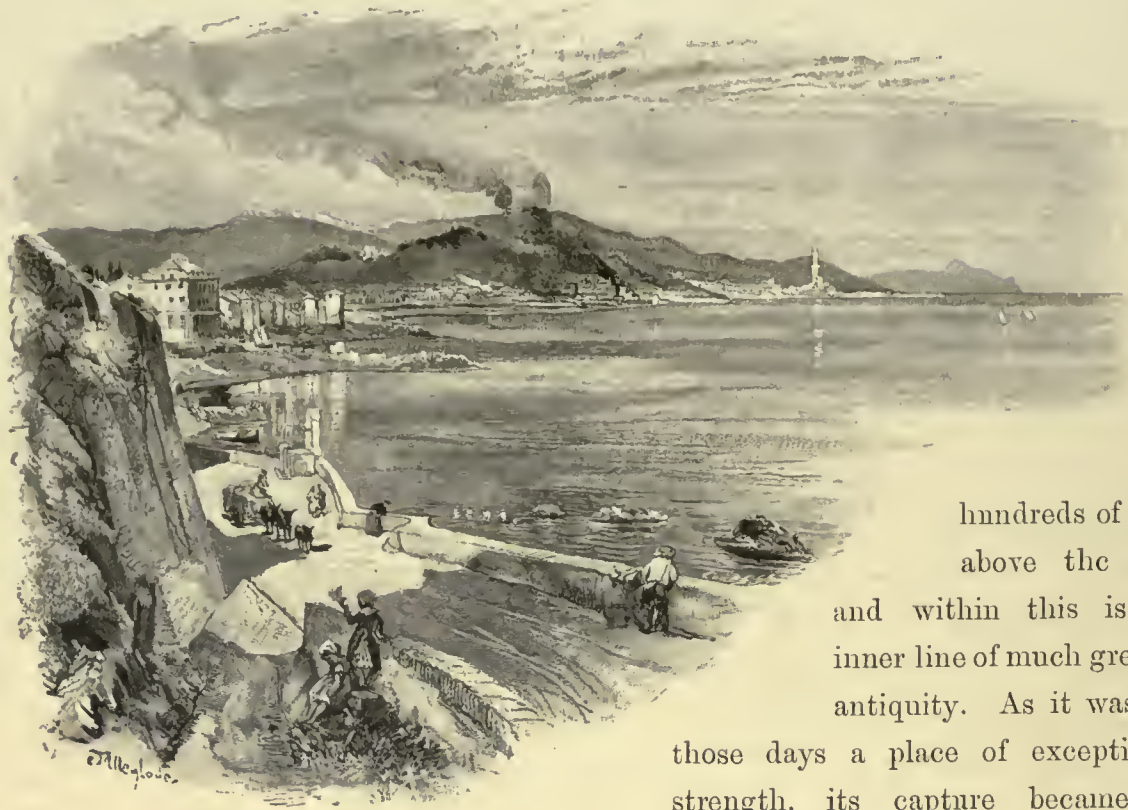


blood, nearer home—in any kind of disturbance; they joined in the Crusades, and turned religious enthusiasm to commercial profit by the acquisition of various towns and islands in the East. The rather unusual combination of warrior and merchant, which the Genoese of the Middle Ages present, is no doubt due not only to social character, but also to exceptional circumstances. “The constant invasions of the Saracens united the professions of trade and war, and its greatest merchants became also its greatest generals, while its naval captains were also merchants.”

Genoa, as may be supposed, had from the first to contend with two formidable rivals: the one being Pisa in its own waters; the other Venice, whose citizens were equally anxious for supremacy in the Levant and the commerce of the East. With both these places the struggle was long and fierce, but the fortune of war on the whole was distinctly favourable to Genoa nearer home, and unfavourable in regard to the more distant foe. Pisa was finally defeated in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, and in the year 1300 had to cede to her enemy a considerable amount of territory, including the island of Corsica; while Venice, after more than a century of conflict with very varying fortune, at last succeeded in obtaining the supremacy in the Eastern Mediterranean.

The internal history of the city during all this period was not more peaceful than its external. Genoa presents the picture of a house divided against itself; and, strange to say, falsifies the proverb by prospering instead of perishing. If there were commonly wars without, there were yet more persistent factions within. Guelphs, headed by the families of Grimaldi and Fieschi, and Ghibellines, by those of Spinola and Doria, indulged in faction-fights and sometimes in civil warfare, until at last some approach to peace was procured by the influence of Andrea Doria, who, in obtaining the freedom of the state from French control, brought about the adoption of most important constitutional changes, which tended to obliterate the old and sharply divided party lines. Yet even he narrowly escaped overthrow from a conspiracy, headed by one of the Fieschi; his great-nephew and heir was assassinated, and his ultimate triumph was due rather to a fortunate accident, which removed from the scene the leader of his opponents, than to his personal power. Then the tide of prosperity began to turn against the Genoese. The Turk made himself master of their lands and cities in the East. Venice ousted them from the commerce of the Levant. War arose with France, and the city itself was captured by that power in the year 1684. The following century was far from being a prosperous time for Genoa, and near the close it opened its gates to the Republican troops, a subjugation which ultimately resulted in no little suffering to the inhabitants.

Genoa at that time was encircled on the land side by a double line of fortifications, a considerable portion of which still remains. The outer one, with its associated detached forts, mounted up the inland slopes to an elevation of some



*Pegli, near Genoa.*

hundreds of feet  
above the sea,  
and within this is an  
inner line of much greater  
antiquity. As it was for

those days a place of exceptional  
strength, its capture became of  
the first importance, in the great

struggle between France and Austria, as a preliminary to driving the Republican troops out of Italy. The city was defended by the French under the command of Massena; it was attacked on the land side by the Imperialist force, while it was blockaded from the sea by the British fleet. After fifteen days of hard fighting among the neighbouring Apennines, Massena was finally shut up in the city. No less desperate fighting followed around the walls, until at last the defending force was so weakened by its losses that further aggressive operations became impossible on its part, and the siege was converted into a blockade. The results were famine and pestilence. A hundred thousand persons were cooped up within the walls. "From the commencement of the siege the price of provisions had been extravagantly high, and in its latter days grain of any sort could not be had at any cost. . . . The neighbouring rocks within the walls were covered with a famished crowd, seeking, in the vilest animals and the smallest traces of vegetation, the means of assuaging their intolerable pangs. . . . In the general agony, not only leather and skins of every kind were consumed, but the horror at human flesh was so much abated that numbers were supported on the dead bodies of their fellow citizens. Pestilence, as usual, came in the rear of famine, and contagious fevers swept off multitudes, whom the strength of the survivors was unable to inter." Before the obstinate defence was ended, and Massena, at the end of all his resources, was compelled to capitulate on honourable terms, twenty





*Looking down on Genoa.*

thousand of the  
inhabitants had  
perished from hunger  
or disease. The end

of this terrible struggle brought little profit to the conquerors, for before long the battle of Marengo, and the subsequent successes of Napoleon in Northern Italy, led to the city being again surrendered to the French. It had to endure another siege at the end of Napoleon's career, for in 1814 it was attacked by English troops under Lord William Bentinck. Fortunately for the inhabitants, the French commander decided to surrender after a few days' severe struggle around the outer defences. On the settlement of European affairs which succeeded the final fall of Napoleon, Genoa was annexed to the kingdom of Sardinia, and now forms part of united Italy; though, it is said, the old instincts of the people give them a theoretic preference for a republican form of government.

Genoa, like so many of the chief Italian towns, has been greatly altered during the last twenty years. Its harbours have been much enlarged; its defences have been extended far beyond their ancient limits. Down by the water-side, among the narrow streets on the shelving ground that fringes the sea, we are still in old Genoa—the city of the merchant princes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; but higher up the slopes a new town has sprung up, with broad streets and fine modern

houses, and a "corso," bordered by trees and mansions, still retains in its zigzag outline the trace of the old fortifications which enclosed the army of Massena. More than one spot, on or near this elevated road, commands a splendid outlook over the city and neighbourhood.

From such a position the natural advantages of the site of Genoa, the geographical conditions which have almost inevitably determined its history, can be apprehended at a glance. Behind us rise steeply, as has been already said, the hills forming the southernmost zone of the Apennines. This, no doubt, is a defect in a military point of view, because the city is commanded by so many positions of greater elevation; but this defect was less serious in ancient days, when the range of ordnance was comparatively short; while the difficulty of access which these positions presented, and the obstacles which the mountain barrier of the Apennines offered to the advance of an enemy from the comparatively distant plains of Piedmont, rendered the city far more secure than it may at first sight have appeared. Beneath us lies a deeply recessed bay, in outline like the half of an egg, guarded on the east by a projecting shoulder; while on the western side hills descend, at first rapidly, then more gently, to a point which projects yet farther to the south. This eastern shoulder is converted into a kind of peninsula, rudely triangular in shape, by the valley of the Bisagno, a stream of considerable size which thus forms a natural moat for the fortifications on the eastern side of the town. In a bay thus sheltered on three sides by land, vessels were perfectly safe from most of the prevalent winds; and it was only necessary to carry out moles from the western headland and from some point on the eastern shore, to protect them also from storms which might blow from the south. The first defence was run out from the latter side, and still bears the name of the Molo Vecchio; then the port was enlarged, by carrying out another mole from the end of the western headland; this, during the last few years, has been greatly extended, so that the town may now be said to possess an inner and an outer harbour. From the parapet of the Corso these topographical facts are seen at a glance, as we look over the tall and densely-massed houses to the busy quays, and the ships which are moored alongside. Such a scene cannot fail to be attractive, and the lighthouse, rising high above the western headland, is less monotonous in outline than is usual with such buildings, and greatly enhances the effect of the picture. The city, however, when regarded from this elevated position is rather wanting in variety. We look down over a crowded mass of lofty houses, from which, indeed, two or three domes or towers rise up; but there is not enough diversity in the design of the one, or a sufficiently marked pre-eminence in the others, to afford a prospect which is comparable with that of many other ancient cities. Still some variety is given by the trees, which here and there, especially towards the eastern promontory, are interspersed among the houses; while the Ligurian coast on the one hand,



and the distant summits of the Maritime Alps on the other, add to the scene a never-failing charm.

Of the newer part of the town little more need be said. It is like the most modern part of any Continental city, and only differs from the majority of these by the natural steepness and irregularity of the site. In Genoa, except for a narrow space along the shore, one can hardly find a plot of level ground. Now that the old limits of the *enceinte* have been passed, it is still growing upwards; but beyond and above the farthest houses the hills are still crowned by fortresses, keeping watch and ward over the merchant city. These, of course, are of modern date; but some of them have been reconstructed on the ancient sites, and still encrust, as can be seen at a glance, towers and walls which did their duty in the olden times. For a season, indeed, there was more to be protected than merchandise, for, till lately, Genoa was the principal arsenal of the Italian kingdom; but this has now been removed to Spezzia. Italy, however, does not seem to feel much confidence in that immunity from plunder which has been sometimes accorded to "open towns," or in the platitudes of peace-mongers; and, wiser than ourselves, appears to take ample precautions that an enemy in command of the sea shall not thrust his hand into a full purse without a good chance of getting nothing better than crushed fingers.

But in the lower town we are still in the Genoa of the olden time. There is not, indeed, very much to recall the city of the more strictly mediæval epoch; though two churches date from days before the so-called "Renaissance," and are good examples of its work. Most of what we now see belongs to the Genoa of the sixteenth century; or, at any rate, is but little anterior in age to this. The lower town, however, even where its buildings are comparatively modern, still retains in plan—in its narrow, sometimes irregular, streets; in its yet narrower alleys, leading by flights of steps up the steep hillside; in its crowded, lofty houses; in its "huddled up" aspect, for perhaps no single term can better express our meaning—the characteristics of an ancient Italian town. In its streets even the summer sun—let the proverb concerning the absence of the sun and the presence of the doctor say what it may—can seldom scorch, and the bitter north wind loses its force among the maze of buildings. Open spaces of any kind are rare; the streets, in consequence of their narrowness, are unusually thronged, and thus produce the idea of a teeming population; which, indeed, owing to the general loftiness of the houses, is large in proportion to the area. They are accordingly ill-adapted for the requirements of modern traffic.

Genoa, like Venice, is noted for its *palazzi*—for the sumptuous dwellings inhabited by the burgher aristocracy of earlier days, which are still, in not a few cases, in possession of their descendants. But in style and in position nothing can

be more different. We do not refer to the obvious distinction that in the one city the highway is water, in the other it is dry land; or to the fact that buildings in the so-called Gothic style are common in Venice, but are not to be found among the mansions of Genoa. It is rather to this, that the Via Nuova, which in this respect holds the same place in Genoa as the Grand Canal does in Venice, is such a complete contrast to it, that they must be compared by their opposites. The latter



*The Harbour.*

is a broad and magnificent highway, affording a full view and a comprehensive survey of the stately buildings which rise from its margin. The former is a narrow street, corresponding in dimensions with one of the less important among the side canals in the other city. It is thus almost impossible to obtain any good idea of the façade of the Genoese palazzi. The passing traveller has about as much chance of doing this as he would have of studying the architecture of Mincing Laue; and even if he could discover a quiet time, like Sunday morning in the City, he would still have to strain his neck by staring upwards at the overhanging mass of masonry, and find a complete view of any one building almost impossible. But so far as these palazzi can be seen, how far do they repay examination? It is a common-place with travellers to expatiate on the magnificence of the Via Nuova, and one or two other streets in Genoa. There is an imposing magniloquence in the word palazzo, and a "street of palaces" is a formula which impels many minds to render instant homage.

But, speaking for myself, I must own to being no great admirer of this part of Genoa; to me the design of these palazzi appears often heavy and oppressive. They



are sumptuous rather than dignified, and impress one more with the length of the purse at the architect's command than with the quality of his genius or the fecundity of his conceptions. No doubt there are some fine buildings—the Palazzo Spinola, the Palazzo Doria Tursi, the Palazzo del' Università, and the Palazzo Balbi, are among those most generally praised. But if I must tell the plain, unvarnished truth, I never felt and never shall feel much enthusiasm for the "city of palaces." It has been some relief to me to find that I am not alone in this heresy, as it will appear to some. For on turning to the pages of Fergusson,\* immediately after penning the above confession, I read for the first time the following passage (and it must be admitted that, though not free from occasional "cranks" as to archæological questions, he was a critic of extensive knowledge and no mean authority):—"When Venice adopted the Renaissance style, she used it with an aristocratic elegance that relieves even its most fantastic forms in the worst age. In Genoa there is a pretentious parvenu vulgarity, which offends in spite of considerable architectural merit. Their size, their grandeur, and their grouping may force us to admire the palaces of Genoa; but for real beauty or architectural propriety of design they



*The Dogana, Genoa.*

will not stand a moment's comparison with the contemporary or earlier palaces of Florence, Rome, or Venice." Farther on he adds very truly, after glancing at the

\* History of Modern Architecture.

rather illegitimate device by which the façades have been rendered more effective by the use of paint, instead of natural colour in the materials employed, as in the older buildings of Venice, he adds:—"By far the most beautiful feature of the greater palaces of Genoa is their courtyards" (a feature obviously which can only make its full appeal to a comparatively limited number of visitors), "though these, architecturally, consist of nothing but ranges of arcades, resting on attenuated Doric pillars. These are generally of marble, sometimes grouped in pairs, and too frequently with a block of an entablature over each, under the springing of the arch; but notwithstanding these defects, a cloistered court is always and inevitably pleasing, and if combined with gardens and scenery beyond, which is generally the case in this city, the effect, as seen from the streets, is so poetic as to disarm criticism. All that dare be said is that, beautiful as they are, with a little more taste and judgment they might have been ten times more so than they are now."

Several of these "palazzi" contain pictures and art-collections of considerable value, and the interest of those has perhaps enhanced the admiration which they have excited in visitors. One of the most noteworthy is the Palazzo Brignole Sale, commonly called the Palazzo Rosso, because its exterior is painted red. This has now become a memorial of the munificence of its former owner, the Duchess of Galliera, a member of the Brignole Sale family, who, with the consent of her husband and relations, in the year 1874 presented this palace and its contents to the city of Genoa, with a revenue sufficient for its maintenance. The Palazzo Reale, in the Via Balbi, is one of those where the garden adds a charm to an otherwise not very striking, though large, edifice. This, formerly the property of the Durazzo family, was purchased by Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, and has thus become a royal residence. The Palazzo Ducale, once inhabited by the Doges of Genoa, has now been converted into public offices, and the "palazzo" opposite to the Church of St. Matteo bears an inscription which of itself gives the building an exceptional interest: "Senat. Cons. Andreae de Oria, patriæ liberatori, munus publicum." It is this, the earlier home of the great citizen of Genoa, of which Rogers has written in the often-quoted lines:—

"He left it for a better; and 'tis now  
A house of trade, the meanest merchandise  
Cumbering its floors. Yet, fallen as it is,  
'Tis still the noblest dwelling—even in Genoa!  
And hadst thou, Andrea, lived there to the last,  
Thou hadst done well: for there is that without,  
That in the wall, which monarchs could not give  
Nor thou take with thee—that which says aloud,  
It was thy country's gift to her deliverer!"

The great statesman lies in the neighbouring church, with other members of his family, and over the high altar hangs the sword which was given to him by



the Pope. The church was greatly altered—embellished it was doubtless supposed—by Doria himself; but the old cloisters, dating from the earliest part of the fourteenth century, still remain intact. The grander palazzo which he erected, as an inscription outside still informs us, was in a more open, and doubtless then more attractive, part of the city. In the days of Doria it stood in ample gardens, which extended on one side down to a terrace overlooking the harbour, on the other some distance up the hillside. From the back of the palace an elaborate structure of ascending flight of steps in stone led up to a white marble colossal statue of Hercules, which from this elevated position seemed to keep watch over the home of the Dorias and the port of Genoa. All this is sadly changed; the admiral would now find little pleasure

in his once stately home. It occupies a kind of peninsula between two streams of nineteenth-century civilisation. Between the terrace wall and the sea the railway connecting the harbour with the main line has intervened, with its iron tracks, its sheds, and its shunting-places—a dreary unsightly outlook, for the adjuncts of a terminus are usually among the most ugly appendages of civilisation. The terraced staircase on the opposite side of the palace has been swept away by the main line of the railway, which passes within a few yards of its façade, thus severing the gardens and isolating the shrine of Hercules, who looks down forlornly on the result of labours which even he might have deemed arduous, while snorting, squealing engines pass and repass—beasts which to him would have seemed more formidable than Lernæan hydra or Nemean lion.

The palace follows the usual Genoese rule of turning the better side inwards, and offering the less attractive to the world at large. The landward side, which borders a narrow street, and thus, one would conjecture, must from the first have been connected with the upper gardens by a bridge, or underground passage, is plain, almost heavy, in its design, but it does not rise to so great an elevation as is customary with the palazzi in the heart of the city. The side which is turned towards the sea is a much more attractive composition, for it is associated with the usual cloister or loggia which occupies three sides of an oblong. This, as the ground slopes seawards, though



*Monument to Columbus.*

*Piazza Nuova.*

on the level of the street outside, stands upon a basement story, and communicates by flights of steps with the lower gardens. The latter are comparatively small, and in no way remarkable; but in the days—not so very distant—when their terraces looked down upon the Mediterranean, when the city and its trade were on a smaller scale, when the picturesque side of labour had not yet been extruded by the dust and grime of over-much toil, no place in Genoa could have been more pleasant for the evening stroll, or for dreamy repose in some shaded nook during the heat of the day. The palazzo itself shows signs of neglect—the family, I believe, have for some time past ceased to use it for a residence; two or three rooms are still retained in their original condition, but the greater part of the building is let off. In the corridor, near the entrance, members of the Doria family, dressed in classic garb, in conformity with the taste which prevailed in the sixteenth century, are depicted in fresco upon the walls. On the roof of the grand saloon Jupiter is engaged in overthrowing the Titans. These frescoes are the work of Perini del Vaga, a pupil of Raphael. The great admiral, the builder of the palace, is represented among the figures in the corridor, and by an oil painting in the saloon, which contains some remains of sumptuous furniture and a few ornaments of interest. He was a burly man, with a grave, square, powerful face, such a one as often looks out



at us from the canvas of Titian or of Tintoret—a man of kindly nature, but masterful withal; cautious and thoughtful, but a man of action more than of the schools or of the library; one little likely to be swayed by passing impulse or transient emotion, but clear and firm of purpose, who meant to attain his end were it in mortal to



*Via Nuova.*

command success, and could watch and wait for the time. Such men, if one may trust portraits and trust history, were not uncommon in the great epoch when Europe was shaking itself free from the fetters of mediæval influences, and was enlarging its mental no less than its physical horizon. Such men are the makers of nations, and not only of their own fortunes; they become rarer in the days of frothy stump oratory and hysteric sentiment, when a people babbles as it sinks into senile decrepitude.

Andrea Doria himself—"Il principe" as he was styled—had a long and in some respects a chequered career. In his earlier life he obtained distinction as a successful naval commander, and in the curious complications which prevailed in those days among the Italian States and their neighbours ultimately became Admiral of the French fleet. But he found that Genoa would obtain little good from the French King, who was then practically its master; so he transferred his allegiance to the Emperor Charles, and by his aid expelled from his native city the troops with which he had formerly served. So great was his influence in Genoa that he might easily have obtained supreme power; but at this, like a true patriot, he did not grasp, and the Constitution, which was adopted under his influence, gradually put an end to the bitter party strife which had for so long been the plague of Genoa, and it remained in force until the French Revolution. Still, notwithstanding the gratitude generally felt for his great services to the State, he experienced in his long life—for he died at the age of ninety-two—the changefulness of human affairs. He had no son, and his heir and grand-nephew—a young man—was unpopular, and, as is often the case, the sapling was altogether inferior in character to the withering tree. The members of another great family—the Fieschi—entered into a conspiracy, and collected a body of armed men on the pretext of an expedition against the corsairs who for so long were the pests of the Mediterranean. The outbreak was well planned; on New Year's night, in the year 1547, the chief posts in the city were seized. Doria himself was just warned in time, and escaped capture; but his heir was assassinated, and his enemies seemed to have triumphed. But their success was changed to failure by an accident. Count Fiescho in passing along a plank to a galley in the harbour made a false step, and fell into the sea. In those days the wearing of armour added to the perils of the deep; the count sank like a stone, and so left the conspirators without a leader exactly at the most critical moment. They were thus before long defeated and dispersed, and had to experience the truth of the proverb, "Who breaks pays," for in those days men felt little sentimental tenderness for leaders of sedition and disturbers of the established order. The Fieschi were exiled, and their palace was razed to the ground. So the old admiral returned to his home and his terrace-walk overlooking the sea, until at last his long life ended, and they buried him with his fathers in the Church of S. Matteo.

Not far from the Doria Palace is the memorial to another admiral, of fame more world-wide than that of Doria. In the open space before the railway station—a building, the façade of which is not without architectural merit—rises a handsome monument in honour of Christopher Columbus. He was not strictly a native of the city, but he was certainly born on Genoese soil, and, as it seems to be now agreed, at Cogoleto, a small village a few miles west of the city. He was not, however, able to convince the leaders of his own State that there were wide parts of the world



yet to be discovered; and it is a well-known story how for a long time he preached to deaf ears, and found, like most heralds of startling physical facts, his most obstinate opponents among the ecclesiastics of his day. Spain at last, after Genoa and Portugal and England had all refused, placed Columbus in command of a voyage of discovery; and on Spanish ground also—in neglect and comparative poverty, worn out by toil and anxieties—the great explorer ended his chequered career. Genoa, however, though inattentive to the comparatively obscure enthusiast, has not failed to pay honour to the successful discoverer; and is glad to catch some reflected light from the splendour of successes to the aid of which she did not contribute. In this respect, however, the rest of the world cannot take up their parable at her; men generally find that on the whole it is less expensive, and certainly less troublesome, to build the tombs of the prophets, instead of honouring them while alive; then, indeed, whether bread be asked or no, a stone is often given. So now the effigy of Columbus stands on high among exotic plants, where all the world can see, for it is the first thing encountered by the traveller as he quits the railway station.

One of the most characteristic—if not one of the sweetest—places in Genoa is the long street, which, under more than one name, intervenes between the last row of houses in the town and the harbour. From the latter it is, indeed, divided by a line of offices and arched halls; these are covered by a terrace-roof and serve various purposes more or less directly connected with the shipping. The front walls of houses which rise high on the landward side are supported by rude arches. Thus, as is so common in Italian towns, there is a broad foot-walk, protected alike from sun and rain, replacing the “ground-floor front,” with dark shops at the back, and stalls, for the sale of all sorts of odds and ends, pitched in the spaces between the arches. In many towns these arcades are often among the most ornamental features; but in Genoa, though not without a certain quaintness, they are so rude in design and construction that they hardly deserve this title. The sketch of the “old dogana,” one of the buildings in the street, gives a good idea of the commercial part of Genoa before the days of steam, and has a considerable interest of its own. In the first place, it is a standing memorial of the bitter feud between Genoa and Venice, for it is built with the stones of a castle which, being captured by the one from the other, was pulled down and shipped to Genoa in the year 1262. Again, within its walls was the Banca di San Giorgio, which had its origin in a municipal debt incurred in order to equip an expedition to stop the forays of a family named Grimaldi, who had formed a sort of Cave of Adullam at Monaco. The institution afterwards prospered, and held in trust most of the funds for charitable purposes, till “the French passed their sponge over the accounts, and ruined all the individuals in the community.” It has also an indirect connection with English history, for on the defeat of the Grimaldi many of their retainers entered the service of France, and

*Villa Doria and Gardens.*

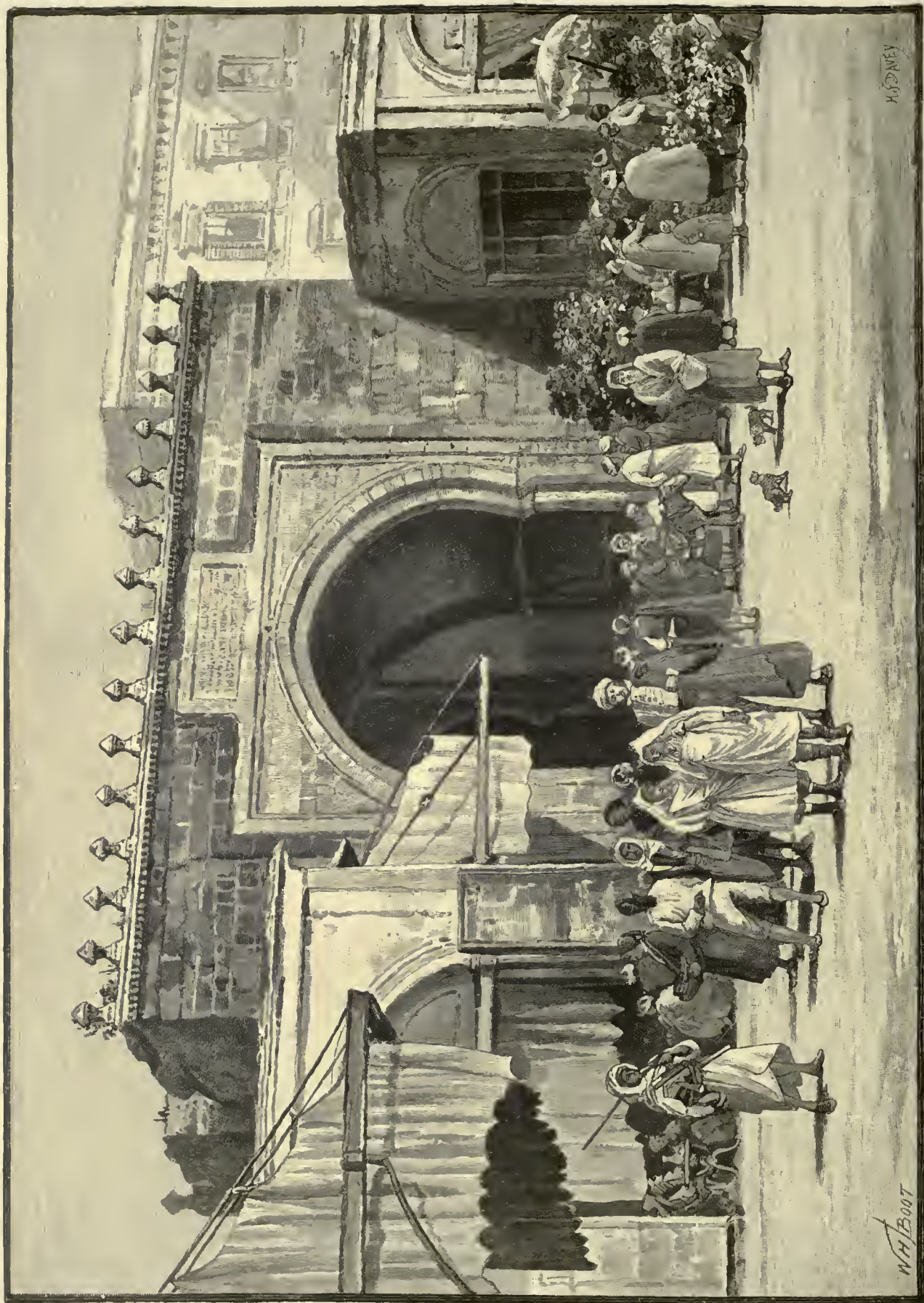
were the Genoese bowmen who fought at Cressy. Lastly, against its walls the captured chains of the harbour of Pisa were suspended for nearly six centuries, for they were only restored to their former owners a comparatively few years since.

Turning up from this part of the city we thread narrow streets, in which many of the principal shops are still located. We pass, in a busy piazza, the *Loggia dei Banchi Borsa*—the old exchange—a quaint structure of the end of the sixteenth century, standing on a raised platform; and proceed from it into the *Via degli Orefici*—a street just like one of the lanes which lead from Cheapside to Cannon Street, if, indeed, it be not still narrower, but full of tempting shops. Genoa is noted for its work in coral and precious metals, but the most characteristic, as all visitors know, is a kind of filigree work in gold or silver, which is often of great delicacy and beauty, and is by no means so costly as might be anticipated from the elaborate workmanship.

The most notable building in Genoa, anterior to the days when the architecture of the Renaissance was in favour, is the cathedral, which is dedicated to S. Lorenzo. The western façade, which is approached by a broad flight of steps, is the best exposed to view, the rest of the building being shut in rather closely after the usual Genoese fashion. It is built of alternating courses of black and white marble,







THE BAB-EL-BAHR.





*In the Campo Santo.*

the only materials employed for mural decoration, so far as I remember, in the city. The western façade in its lower part is a fine example of "pointed" work, consisting of a triple portal which, for elegance of design and richness of ornamentation, could not readily be excelled. It dates from about the year 1307, when the cathedral was almost rebuilt. The latter, as a whole, is a very composite structure, for parts of an earlier Romanesque cathedral still remain, as in the fine "marble" columns of the nave; and important alterations were made at a much later date. These, to which belongs the mean clerestory, painted in stripes of black and white, to resemble the banded courses of stone below, are generally most unsatisfactory; and here, as in so many other buildings, one is compelled, however reluctantly, "to bless the old and ban the new." The most richly decorated portion of the interior is the side chapel, constructed at the end of the fifteenth century, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist; here his relics are enshrined for the reverence of the faithful and, as the guide-books inform us, are placed in a magnificent silver-gilt shrine, which is carried in solemn procession on the day of his nativity. We are also informed that women, as a stigma for the part which the sex played in the Baptist's murder, are only permitted to enter the chapel once in a year. This is not by any means the only case where the Church of Rome gives practical expression to its decided view as to which is the superior sex. The cathedral possesses another great, though now unhappily mutilated, treasure in the *sacro catino*. This, in the first place, was long supposed to have been carved from a single emerald; in the next, it was a relic of great antiquity and much sanctity; though as to its precise claims to honour in this respect authorities

differed. According to one, it had been a gift from the Queen of Sheba to Solomon; according to another, it had contained the paschal lamb at the Last Supper; while a third asserted that in this dish Joseph of Arimathea had caught the blood which flowed from the pierced side of the crucified Saviour. Of its great antiquity there can at least be no doubt, for it was taken by the Genoese when they plundered Cæsarea so long since as the year 1101, and was then esteemed the most precious thing in the spoil. The material is a green glass—a conclusion once deemed so heretical that any experiment on the *catino* was forbidden on pain of death. As regards its former use, no more can be said than that it might possibly be as old as the Christian era. It is almost needless to say that Napoleon carried it away to Paris; but the worst result of this robbery was that when restitution was made after the second occupation of that city, the *catino*, through some gross carelessness, was so badly packed that it was broken on the journey back, and has been pieced together by a gold-setting of filigree, according to the guide-books. An inscription in the nave supplies us with an interesting fact in the early history of Genoa which perhaps ought not to be omitted. It is that the city was founded by one Janus, a great grandson of Noah; and that another Janus, after the fall of Troy, also settled in it. Colonists from that ill-fated town really seem to have distributed themselves pretty well over the known world.

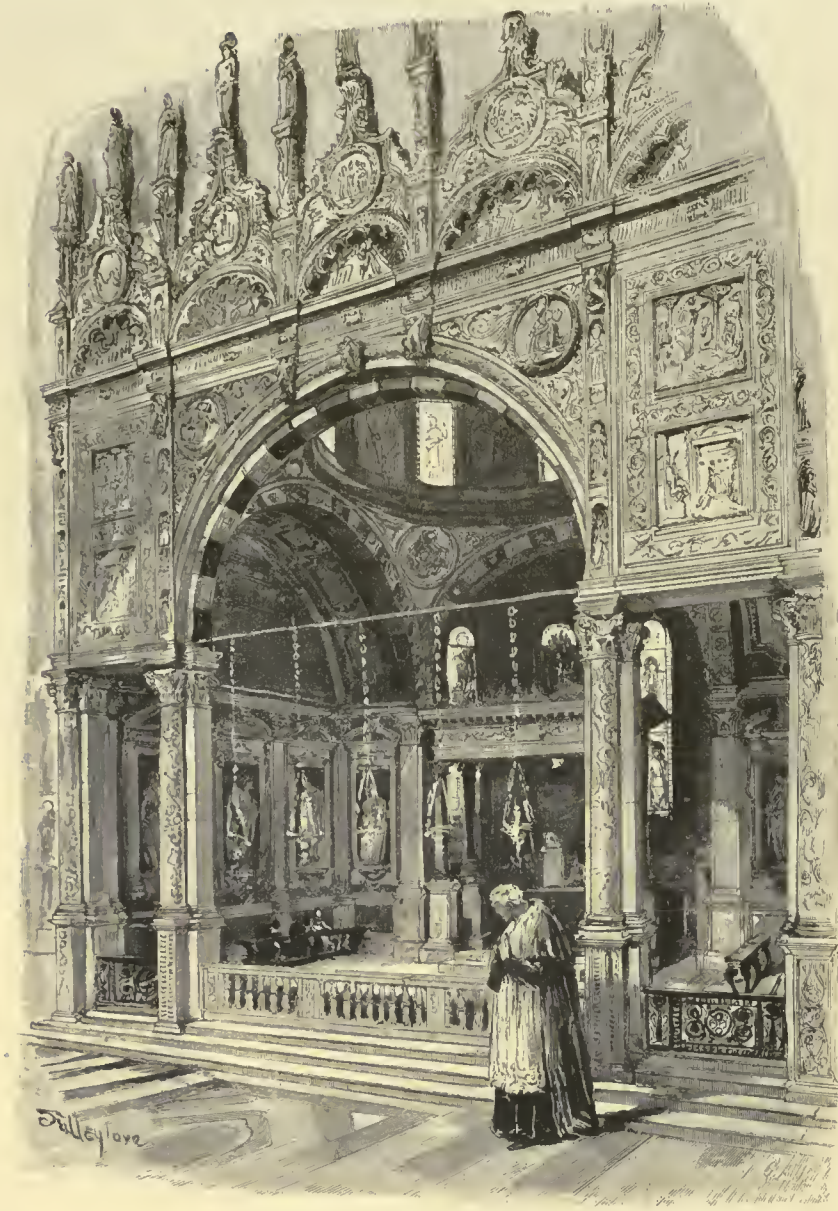
More than one of the smaller churches of Genoa is of archæological interest, and the more modern fabric, called L'Annunziata, is extremely rich in its internal decorations, though these are more remarkable for their sumptuousness than for their good taste. But one structure calls for some notice in any account of the city. This is the Campo Santo, or burial-place of Genoa, situated at some distance without the walls in the Valley of the Bisagno. A large tract of land on the slope which forms the right bank of that stream has been converted into a cemetery, and was laid out on its present plan rather more than twenty years since. Extensive open spaces are enclosed within and divided by corridors with cloisters; terraces also, connected by flights of steps, lead up to a long range of buildings situated some distance above the river, in the centre of which is a chapel crowned with a dome, supported internally by large columns of polished black Como marble. The bodies of the poorer people are buried in the usual way in the open ground of the cemetery, and the floor of the corridors appears to cover a continuous series of vaults, closed, as formerly in our churches, with great slabs of stone; but a very large number of the dead rest above the ground in vaults constructed on a plan which has evidently been borrowed from catacombs like those of Rome. There is, however, this difference, that in the latter the "loculi," or separate compartments to contain the corpses, were excavated in the rock, while here they are constructed entirely of masonry. In both cases the "loculus" is placed with its longer axis parallel to the outer side, as was



occasionally the method in the rock-hewn tombs of Palestine, instead of having an opening at the narrower end, so that the corpse, whether confined or not, lies in the position of a sleeper in the berth of a ship. After a burial, the loculus, as in the catacombs, is closed, and an inscription placed on a slab outside. Thus in the Campo Santo at Genoa we walk through a gallery of tombs. On either hand are ranges of low elongated niches, rising tier above tier, each bearing a long white marble tablet, surrounded by a broad border of dark serpentine breccia. The interior generally is faced with white marble, which is toned down by the interspaces of the darker material, and the effect produced by these simple monumental corridors, these silent records of those who have rested from their labours, is impressive, if somewhat melancholy. In the cloisters, as a rule, the more sumptuous memorials are to be found. Here commonly sections of the wall are given up to the monuments of a family, the vaults, as I infer, being underneath the pavement. These memorials are often elaborate in design, and costly in their materials. They will be, and are, greatly admired by those to whose minds sumptuousness is the chief element in beauty, and a rather second-rate execution of conceptions distinctly third-rate gives no offence. Others, however, will be chiefly impressed with the inferiority of modern statuary to the better work of classic ages, and will doubt whether the more ambitious compositions which meet our eyes in these galleries are preferable to the simple dignity of the mediæval altar tomb, and the calm repose of its recumbent figure.

The drive to the Campo Santo, in addition to affording a view of one of the more perfect parts of the old defensive enclosure of Genoa, of which the Porta Chiappia, one of the smaller gates, may serve as an example, passes within sight, though at some distance below, one of the few relics of classic time which the city has retained. This is the aqueduct which was constructed by the Romans. Some portions of it, so far as can be seen from below, appear to belong to the original structure; but, as it is still in use, it has been in many parts more or less reconstructed and modernised.

The environs of Genoa are pleasant. On both sides, particularly on the eastern, are country houses with gardens. The western for a time is less attractive. The suburb of Sanpierdarena is neither pretty nor interesting; but at Conighiano, and still more at Sestre Ponente, the grimy finger-marks of commerce become less conspicuous, and Nature is not wholly expelled by the two-pronged fork of mechanism. Pegli, still farther west, is a very attractive spot, much frequented in summer time for sea-bathing. This, which in our northern seas, bracing and healthful as it may be, is commonly a chilly and at best a brief pleasure, becomes quite another thing on a summer's day in the Mediterranean, when man may dare to revert to the amphibian stage in his development, like the little Italian boys who spend hours in alternating between sea and land, until their backs are as brown as their faces. On this part of the coast the hills in places draw near to the sea, and crags rise from the



*St. John's Chapel in the Cathedral.*

water; the rocks are of interest in more than one respect to the geologist. One knoll of rock rising from the sand in the Bay of Pra is crowned by an old fortress, and at Pegli itself are one or two villas of note. Of these the gardens of the Villa Pallavicini commonly attract visitors. They reward some by stalactite grottoes and "sheets of water with boats, under artificial caverns, a Chinese pagoda, and an Egyptian obelisk;" others will be more attracted by the beauty of the vegetation, for palms and oleanders, myrtles, and camellias, with many semi-tropical plants, flourish in the open air.

We may regard Genoa as the meeting-place of

the two Rivas. The coast to the west—the Riviera di Ponente—what has now, by the cession of Nice, become in part French soil, is the better known; but that to the east, the Riviera di Levante, though less accessible on the whole, and without such an attractive feature as the Corniche road, in the judgment of some is distinctly the more beautiful. There is indeed a road which, for a part of the way, runs near the sea; but the much more indented character of the coast frequently forces it some distance inland, and ultimately it has to cross a rather considerable line of hills in order to reach Spezzia. The outline of the coast, indeed, is perhaps the most marked feature of difference between the two Rivas. The hills on the eastern side descend far more steeply to the water than they do upon the western. They are much more sharply furrowed



with gullies and more deeply indented by inlets of the sea; thus the construction of a railway from Genoa to Spezzia has been a work involving no slight labour. There are, it is stated, nearly fifty tunnels between the two towns, and it is strictly true that for a large part of the distance north of the latter place the train is more frequently under than above ground. Here it is actually an advantage to travel by the slowest train that can be found, for this may serve as an epitome of the journey by an express: "Out of a tunnel; one glance, between rocks and olive-groves, up a ravine, into which a picturesque old village is wedged; another glance down the same to the sea, sparkling in the sunlight below; a shriek from the engine, and another plunge into darkness." So narrow are some of these gullies, up which, however, a village climbs, that, if I may trust my memory, I have seen a train halted at a station with the engine in the opening of one tunnel and the last carriage not yet clear of another.

But the coast, when explored, is full of exquisite nooks, and here and there, where by chance the hills slightly recede, or a larger valley than usual comes down to the sea, towns of some size are situated, from which, as halting-places, the district might be easily explored, for trains are fairly frequent, and the distances are not great. For a few miles from Genoa the coast is less hilly than it afterwards becomes; nevertheless, the traveller is prepared for what lies before him by being conducted from the main station, on the west side of Genoa, completely beneath the city to near its eastern wall. Then Nervi is passed, which, like Pegli, attracts not a few summer visitors, and is a bright and sunny town, with pleasant gardens and villas. Recco follows, also bright and cheerful, backed by the finely-outlined hills, which form the long promontory enclosing the western side of the Bay of Rapallo. Tunnels and villages, as the railway now plunges into the rock, now skirts the margin of some little bay, lead first to Rapallo and then to Chiavari, one with its slender campanile, the other with its old castle. The luxuriance of the vegetation



*Porta Chiappie.*

in all this district cannot fail to attract notice. The slopes of the hills are grey with olives; oranges replace apples in the orchards, and in the more sheltered nooks we espy the paler gold of the lemon. Here are great spiky aloes, there graceful feathering palms; here pines of southern type, with spreading holm-oaks, and a dozen other evergreen shrubs. Chiavari, however, stands condemned in the guide-books; for it is said to supply most of the organ boys who are inflicted upon England. Poor little urchins! how they must pine for the bright Italian sun during the cold and darkness of our miserable English winters, and in summer time, as they tread the grimy streets of our cities, must long for the warm sea in which they once splashed and played. Hard as life and scarce as money may be in Italy, they gain little, and lose much, in coming here. Happy would it be for them, as well as for those of whose ears they are the involuntary torments, if we greeted them with a "*Vade retro!*" and bade the *padrone* take back his living cargo. But perhaps some day England will become tired of being used as a receptacle for the refuse of the Continent.

Glimpse after glimpse of exquisite scenery flashes upon us as we proceed to Spezzia, but, as already said, its full beauty can only be appreciated by rambling among the hills or boating along the coast. There is endless variety, but the leading features are similar: steep hills furrowed by ravines, craggy headlands and sheltered coves; villages sometimes perched high on a shoulder, sometimes nestling in a gully; sometimes a campanile, sometimes a watch-tower; slopes, here clothed with olive groves, here with their natural covering of pine and oak scrub, of heath, myrtle, and strawberry-trees. A change also in the nature of the rock diversifies the scenery, for between Framura and Bonasola occurs a huge mass of serpentine, which recalls, in its peculiar structure and tints, the crags near the Lizard in our own island. This rock is extensively quarried in the neighbourhood of Levanto, and from that little port many blocks are shipped which find a resting place among the decorations of our homes in London.

Spezzia itself has a remarkable situation. A large inlet of the sea runs deep into the land, parallel with the general trend of the hills, and almost with that of the coast-line. The range which shelters it on the west narrows as it falls to the headland of Porto Venere, and is extended yet farther by rocky islands; while on the opposite coast, hills no less, perhaps yet more, lofty, protect the harbour from the eastern blasts. In one direction only is it open to the wind, and against this the comparative narrowness of the inlet renders the construction of artificial defences possible. At the very head of this deeply embayed sheet of water is a small tract of level ground—the head, as it were, of a valley—encircled by steep hills. On this little plain, and by the waterside, stands Spezzia. Formerly it was a quiet country town, a small seaport with some little commerce; but when Italy ceased to be a geographical expression, and became practically one nation, Spezzia



was chosen, wisely it must be admitted, as the site of the chief naval arsenal. A single glance shows its natural advantages for such a purpose. Access from the land must always present difficulties, and every road can be commanded by forts, perched on yet more elevated positions; while a hostile fleet, as it advances up the inlet, must run the gauntlet of as many batteries as the defenders can build; further, the construction of a breakwater across the middle of the channel at once has been a protection from the storms, and has compelled all who approach to pass through straits commanded by cannon. The distance of the town from its outer defences and from the open sea seems enough to secure it even from modern ordnance; so that, until the former are crushed, it cannot be reached by projectiles. But it must be confessed that the change has not been without its drawbacks. The Spezzia of to-day may be a more prosperous town than the Spezzia of a quarter of a century since, but it has lost some of its beauty. A nineteenth-century fortress adds no charm to the scenery, and does not crown a hill so picturesquely as did a mediæval castle. Houses are being built, roads are being made, land is being reclaimed from the sea for the construction of quays. Thus the place has a generally untidy aspect; there is a kind of ragged selvage to town and sea, which, at present, on a near view, is very unsightly. Moreover, the buildings of an arsenal can hardly be picturesque or magnificent; and great factories, more or less connected with them, have sprung up in the neighbourhood, from which rise tall red-brick chimneys, the campaniles of the nineteenth century. The town itself was never a place of any particular interest: it has neither fine churches nor old gateways nor picturesque streets—a ruinous fort among the olive groves overlooking the streets is all that can claim to be ancient—so that its growth has not caused the loss of any distinctive feature—unless it be a grove of old oleanders, which were once a sight to see in summer time. Many of these have now disappeared, perhaps from natural decay; and the survivors are mixed with orange trees. These, during late years, have been largely planted about the town. In one of the chief streets they are growing by the side of the road, like planes or chestnuts in other towns. The golden fruit and the glossy leaves, always a delight to see, appear to possess a double charm by contrast with the arid flags and dusty streets. Ripe oranges in dozens, in hundreds, all along by the pathway, and within two or three yards of the pavement! Are the boys of Spezzia exceptionally virtuous? or are these golden apples of the Hesperides a special pride of the populace, and does “Father stick” still rule in home and school, and is this immunity the result of physical coercion rather than of moral suasion? Be this as it may, I have with mine own eyes seen golden oranges by hundreds hanging on the trees in the streets of Spezzia, and would be glad to know how long they would remain in a like position in those of an English town, among “the most law-abiding people in the universe!”



SPEZIA.



But if the vicinity of the town has lost some of its ancient charm, if modern Spezzia reminds us too much, now of Woolwich, now of a "new neighbourhood" on the outskirts of London, we have but to pass into the uplands, escaping from the neighbourhood of forts, to find the same beauties as the mountains of this coast ever afford. There the sugar-cane and the vine, the fig and the olive cease, though the last so abounds that one might suppose it an indigenous growth; there the broken slopes are covered with scrub oak and dwarf pine; there the myrtle blossoms, hardly ceasing in the winter months; there the strawberry-tree shows its waxen flowers, and is bright in season with its rich crimson berries. Even the villages add a beauty to the landscape—at any rate, when regarded from a distance: some are perched high up on the shoulders of hills, with distant outlooks over land and sea; others lie down by the water's edge in sheltered coves, beneath some ruined fort, which in olden time protected the fisher-folk from the raids of corsairs. Such are Terenza and Lerici, looking at each other across the waters of the little "Porto;" and many another village, in which grey and white and pink tinted houses blend into one pleasant harmony of colour. For all this part of the coast is a series of rocky headlands and tiny bays, one succession of quiet nooks, to which the sea alone forms a natural highway. Not less irregular, not less sequestered, is the western coast of the bay of Spezzia, which has been already mentioned. Here, at Porto Venere, a little village still carries us back in its name to classic times; and the old church on the rugged headland stands upon a site which was once not unfitly occupied by a temple of the seaborne goddess. The beauty of the scene is enhanced by a rocky wooded island, the Isola Palmeria, which rises steeply across a narrow strait; though the purpose to which it has been devoted—a prison for convicts—neither adds to its charm nor awakens pleasant reflections.

To some minds also the harbour itself, busy and bright as the scene often is, will suggest more painful thoughts than it did in olden days. For it is no preacher of "peace at any price," and is a daily witness that millennial days are still far away from the present epoch. Here may be seen at anchor the modern devices for naval war: great turret-ships and ironclads, gunboats and torpedo launches—evils, necessary undoubtedly, but evils still; outward and visible signs of the burden of taxation, which is cramping the development of Italy, and is indirectly the heavy price which it has to pay for entering the ranks of the great Powers of Europe. These are less picturesque than the old line-of-battle ships, with their high decks, their tall masts, and their clouds of canvas; still, nothing can entirely spoil the harbour of Spezzia, and even these floating castles group pleasantly in the distance with the varied outline of hills and headlands, which is backed at last, if we look southward, by the grand outline of a group of veritable mountains—the Apuan Alps.

## TUNIS.

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THE old Regency of Tunis, which it is now the fashion to call Tunisia, corresponds roughly to the ancient pro-consular Province of Africa, including Byzacena, Zengitana, and the region of the Syrtis, as well as the more famous territory of Carthage. The original inhabitants were, no doubt, a branch of the great Berber nation which extended from the Atlantic Ocean to beyond the banks of the Nile. The modern word *Zenata*, applied to the remnant of them which still exists, is derived from the same root as *Canaanite*, and Procopius asserts that in his time two pillars existed near the Straits of Gibraltar containing the inscription, "We flee from the robber Joshua, the son of Nun." It is probable that there was an invasion of the country from the farther east, even before the arrival of the Phœnicians, who formed a series of colonies along the coast which rose to a high pitch of commercial prosperity. The most important was Carthage, which created for itself an imperishable name, and long disputed with Rome the government of the world. The first Punic war was a contest between these two powers for the possession of Sicily; the second resulted in the utter prostration of Carthage and the loss of its fleets and possessions out of Africa. Even in that continent native states sprang up under the auspices of Rome, which greatly aided that power in its struggle with Hannibal, so that by B.C. 195 Carthaginian authority was practically extinct and Roman influence supreme.

The time of Trajan and the Antonines was the most prosperous in the history of north Africa, and it is to this epoch that most of the splendid remains still existing belong. Then came the introduction of Christianity, in spite of the grievous persecutions which added so many brilliant names to the noble army of the martyrs. The African Church, weakened at length by internal dissensions, crushed by the Vandal invasion, and hardly restored by the Byzantines under Belisarius, was utterly exterminated at the great battle between the Exarch Gregorius and the victorious Arab invaders, which took place at Sufetula in 647 A.D.

Since then Tunis has remained in the hands of the Mohammedans; one dynasty after another has held sway, sometimes independently, at others as vassals of the Porte. It has been remarked that Mohammedan rule consisted of three epochs: first, that of power; second, that of piracy; and third, that of decay. To these may now be added a fourth; by the treaty of the Kasr-es-Saeed, on the 12th of May, 1881, the Regency passed under the protection of France, and has entered on a career of prosperity which a few years ago would have seemed incredible. It is still governed in the name of the Bey, but the virtual ruler is the Resident-General, who is declared to be "the depositary of the power of the French Republic in the Regency."



The first place of interest which a traveller sees in making the coast of Tunis from the westward is the small island of Tabarca, lying close to the shore, and crowned by the ruins of a mediæval fortress, not unlike a castle on the Rhine. From the earliest times its history has been an interesting one, but it is especially so since the expedition of Charles V. to Tunis. One of the conditions of peace which he exacted from the Tunisians guaranteed to the Spaniards the perpetual right of fishing for coral off the coast.

Shortly afterwards Jean Doria captured the celebrated Turkish corsair Dragut, and on the partition of the spoil the latter fell to the lot of one of the Lomellini family of Genoa, who exacted as the price of his ransom the cession of Tabarca. Charles V. undertook its defence and built the castle, the ruins of which still exist. Both the Spaniards and Italians, into whose keeping it successively passed, neglected to keep it in an efficient condition, and in 1741 it was captured by the Tunisians, who enslaved the greater part of the garrison and of the population whom they were supposed to protect. About five hundred, however, escaped to the island of San Pietro, in Sardinia, where their descendants still exist—a people quite distinct from the ordinary Sardes.

The country inland is mountainous, rich and finely wooded, the home of the once dreaded *Khomair*, or *Kroumir* as they are erroneously called, whose alleged “invention” by M. St. Hillaire was the pretext for the occupation of Tunis by the French. Till then their country was a blank on the map; no traveller, save the writer and his companion, the Earl of Kingston, is known to have passed through it in recent times, and its inhabitants were far more hostile to the tax-gatherers of the Bey than they were represented to be to the European traveller. But the ferocity of their character was greatly exaggerated; the French were only too glad to keep up the delusion, and to tolerate their occasional plundering expeditions in order to have an excuse always ready for the invasion of the country. Now it is in a perfectly tranquil condition, traversed by excellent roads, which connect the coast-line with the general railway system of Algeria and Tunis.

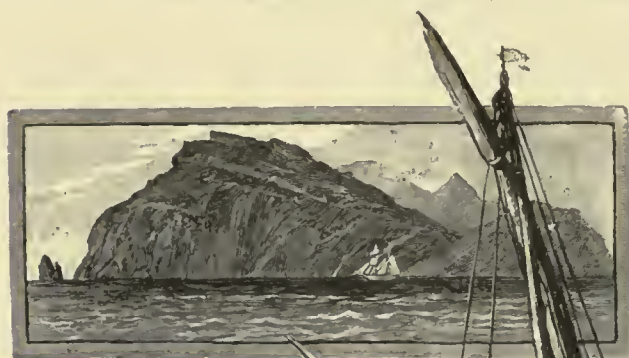
Beyond this is a place which will certainly one day make the nations of Europe, our own in particular, aware of its existence; an “Answer,” it may be, to the Egyptian “Question.”

The little town of Bizerta, the ancient Hippo Diarrhytus, is a miniature Venice, built on the canal which connects the lake of Bizerta with the sea. The former is one of the most remarkable places in the Mediterranean; it contains fifty square miles of anchorage for the largest vessels afloat, but the most valuable portion is the river-like reach between the main body of the lake and the sea. It has a length of five miles, and a breadth of about one, with a depth of from four to six fathoms. The western bank is low, and covered to the water's edge with olive

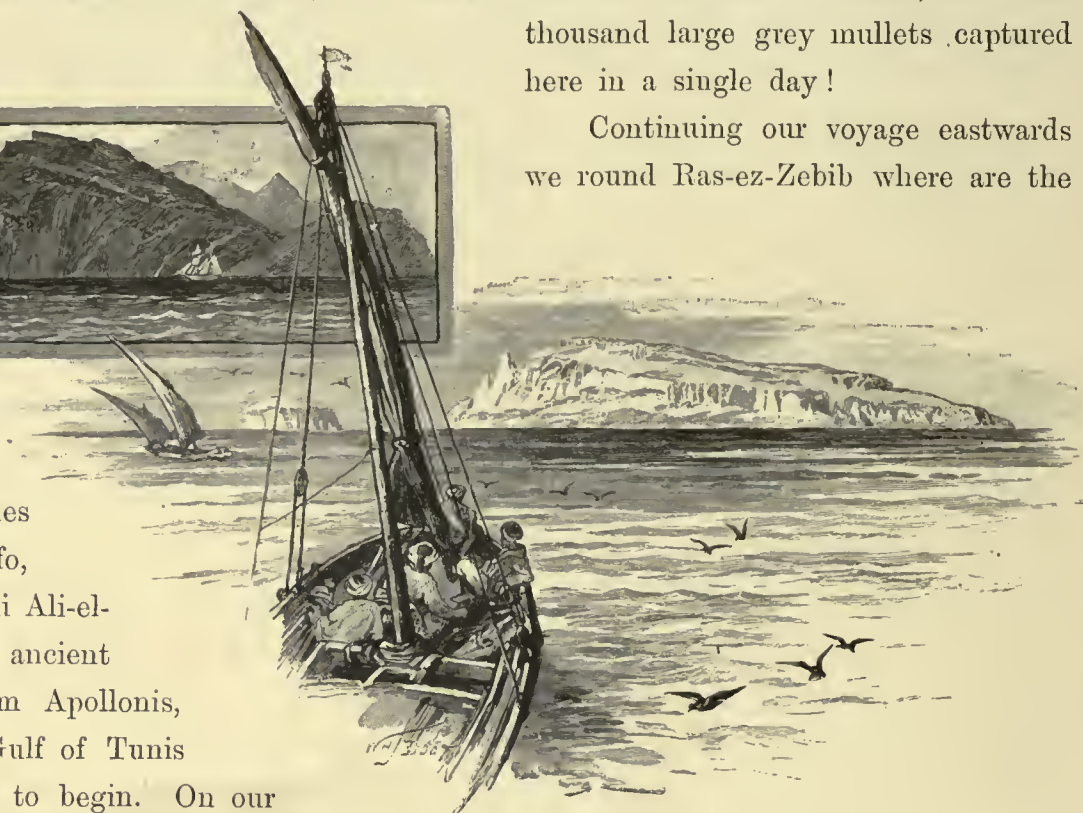
trees; the opposite shore slopes gradually up to a height of two hundred feet in some places; it is well wooded, park-like in appearance, and would form a splendid suburb for a great city, such as will, in all probability, be built here one day, when the present entrance is made navigable for large vessels, and the lake becomes an important strategical position. The entrance canal works are about to be put in hand, and even now it has been made a torpedo station.

The lake swarms with fish; the writer saw ten thousand dorades, and five thousand large grey mullets captured here in a single day!

Continuing our voyage eastwards we round Ras-ez-Zebib where are the



tunny fisheries of Count Raffo, and Ras Sidi Ali-el-Mekhi, the ancient Promontorium Apollonis, where the Gulf of Tunis may be said to begin. On our left are the little islands of



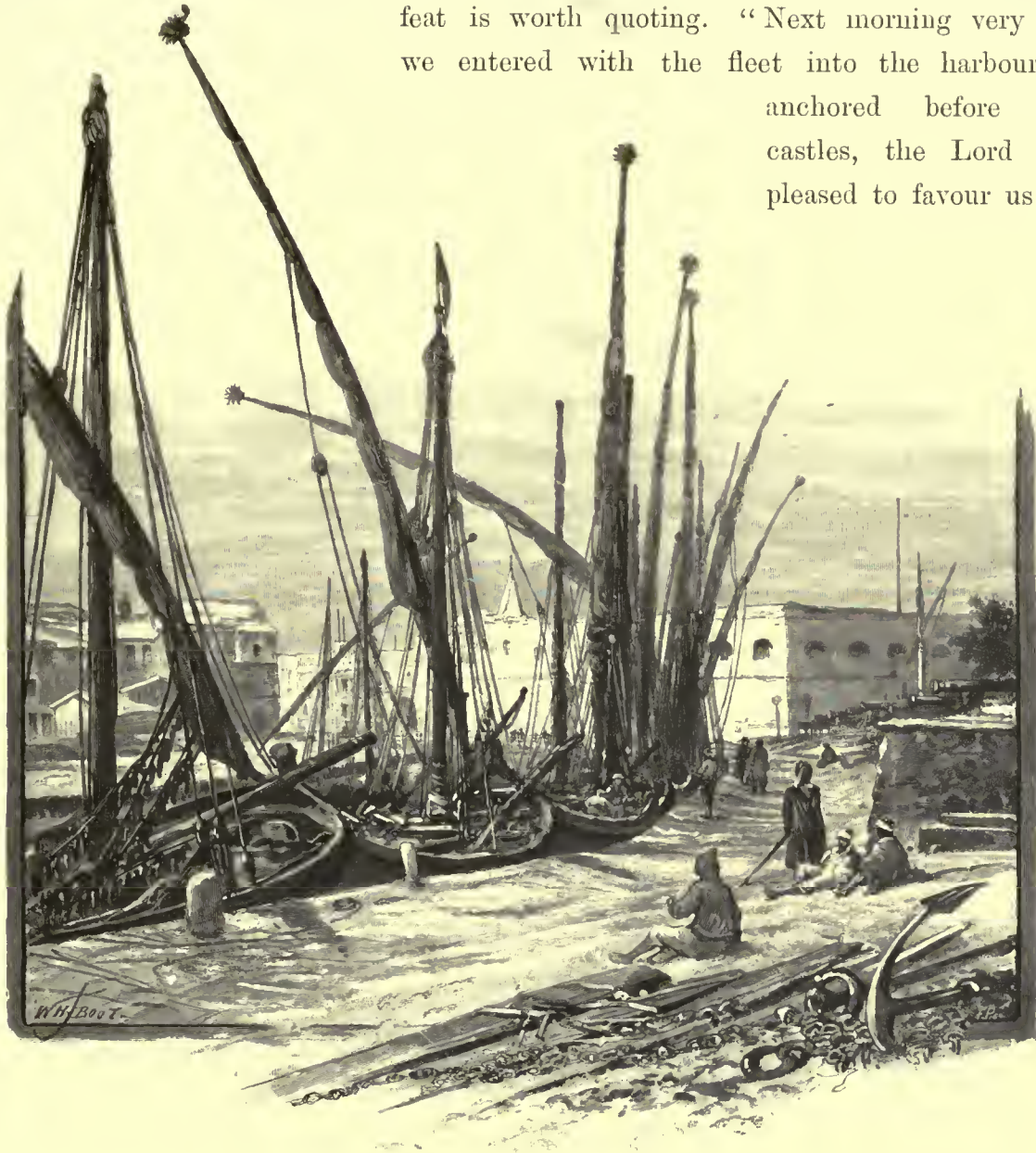
*Zembra, and Zembretta.*

Zembra and Zembretta, the *Ægimurus* of the ancients; and on our right another inland sea, once the winter station of the Tunisian fleet in the old piratical times, that of Porto Farina. This is called by the Arabs, *Ghar-el-Melah*, but it has now been completely silted up by the alluvial deposits washed into it by the river Medjerda, the far-famed Bagradas, on the banks of which took place the combat between the army of Attilius Regulus and the monstrous serpent, 225 B.C. They besieged it, says Pliny, with ballista and implements of war, as one would have attacked a city.

But a much more authentic battle took place at Porto Farina in comparatively modern times. In 1665 Blake, having long accounts to settle with the government of Tunis, appeared off the place with a squadron of nine vessels, and, after Divine Service had been performed, coolly proceeded to anchor as close to the great batteries on shore as his vessels could float. In a short time the whole artillery of Porto Farina, not less than one hundred and twenty guns of large calibre, opened



fire upon his squadron; under cover of which, Blake sent his boats into the lake to destroy the enemy's fleet. His own short and modest account of this daring feat is worth quoting. "Next morning very early we entered with the fleet into the harbour and anchored before their castles, the Lord being pleased to favour us with



*Landing at Goletta.*

a gentle gale off the sea, which cast all the smoke upon them, and made our work all the more easy, for, after some hours' dispute, we set on fire all their ships, nine in number; and the same favourable gale still continuing, we retreated out again into the roads. We had twenty-five men slain, and about forty hurt, with very little other loss."\*

It is curious to see this once important arsenal and fortress, with its extensive public buildings and large docks, now utterly deserted, and with so little water in its harbour that a ship's boat has some difficulty in landing.

\* Add. MSS. British Museum.

The predecessor of Porto Farina was Utica, *the ancient city* before the Phœnicians colonised Carthage, now represented by the miserable Arab village of Bou Chater. It played an important part in all the Punic wars, but it is especially famous as being the scene of the unnecessary self-sacrifice of Cato, who committed suicide here after the decisive battle of Thapsus, and the defeat of the Pompeian party in Africa. This place is now at a considerable distance inland, owing to the change which has taken place in the delta of the Medjerda; some ruins still exist of the ancient city, but they are neither very extensive nor very important.

After leaving this, Cape Carthage is doubled, and the Arab town of Sidi Bou Saeed is passed, then the site of great Carthage itself; while the opposite side is bounded by a picturesque chain of hills, and eventually we arrive at the Goletta, or Port of Tunis.

The name Goletta is a corruption of the Arabic words *Halk-el-Oued*, or "throat of the canal," an artificial passage cutting the town into two portions, and communicating between the sea and the lake of Tunis. The fortress which defends it has been frequently besieged; the most memorable occasion being that by Charles V., who, in July, 1535, arrived here with a fleet of nearly five hundred vessels and thirty thousand regular troops, consisting of the flower of European chivalry. After an obstinate resistance, Goletta was taken by assault, and the garrison retreated to Tunis, closely followed by the Emperor's army. Ten thousand Christian slaves confined in the citadel of Tunis effected their escape, sided with the invaders, and Charles became master of the place.

For three days Tunis was given over to pillage, and it is said that thirty thousand of the inhabitants perished and ten thousand more were carried off as slaves. The Bey, whom Charles placed on a throne surrounded by so much carnage, signed a treaty acknowledging that he held it in fee of the Crown of Spain, and agreed to pay a subsidy for the support of the garrison left at the Goletta. A ship-canal is now being constructed from the sea, through the lake, a harbour will be made at Tunis, and it is expected that the works will be completed by 1894.

From the Goletta to Tunis is a short journey of eleven miles by the Italian railway, which was one of the immediate causes of the occupation of the country by the French. It had been constructed by an English company, and when it was determined to wind this up, a great struggle took place between the French and Italians for its possession. It was put up to auction in the Vice-Chancellor's Chambers in London, and adjudged to the Rubattino Company for £165,000. This, with the well-known Enfida case, it was, which induced the French to assert their supremacy in the government of the country and to undertake military operations in it, the pretext being the predatory character of the Khomair before mentioned.



Tunis is a much more ancient city than is generally thought. It was certainly known by its present name before the foundation of Utica and Carthage; it was probably built by native Africans, and not, like the others, by Phœnician settlers. The modern town has been constructed almost entirely from the materials of Carthage. It was originally surrounded by a wall, but a great part of this has disappeared. The marine gate, or Bab-el-Bahr, is now quite isolated, and the walls on each side only exist in the name of the street, Rue des Remparts. Inside is the British consulate, and outside, stretching away to the lake, is a wide boulevard, bordered with stately houses, including the French Residency, the principal hotel, numerous cafés, as well as public and private buildings.

This gate is, in fact, the limit between the new French city which is springing up and the old native town, which still retains its original character. The interior of the latter presents a confused network of streets and lanes, one or two of which, wider than the rest, run nearly through its whole length; they are wonderfully clean and well lighted for an Oriental city. The lower part and the faubourg nearest to it are occupied by Christians and Jews; the upper part used to be entirely, and still is to a great extent, reserved for the Mohammedan population. It is built in the form of a crescent crowned by the Kasba, in which were kept the Christian slaves who so materially aided Charles V. in his attack; all the old buildings within it have been demolished, and replaced by modern French barracks.

Nothing is more attractive to a stranger than the native bazaars; they are narrow and tortuous, well shaded by the houses themselves, and frequently covered in with planks and matting. The trades generally keep together, so that a purchaser has the advantage of comparing all the various articles of the same sort in one place. The principal are the *Souk-el-Attarin*, or Bazaar of the Perfumers; the *Souk-el-Ferashin*, where carpets and all manner of gaily-coloured stuffs are exposed for sale; the *Souk-es-Seradjin*, or Bazaar of the Saddlers, full of splendid embroidery on leather; the *Souk-el-Turk*, where arms are sold; and many others.

The most interesting building in Tunis is the *Dar-el-Bey*, or Town Palace, where the Bey still holds receptions, driving over from his residence near Carthage for the purpose. Some of the rooms are gems of Moorish architecture, equal to anything in the Alhambra, while the more modern State apartments, though rich in their way, appear offensive beside the incomparable geometric tracery and tile-work of the ancient portion.

Throughout Tunis—except, strange to say, in the sacred city of Kerouan—Christians are not permitted to enter any of the mosques. The principal here are the *Djamaa-ez-Zeitouna*, or Mosque of the Olive-tree, a sort of university where a number of youths receive a religious education (it was built in 698 A.D. on the site of the

cell of a Christian anchorite); the *Djamaa Sidi Mahrez*, distinguished by its large dome surrounded by smaller cupolas; and numerous other mosques, Zaouias or colleges, and tombs of Mohammedan saints.

Domestic architecture under the native Government attained a very high standard of elegance and perfection. In no other place east of Morocco did the Turks or Arabs attempt to manufacture those beautiful tiles inspired by the still finer models of Persia and India. They were content to import them thence, or to employ Spanish imitations, or the faïence mosaics of Morocco. But in Tunis they were made in great perfection, and a remnant of the art still survives. One or two Arabs retain the old tradition as regards design and colour, but the quality is no longer what it used to

be, and every tile is marked with three unsightly blotches, caused by the "crow's feet" which are used for keeping them apart during the process of baking. The same may be said regarding the wonderful plaster geometric tracery for which the Tunisians became so celebrated after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain; there are very few who can now do the work at all, none who can equal that executed only fifty years ago.

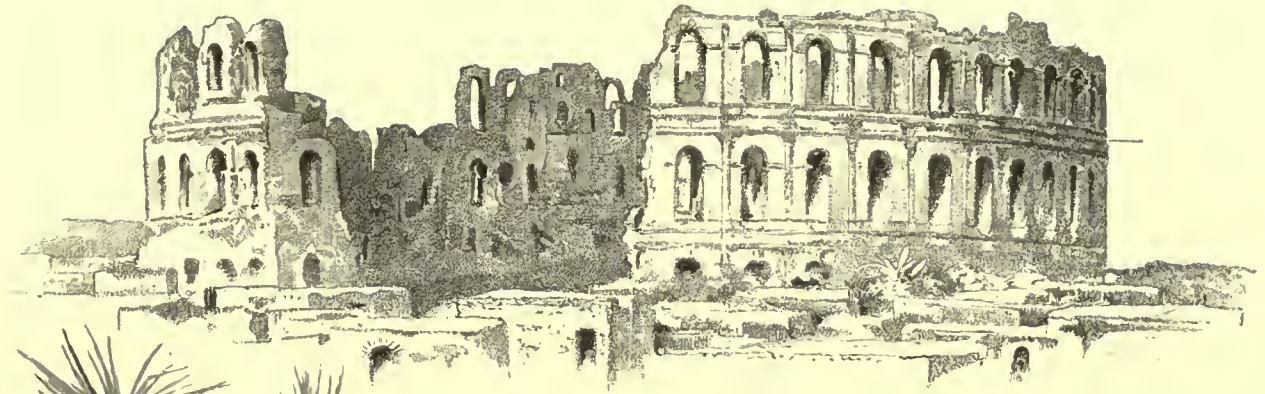
The costume of the people harmonises well with the picturesque character of their surroundings. The upper classes and Government officials wear the inelegant semi-European uniform now general throughout the East; but the *bourgeoisie* have a dress peculiar to the country, more tasteful and



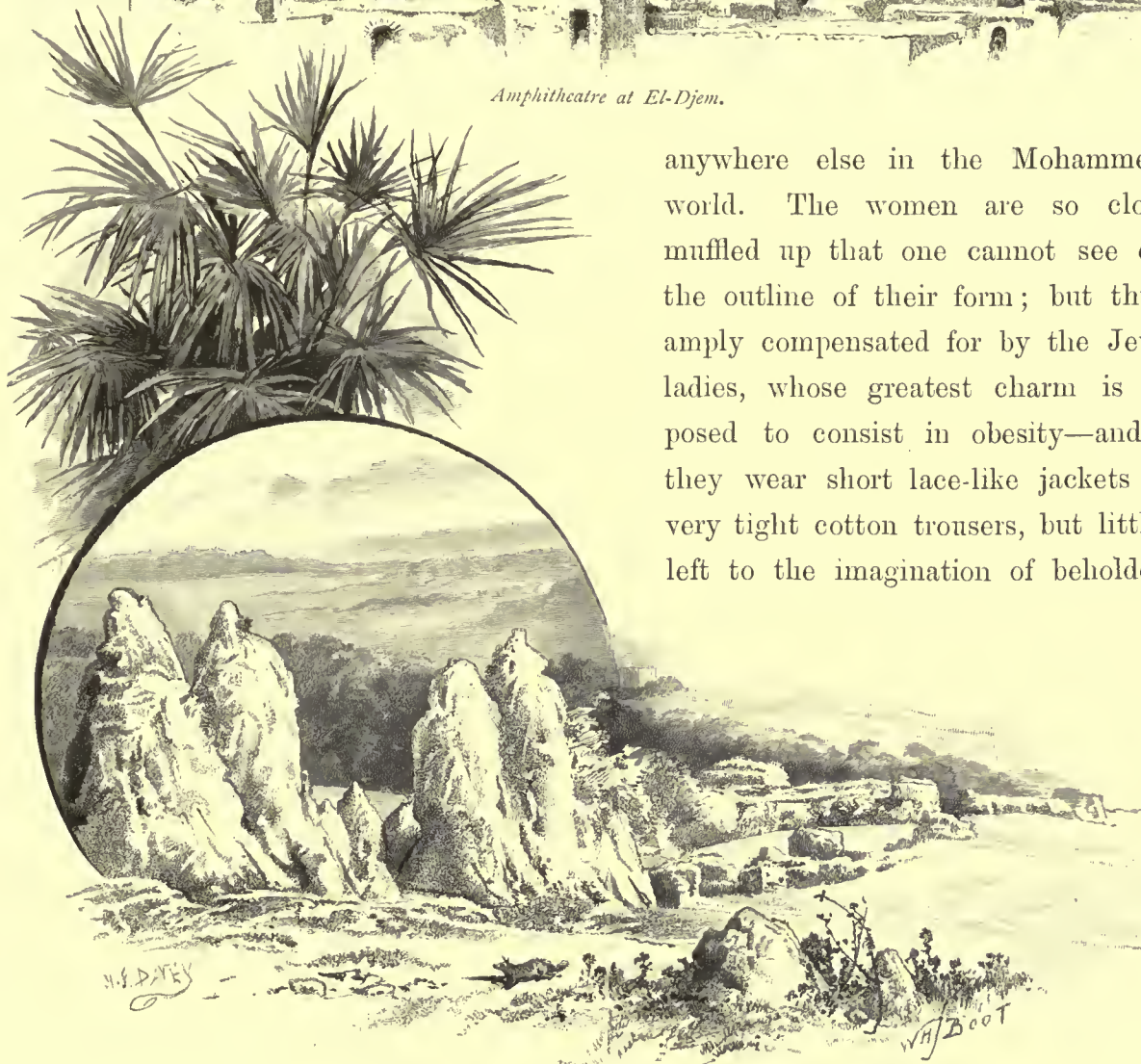
Street in Tunis.

elegant than is met with elsewhere. It consists principally of a flowing robe, called *Kurta*, of very fine woollen stuff, generally dyed of a quiet brown colour, and exquisitely embroidered with tracery of green or other bright-coloured silk. All wear the red cap, here called *Chachia*, which is manufactured in greater perfection at Zaghouan than



*Amphitheatre at El-Djem.*

anywhere else in the Mohammedan world. The women are so closely muffled up that one cannot see even the outline of their form; but this is amply compensated for by the Jewish ladies, whose greatest charm is supposed to consist in obesity—and, as they wear short lace-like jackets and very tight cotton trousers, but little is left to the imagination of beholders.

*Ruins of Utica.*

There are many beautiful walks round Tunis, though the country is rather bare and deficient in the luxurious vegetation which is so striking at Algiers. Perhaps the best view is from the hill to the south-east of the town, crowned by two conspicuous buildings—the tomb of Sidi Bel Hassan, and the Bordj Ali Rais. A good complement of this view is obtained from the Belvedere on the opposite side of the town. The Palace of the Bardo is also worthy of a visit; it is about half an hour's drive from the town, and contains the beautiful State apartments of the

Bey, used by him on great religious festivals, and a museum of antiquities collected in various parts of the Regency.

But the great excursion to be made is to the site of the mighty Carthage, which had a career of seven hundred years of uninterrupted prosperity and glory from its foundation by the Phœnicians till its destruction by Scipio 146 B.C. It was again rebuilt as a Roman colony on a scale of great magnificence, and subsequently became the chief seat of Christianity in Africa.

Little remains of this great city save a few cisterns, some shapeless masses of masonry, and the antiquities which have been collected and preserved in the museum of St. Louis. It has long been the cherished scheme of the distinguished prelate who presides over the Roman Catholic Church in Africa, Cardinal Lavigerie, to rebuild Carthage as a monument to the glory of France on the spot hallowed by the death of St. Louis. He has built a cathedral, a seminary, and several convents; but the rise of Carthage would mean the fall of Tunis, and it is difficult to divert commerce from its ancient channels, and hard to condemn so important a city as Tunis to decay.

The situation of Carthage was singularly well chosen, on the shores of a magnificent and well-sheltered bay. It consisted, properly speaking, of three separate towns—the Byrsa, or citadel, where is now the Chapel of St. Louis and other religious edifices; the Cothon, or artificial harbour, shown to the right of our illustration; and the Magaria, which stretched behind these to the sea-shore near Sidi Bou Saeed.

The great cisterns have been restored and are now filled by pipes from the modern aqueduct of Zaghuan, which has replaced the magnificent structure of Trajan, one of the grandest works ever carried out by the Romans in Africa, of which a noble fragment yet remains between Tunis and Zaghuan.

The most considerable of the ruins of Carthage is the Basilica, at a place called by the Arabs *Damous-el-Karta*, evidently *Domus Caritatis*. It was remarkable for its great size as well as the richness of its materials. It contained a mass of sarcophagi, and no less than twelve or thirteen thousand fragments of inscriptions have been preserved of bishops, priests and all the other ranks of the hierarchy.

Instead of reaching Tunis by sea, a traveller can approach by railway from Algeria; the general system of the latter colony joining the Tunisian line at Ghardimaou, in the basin of the Medjerda.

There are many interesting places on the way. Close to the station of Oued Meliz is Chemtou, where are fine quarries of Numidian marble, second only in importance to those of Arzew in Algeria, and the extensive ruins of the Roman *Colonia Simithensium*. These consist of a long aqueduct, the *thermæ* of the city, a theatre, an amphitheatre, and a basilica; but the great feature of the place is the colossal bridge over the Medjerda. It is a work of great magnitude; the southern



side is nearly complete, but the rest lies in huge masses, encumbering the bed of the river, as if broken up and tossed about by some great convulsion of nature. An inscription tells us that it was re-constructed by Trajan from its foundation, and by the titles given to the emperor we gather that it was after he had assumed that of Dacicus, but before the Arabian and Parthian campaign, about A.D. 105. It formed, probably, the point of departure for Sicca Venerea.

A little farther on the line is Souk-el-Arbâa, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Roman city of Bulla Regia. Its position was, no doubt, determined by a copious spring of sweet water, which in this region of brackish rivers was a priceless treasure. It was probably the residence of some of the Numidian kings, and is mentioned in the Itinerary of Antonine as a station on the road from Hippo Regia (the Hippo of St. Augustine and the modern Bône) to Carthage. The ruins cover an area of many acres, and consist of large buildings and numerous smaller vaulted edifices, now buried in the soil, generally above the spring of the arches. The fountain rose in a large semi-circular *nymphæum* of cut stone, from which leaden pipes issued for the distribution of the water in various directions. Immediately in front of it was a triumphal arch, which was destroyed by the French contractors to make culverts for the railway. There are also the usual *thermæ*, theatre, and amphitheatre, very much buried in the earth, which may, perhaps, be found to have protected them from total destruction.

Still farther on is Beja, mentioned by Sallust as Vacca, which Edrisi describes as "a beautiful city built in a plain extremely fertile in corn and barley, so that there is not in all the Moghreb a city so important or more rich in cereals." It was surrounded by an ancient Byzantine wall, adopted and re-constructed by the Arabs; but this has been to a great extent pulled down, to give place to modern French improvements. The mosque called Djamâa-el-Keber, dedicated to Saidna-Aïssa (our Lord Jesus) was originally a Christian basilica, restored and embellished—as we learn by an inscription—in the time of the emperors Valentinianus and Valens.

At the Oued Zergâa, a few miles farther on the line, a horrible massacre was perpetrated by the insurgent Arabs, shortly after the French occupation. The station-master was burnt alive, and ten other employés were murdered.

Before reaching Tunis the line passes through a portion of the great aqueduct of Carthage, which is here very different in construction to that which crosses the plain of the Oued Melian. Instead of being of finely-cut stone, the piers are constructed of *pisé*, or rammed earth, in blocks of about one mètre thick, standing on a foundation of solid masonry, faced with a broad, square plinth of *pisé*. The specus is high enough for a man to pass, and the total height varies from twenty-one to twenty-four mètres.

Having now conducted the imaginary traveller to Tunis from the west, we will accompany him southward along the coast of the Syrtis Minor. We round Cape Bon or Ras Adhar, the Hermean promontory, beyond which the Carthaginians so often stipulated that no Roman ships should pass. This is the extreme point of the Dakhel, a large tongue of land, which extends in a north-easterly direction between the Gulf of Tunis and Hammamat, and is crowned by a remarkably fine lighthouse, the brilliant light of which is seen from a distance of twenty-five miles.

Beyond is Kelebia, the ancient Clypea, a city founded by Agathocles, tyrant of Syraeuse, the first position occupied by Regulus on his arrival in Africa, and the last



*Bazaar in Tunis.*

which remained to the Christians after the Mohammedan invasion. The ruins of the Acropolis are still very perfect. Near it is Nebuel, celebrated for its pottery, which is really curious, on account of the tradition which it retains of Roman art, and its beautiful yellow and green glaze.

Thence directing our course in a south-westerly direction we come to Susa—or, as the French generally write it, Sousse—the ancient Hadrumetum, capital of the province of Byzacium, the history of which is quite an epitome of that of Carthage: founded by the Phœnicians, made a Roman colony by Trajan; always conspicuous during the Punic wars, destroyed by the Vandals, restored by the Byzantines; occupied by the Arab invaders; a favourite resort of Turkish pirates; taken by Charles V., and subsequently retaken by Dragut the corsair. It is now a military station,





*Tunis, with Distant View of Djamaa Sidi Mahrez.*

and under French rule is regaining something of its former importance. In itself it has no particular attraction save as being the starting-point for two interesting excursions—to Kerouan, the holy city of the west, famous for its beautiful mosques and other religious institutions, which alone, of all similar buildings in Tunis, are accessible to the Christian traveller. Before the French occupation no Christian could enter its gates without a special permission from the Bey, and a Jew was not allowed even to approach its walls. Now the place is full of stores and wine-shops, and the music of the barrel-organ is heard in its streets. The pious Mohammedan guardians do not even disdain to earn an honest penny by showing the unbeliever over its most sacred shrines.

Next to Mecca and Medina no city was considered so sacred in the eyes of Western Mohammedans. It was founded by Okba bin Naffa, in the fiftieth year of the Hedjira (A.D. 670). The country where it now stands was said to have been infested with wild beasts and noxious reptiles, but at his bidding they all retired peaceably, to the great marvel of the Berber inhabitants, who became converted to El-Islam.

Kerouan is surrounded by a crenellated brick wall, strengthened by towers and bastions, and pierced by five principal gates and two posterns; but beyond this there are suburbs to the south and west, which contain several important shrines and several great cisterns. The largest was built by the Aghlabite dynasty, and is capable of containing 5,800 cubic mètres of water; a smaller one above of 4,000 cubic



*Interior of House in Tunis.*

mètres is intended to receive any *débris* that may be washed down, and allow only the clear water to flow into the main one. These have been thoroughly restored by the French.

The great mosque of Sidi Okba is the principal object of attraction, and occupies nearly all the northern angle of the town. It consists of a rectangle divided off into three parts—the portion exclusively reserved for worship, the vestibule adjoining it, and a great cloistered court from which rises the minaret. The effect on entering the first is very grand. It contains seventeen naves, each of eight arches, supported by coupled marble and porphyry columns, the spoil of the chief Roman edifices in North Africa. There are 296 in this portion of the building, and 439 in the entire mosque. The entrance-door is of beautifully sculptured wood, with a long inscription from the Koran in relief. The *mihrab*, or sacralium, has the archivolt supported by two columns of alabaster, sent by one of the Byzantine emperors to Hassan bin Naaman in 689. The walls are of exquisite plaster work, through the openings of which can still be seen the original rude Mihrab of Sidi Okba, which has been jealously preserved in all the alterations and restorations to which the building has been subjected. The pulpit is of wood, splendidly carved, each panel being different. The court is surrounded by a double arcade, with coupled columns, and under it is an



immense cistern, occupying the entire area. The most striking peculiarity of the mosque is the grand simplicity and cathedral-like aspect of the interior. There is nothing tawdry about it; everything speaks to the Moslem of the solemn character with which he invests his Jehovah.

The only spring of water in the city is the well called El-Barota, supposed to have a communication with Zemzem at Mecca. There are many other religious edifices, both in and outside the city, all of which can be visited, but the most important is the Djemaät-es-Sehebi, wherein is interred one of the companions of the Prophet, Abdulla ibn-Zemäa el-Beloui, whence its familiar name, "Mosque of the Companion." With him are buried three hairs of the Prophet's beard—one under his tongue, one on his right arm, and the third next his heart. This has given rise to the superstition amongst Europeans that he was the Prophet's barber! The shrine of "the Companion" itself is a small chamber, with fine embroideries, but the architecture is in the worst taste. All the rest of the building, however—the minaret, the vestibule, and the cloister—are splendidly adorned with plaster work and faïence, a perfect marvel of beauty.

A very interesting excursion from Kerouan, which is not now nearly as difficult as it used to be when the writer made it before the French occupation, is to Sbeitla, the ancient Sufetula, where the first great and disastrous encounter between Christianity and Mohammedanism in North Africa took place, when the army of Gregorius was utterly exterminated by Abdullah ibn-Saad, and so much booty was taken that every horse-soldier got three thousand dinars and every foot-soldier one thousand.

This ancient city must have been one of great magnificence; the form is still perfectly apparent, and many of the streets can be traced in their entire course. It is full of ruins, but the most important is the Hieron, or sacred enclosure, on the north side of which are the magnificent remains of three temples, partly attached, and together forming one design. It is entered by a triumphal arch of excellent construction. The porticoes of the temples were each supported by six monolithic shafts of great size, and must have been on a splendid scale, judging from the sculptured fragments lying on the ground, of a very decorative character. The cellas are still pretty nearly entire. There are certainly no Roman ruins in North Africa to compare for extent and beauty with those of Sbeitla.

The second excursion which a traveller should make from Susa is to the amphitheatre of El-Djem, which will require two days. It is all that remains of the ancient city of Thysdrus, where Gordian I. was proclaimed Emperor. It is very similar to other edifices of its kind, but in some respects it surpasses all of them in magnificence. The first and third orders are Corinthian, the middle one is Composite, the fourth also was Corinthian, but it is not certain that it was ever finished.

Owing to the strength of its masonry, this vast building has often been used as a fortress, to the great destruction of the fabric. Fully one-third of the perimeter has been thrown down, and the interior has suffered more than the exterior walls.

Still directing our course southward, we come to Monastir, the ancient Ruspina, and farther still to Mahadia, the Turris Hannibalis, or country-seat of Hannibal, whence he embarked after his flight from Carthage. This is an interesting place to Englishmen, as being the scene of the very first expedition to North Africa in which our countrymen bore a part. The operation is thus described by Froysard:



*Cape Bon, or Ras Adhar.*

“In the thirteenth year of the reign of Richard II. (1390) the Christians took in hand a journey against the Saracens of Barbary, through sail of the Genoese; so that there went a great number of lords, knights, and gentlemen of France and England, the Duke of Bourbon being their general. Out of England there were John de Beaufort, bastard son of the Duke of Lancaster, also Sir John Russell, Sir John Butler, Sir John Harcourt, and others. They set forward in the latter end of the thirteenth year of the king’s reign and came to Genoa, where they remained not very long, but that the gallies and other vessels of the Genoese were ready to pass them over into Barbary; and so about midsummer in the fourteenth year of the king’s reign, the whole army, being embarked, sailed forth to the coast of Barbary, where, near to the city of Africa, they landed. At which instant the





*Tunis, with Tomb of Sidi Bel Hassan.*

English archers stood all the company in good stead with their long bows, beating back the enemy from the shore, which came down to resist their landing. After they had got to land they environed the city of Africa, called by the Moors Mahadia, with a strong siege; but at length—constrained with the intemperancy of the scalding air in that hot country, breeding in the army sundry diseases—they fell to a composition on certain articles to be performed in behalf of the Saracens, and so sixty-one days after their arrival they returned home.”

About one hundred miles still farther south is Sfax, the most important commercial city in the Regency, after Tunis, occupying the site of the ancient Taphroura; and still farther on Gabes, the ancient Tacape, which can hardly be called a town, but is rather an assemblage of villages scattered through a beautiful oasis of palm-trees.

This place has obtained a certain amount of notoriety owing to the daring scheme of Commandant Roudaire, for the creation of an inland sea by the submersion of the Sahara. The limits of our article will not permit us to enter into this subject; the Company formed by M. Roudaire has wisely abandoned the scheme; it has now taken to sinking artesian wells and fertilising the desert. This seems to be the true solution of the question of an inland sea; a sea of verdure and fertility caused by the multiplication of artesian wells, which never fail to bring riches and prosperity in their train.

The most southerly place of any interest in the Regency is the island of Djerba, on the opposite side of the Syrtis Minor, so surrounded by shallow banks that a





SITE AND BAY OF CARTHAGE.



vessel cannot approach nearer than four miles; even when landing in a boat the traveller must look well after the tide, or he may chance to find himself high and dry before he has reached the shore. This is the only place in the Mediterranean where there is a regular daily tide depending on lunar influences; the rise and fall is seven feet.

This island is mentioned by various classical authors as *Meninx*, *Brachion*, and *Girba*. Gallus and his son Volusianus were raised to the purple hence, *creati in insula Meninge quæ nunc Girba dicitur*; but it is far more celebrated as being the Homeric island of the Lotophagi.

Much controversy has arisen regarding the *lotus*, which so enchanted strangers as to tempt them to desert their companions and their fatherland. The passage in the *Odyssey* (ix. 90) is as follows:—"On the tenth day we set foot on the island of the lotus-eaters. . . . Now when we had tasted meat and drink, I sent forth certain of my company to go and make search what manner of men they were who live here upon the earth by bread, and I chose out two of my fellows, and sent a third with them as herald. Then straightway they went and mixed with the men of the lotus-eaters; and so it was that the lotus-eaters devised not death for our fellows, but gave them of the lotus to taste. Now whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus had no more wish to bring tidings nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotus-eating men, ever feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of his homeward way."

The date of Djerba is excellent, and the island is the first place where it forms the daily food of the inhabitants at which a vessel coming from the eastward would touch, so that it would naturally produce a deep impression upon travellers.

The wine made from the sap of the tree is as familiar as the fruit itself, and may have contributed to render the sailors oblivious of their "homeward way."

The modern capital is Hooimt-es-Souk, close to which was the celebrated *Bordj-er-Roos*, or Pyramid of Skulls, which was seen and described by Sir Grenville Temple in 1832. It was twenty feet in height, and ten feet broad at the base, tapering towards a point, and composed entirely of skulls, reposing in regular rows on intervening layers of bones. The catastrophe which furnished the material for this extraordinary monument was the massacre of the Spanish garrison of five thousand men, commanded by the Viceroy of Sicily and Andrea Doria, by the Turks in 1560.

The most remarkable feature of Djerba is the great inland sea which separates it from the mainland, and into which small vessels can pass both from the east and west; at El-Kantara, about the middle of the eastern passage, are the ruins of what must have been a magnificent city, certainly the most important place in the island. Other Roman ruins exist all round the margin of the lake, proving that in ancient times it was a haven of safety, and perfectly navigable for the

vessels then in use. There can be little doubt that here, and not in M. Roudaire's basin of the Chotts, we must place the famous Lake of Triton, the position of which has always been a puzzle to geographers.

There is one more inhabited place in the Regeney, south of Djerba, Zarzis, which is likely to become an important strategical point; but here all interest for the traveller ceases, and we come upon that long stretch of sandy country which forms the coast of the Syrtis Major, where the army of Cato nearly found a grave. This is only relieved by rare patches of vegetation, till we come to the beautiful peninsula of Cyrene, whose cities were adorned with so many splendid edifices, which was celebrated by the most famous historians and poets of Greece and Rome; where were the gardens of the Hesperides, and where

"Lethe's streams from secret springs below  
Rise to the light; where heavily and slow  
The silent, dull, forgetful waters flow."

R. LAMBERT PLAYFAIR.







*In the Gulf of Corinth.*

## THE GULF OF CORINTH.

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**I**F travel be, as it has been said to be, one of the best forms of education, there are few districts in the world likely to teach so much and so agreeably as the little inland sea called the Gulf of Corinth. Nature is here at her loveliest. Civilisation has here lived and died, and begun to live again. And yet nowhere are the arts of modern civilisation less at discord with the sweet graces of Nature. The ruddy and white mountains which bind the blue waters of the Gulf have not yet been torn and channelled by railway engineers. One sees no factory chimneys. The throb and roar of machinery have never surprised these solitudes. As one moves lightly over the placid water, one is fain to think there is more of phantasy than reality in one's surroundings. The very zephyr in one's sails is so gentle that it is but the ghost of a breeze. Yonder seabird, rising and falling with the ripple, is not a creature of flesh and blood. The white specks on the green slopes, where the mountains here and there sink to the water's edge, cannot be commonplace dwellings of commonplace peasants, whose eyes would brighten at the offer of a drachma. It is dreamland, all. The golden light on the snows of Parnassus—7,000 feet above you, on the northern side of the inlet—is far too divine to be real. At a clap of the hands, mountains, water, and sunshine, will all assuredly disappear.

Though one enters the Gulf from Patras in ever so practical a mood, it is odd if one does not thus lapse into reverie during the few hours of the voyage to Corinth. It seems preposterous to be rung to a dinner in the midst of such ethereal

scenes. Without for a moment wishing to surrender oneself to the plaintiveness that so often took doleful possession of the earlier sentimental travellers in Greece, one recalls the expressive saying of Lamartine—"The words 'It is finished' are written upon these barren mountains and ruined temples." It is nothing in objection if there be no "ruined temples" in sight. You are in an atmosphere of such things. Their presence is felt, not seen. Your worthy neighbour on the deck of the ship may be but a currant merchant, whose eyes are fastened with commercial eagerness upon the vineyards of the nearer shore of the Gulf; yet it is enough for you to know that his name is Demetrins. He is a Greek of Greece, perhaps a descendant of Pericles; or, more probably, seeing that he is bound for Vasilika, an offshoot of Aratus, who gave fame to Sicyon, of which Vasilika is the modern survival. You speak to him of Delphi and Parnassus. He knows them well. The place of the great temple of Apollo he thinks but meanly of. The fatigue of reaching it makes him very dubious if it is a village at all worth the attention of an itinerant currant merchant like himself. But Parnassus is in a different case. He praises its wine as if it were nectar, and tells you with vigorous pantomime how the careful dwellers on the heights of the holy mountain build their vineyards against the rocky sides with untiring energy and circumspection. A single avalanche may destroy the fruits of their labour for years. But the wine they press repays them for their hazards. It is a blend of snow and sunshine, not to be matched in Greece.

But it may happen that all in a moment a change comes over the Gulf and its sweet tranquillity. Like most inland seas hedged round with high peaks, this of Corinth is subject to violent and sudden storms. The mountain-tops catch the upper currents of air, and divert them into their ravines. Here they get concentrated upon the water into which the ravines debouch. The result is a squall of the kind which so frequently prove fatal to the yacht or fisher-barque, whose master is content to drift idly up or down the Gulf, with full confidence in the skies. But the true Greek mariner is not so easily ensnared by the weather. He knows to a nicety what the cap of cloud on this or that conspicuous peak gives warning of. And so, when the first buffet of the gale has passed, he is prepared to turn the very storm to account, and to scud merrily through the leaden waves of the leaden sea, while the surf flies high against the cruel points of the rocks hard by. But, as a rule, these squalls are as brief as the area they affect is limited. Long ere you have become resigned to the pelting rain and the shocks of the wind, all is peace again. The cloud has lifted from the aggressive mountain. The white horses no longer race with each other across the waves. The full-bellied sail of the fisher-boat relaxes, droops a little, and at length hangs in motionless folds. The mariner relights his pipe, and stretches himself supine by the mast. His is but "a painted ship upon a



painted ocean." The short spell of fervour is at an end, and another of the long periods of Southern repose has begun.

Most visitors to Greece do not set foot upon Greek soil until they are landed at Corinth from the steamer. They have then little opportunity for sober thought about the pleasure that is before them. The representatives of the Athenian hotels are at hand, with their mouths full of adjectives in praise of their respective establishments. The engine of the Greek train is puffing in impatience to proceed to the capital. And the attractions of Athens herself, with the knowledge that the city is but four or five hours distant, are all too strong for the average traveller. He goes east at once, indifferent to the ruins of "Corinth with imperial towers," and probably ignorant of the existence of the yet more considerable ruins of "Sicyon's venerable town," a few miles from Corinth, on the hills above the high road to Patras.

Although Sicyon never rose above the second rank of Grecian cities, it was celebrated at a very early time for its culture. According to Plutarch, "it was believed that there alone the ancient elegance was preserved without the least corruption." Further, it is said that Apelles himself came to Sicyon, and gave the local artists a talent in fee for the mere privilege of claiming to be one of them. That it was also a city of considerable strength and size, its present ruins and their site sufficiently show. Like Athens and Corinth, it possessed a maritime suburb. This was rather more than two miles from its Acropolis, and the entire circuit of the city is supposed to have been as much as eight miles. The modern village of Vasilika nestles on but an edge of old Sicyon. The ancient stones have, of course, served as later building material; the Christian churches of new Sicyon under the Emperor Constantine were a medley of chiselled blocks, sections of columns, and the like; and here, as elsewhere in Greece and in Italy, the cottages of the peasants are a patchwork of antique fragments, sacred and profane. The portable treasures of old Sicyon have long since gone, who can say whither? Where is now the famous statue of Venus in gold and ivory made by Canachus of Sicyon, and formerly here in the portico of the temple of Æsculapius? Where the brazen Hercules and Jupiter by Lysippus of Sicyon, the Bacchus in gold and ivory, and the manifold paintings, which made this city the Mecca of Greek artists? They have, no doubt, long since gone the way of Aratus himself—that master-mind of Sicyon and of the Achaian League; he who, from being the first man in Greece, at length "found himself abandoned, indigent, and persecuted," and so changed from his earlier self by the rough usages of an ungrateful world, that he was able to admit "that he did not now govern affairs, but they governed him." Perhaps something worth seeking yet lies under the cumbersome heaps of stones on these terraces which fall with such regularity from the hills towards the Gulf. For the present, however, Sicyon is abandoned to the lizards that glide over the ruins in the sunshine, and the goats

which browse from one level of the old city to another, from temple area to temple area, and from the stadium to the theatre. The villagers of Vasilika are not anxious antiquaries. Now and again they disinter a silver coin, bearing the figure of a dove and the letters Si. But this treasure-trove—currency of the old city—does not quicken them to search more directly for other and more precious antiquities.

It would be difficult in Greece to find two places more in contrast with one another than Patras and Sicyon, at the extreme ends of the Gulf of Corinth. Sicyon is dead, out of the way, unfrequented, with flowers and grasses growing amid the *débris* of its past, and the murmur of bees over its deserted walls. Patras, on the other hand, as the second city in modern Greece, and a port which from its proximity to Western Europe is in some respects superior even to the Piræus, has something of the bustle of Anglo-Saxon activity. Sicyon is in decay — sure, though slow and graceful. Patras, having been yet once again in its long history almost wholly destroyed, in 1821, by Jussuf Pasha, was rebuilt after the modern rectangular plan, when, in 1830, the second London protocol gave Greece the proud assurance of her national independence. As one of the first fruits of the energy of the resuscitated country, it has a certain obvious claim upon the affections of the people.

Steaming from the Adriatic, the purpled Ionian Isles, and the bold snow-topped mountains of the rough coast-line of Albania, one is largely prepared for the impressive beauty of the shore upon either hand in this pocket edition of the Dardanelles, of which Patras and its contiguous forts may be called the key. The passage of the Strait is only about a mile and a quarter in breadth at the narrowest part. It is, of course, strongly guarded, and might be made impassable. The mountains of these shores have seen many a naval battle for this position during the last score and more of centuries. Phormion, Brasidas, and other notable Greeks, tried their skill in these pellucid waters. The galleys of Macedon and the galleys of Achaia often here strove against each other ere Aratus gave up the struggle for Greece, and his successors allowed the Roman Mummius to pass Cape Drepano (*i.e.*, the “Sickle,” a favourite and apt designation for divers headlands in Hellenic waters) to put an end to Corinth. Opposite Patras, a little to the north-west, lies the town of Missolonghi, at the head of the fatal marshland which has killed many a man before and since Lord Byron’s turn came; and here, too, Greeks and Moslems, earlier in the century, tested their respective strength again and again—the former with the reckless energy of desperate men for whom death has no terror, and the latter with the systematic cruelty that has put the mark of shame and execration upon Turkish methods of warfare. A few miles more to the west, between Ithaca and the mainland, and among the little archipelago of Oxia, at the mouth of the Gulf of Patras, which is the vestibule to the Gulf of Corinth, was fought in 1571 that famous battle of Lepanto, which gave new hope to Christian arms in the East, and astonished the Sultan by









proving that he was no longer invincible. Out of a fleet of two hundred and fifty ships, some two hundred were put *hors de combat* by young Don John, the Christian admiral. There must be rare spoil of different kinds under the quiet waters of this fair sea.

Patras itself is not yet as healthy a town as it aspires to be. It is with it, as it is with Missolonghi: there is suspicion over the level spaces in its vicinity, spite of the high snow-peak of Olonus, which seems to brood so closely above it. But eucalyptus trees (that modern elixir vitæ!) and a wiser regard for sanitary arrangements,



*Ruins of Ancient Sicyon.*

will, no doubt, improve the city's record by-and-by. The fact that there are more registered lepers here than anywhere else in Greece is something additional in disfavour of the town. This, however, need not injure its reputation inordinately. As a Levantine seaport, it is sure to receive every year vagrant lepers from other parts whose strength has at last failed them. They are more particular in Athens. The Cretan leper, who has successfully evaded the island authorities, and, after a wretched year or two of unrestrained vagabondage and semi-starvation, yearns for a final resting-place, is less likely to be repelled from Patras than from the Piræus. Hence, perhaps, the reason why there are six times as many lepers in Patras as in Athens.

For the rest, one may spend a day pleasantly enough in this bright city of shipping and white houses, with dark cypresses soaring among them towards the

blue sky. There is lively society here, thanks to the trade in currants, of which this is the centre. That the town may not lack interest of another kind, tradition tells a tale that it was here the Apostle Andrew was crucified and buried. It may have been so. Certainly Patras has a church dedicated to St. Andrew; but it is probable the Roman archæological student of apostolic and other remains would give small countenance to this claim of the citizens. There is something else in Patras of a more remarkable kind—the record of an oracle akin to that of Parnassus, though hardly so famous, and, of course, like that of Delphi, nowadays in comparative disesteem. Here, however, was no unhappy virgin priestess, distressed by the fury of an unwelcome inspiration; but merely the dumb oracle of a fountain, into which, if you were ill, and anxious to know what issue your illness would have, you were invited to gaze as in a looking-glass. It must have been an unpleasant form of divination to some of its votaries. For 'tis said that only they who were destined to recover saw their living faces mirrored in the water; the others (luckless ones!) stared in horror upon their own corpse-face.

But from so cheerless a subject let us now turn to the Panama of the classical ancients—the Isthmus of Corinth. Perhaps it cannot be viewed better than from the crags and walls of Acro-Corinthus, which rises in its midst like a sentinel. On either side one then sees the blue water eddying gently upon the yellow sand of the shore. The space between the Saronic Gulf and the Gulf of Corinth from this standpoint looks but a palm's breadth, and one is prone to exclaim that surely it cannot be at all difficult for men like our modern engineers to annihilate the space by the junction of the two waters. In this, however, we deceive ourselves. Ours is an age for great undertakings of all kinds; and when the canal, which was begun in the winter of 1881–2, is completed, we shall find that this work of France for Greece under a constitutional Government will have to take high rank among the other industrial achievements of the century—such as the tunnels through the Swiss Alps, the Forth railway bridge, the laying of the Atlantic cable, and the like.\* To be sure, the neck of land is only three and a half miles wide where it is being severed; but it is of hard rock, and of varied level. Peloponnesus will not be made into an island without an amount of engineering skill and patience, the exhibition of which is likely to have an admirably educative effect upon the minds of the unlettered shepherds and peasants of the mountains, north and south, who are periodically attracted into the new city of Corinth by religious festivals or the need of sundry of the luxuries of civilisation. The sturdy bronzed fellows stand in wonder by the side of the deep cuttings and the dredging and boring machinery, and when they have looked their fill retake their long crooks and return home with strange tales upon their tongues

\* It will be a thousand pities if this work, like that of Panama, has to be suspended indefinitely for financial reasons. Unfortunately, such a suspension seems to be impending.



of what they have seen. There can be little doubt that modern Corinth is destined to grow and thrive amazingly upon the fruits of this great national enterprise.

As may be supposed, the cutting of the Isthmus was not first thought of in the nineteenth century. Such a frontier would have been acceptable to the despot Periander in the early history of the state of Corinth. There would then have been no need for the demarcatory column of old times, with its quaint notice upon one side, "This is Peloponnesus, not Ionia;" and upon the other, "This is not Peloponnesus, but Ionia." But Periander did not attempt the work. Demetrius Poliorcetes, Julius Cæsar, Caligula, and Herod Atticus, each in his day wished to fulfil this scheme of Periander's, yet none of them even began it. The honour was reserved for a man who did little else to confer creditable fame upon his reputation. Nero was, in fact, the first actually to set spade and mattock at work. For four or five days, all went on briskly under the Imperial eye. The Emperor even lent a hand in the toil, to stimulate the labourers, and perhaps partly from that curious craze to play the mountebank, which was in him a form of mania. But meanwhile there arrived news of trouble in Rome. The work was abandoned; nor was it resumed. "He who attempted to make the Peloponnesus an island," says Pausanias, "by digging a trench through the isthmus, was obliged to desist from the undertaking. Where they began to excavate is still manifest; but they did not carry forward the work to the rocky ground, so that the Peloponnesus remains, as before, a part of the continent." In this brief sensational attack upon Nature, Nero is supposed to have cut nearly three-quarters of a mile, with a breadth of about two hundred feet. It was no doubt but a shallow cutting, ludicrously trivial in comparison with the various profound and laboured trenches of our day, which, when linked together, are to give waterway to big vessels. The old Greeks had, however, a fair substitute for the canal, as a means of intercommunication, in their *Dolcus*, or thoroughfare across the strait in its narrowest part, by which they were able to drag their ships from one gulf to the other.

And now of that *Acro-Corinthus*, which stands in so masterly a situation over Corinth and the Isthmus itself. This is what Plutarch says about it and its neighbourhood:—"The Isthmus of Corinth, which separates the two seas, joins our continent to that of Peloponnesus; and when there is a good garrison in the citadel of Corinth—which stands on a high hill in the middle, at an equal distance from the two continents—it cuts off the communication with those within the Isthmus, so that there can be no passage for troops, nor any kind of commerce, either by sea or land. In short, he that is possessed of it is master of all Greece. The younger Philip of Macedon, therefore, was not jesting, but spoke a serious truth, when he called the city of Corinth 'the fetters of Greece.' Hence the place was always much contended for, particularly by kings and princes." This "fortress form'd to Freedom's hands," as Byron terms it with all a poet's licence, is about eighteen

*The Landing Stage, Patras.*

hundred feet in elevation, though its steepness and isolation make it look higher. For ages it was, as Plutarch implies, regarded as the padlock which had to be forced before troops from the north could pass south, or troops from the south raid the country north and east. When Greece fell from Venice to the Moslem, the latter fortified Acro-Corinthus so as to render it impregnable against any ordinary assault. It was defended by walls within walls, bastions, towers, and guns, and also by a jealous supervision which made it imperative for the traveller in Turkish lands to obtain a special firman from the Sultan ere he could set foot within its precincts. The crags of Nature and the walls of man are here both on a large, strong scale. The one defect, indeed, of the fortress is its magnitude. If the summit of the mountain were a plateau less spacious, it could have been better defended. But while the garrison were guarding the walls upon one side, the besiegers were at liberty to try stratagem upon another side, unless the besieged were in sufficient force to defend all points alike. This is why Acro-Corinthus has so often proved a snare to its possessor. From the time of Aratus, who stole hither from Sicyon in the night, and left it from the Macedonians with but four hundred men, to the time of the last Greek war of independence, the rock has often belied its reputation. The old Greek wall which ran at its base from east to west, traces of which may still be seen, was of more practical service to Corinth than this great pretentious hill, with its far-seeing summit and precipitous sides.

In our day, Acro-Corinthus is no longer inaccessible. A silver drachma opens the gate of the fortress to the traveller, and he may then climb at his leisure to the summit. One is astonished to find how extensively the hill has been used as a





*Acro-Corinthus, looking towards Thessaly.*

place of residence. There are ruins of houses on all sides, the remains of Turkish mosques and Christian churches, as well as chiselled blocks, which speak of yet remoter times. When Wheler visited the castle some two hundred years ago, it was actually the seat of a bishop, his cathedral being, however, "a very mean place for such an ecclesiastical dignity." It is probable that the bishop's flock were then of a migratory kind; for Acro-Corinthus was, in his day, used more as a place of shelter from the pirates and corsairs who infested the local waters, and who might be indisposed to fatigue themselves by ascending a fortified mountain in pursuit of their prey.

Acro-Corinthus has one great advantage over certain other similar fortresses in its natural supply of water. The well of Peirene still exists on the summit, and gives the cue for tracing the position of the ancient temple of Venus (the statue of the goddess in armour being attended by that of Cupid with his bow), behind which it lay. This source was supplemented by the aid of cisterns, one of which, dating from Roman times, has the huge dimensions of thirty-three yards by eleven, by five and a half. Peirene's water was said to be the lightest in Greece; as, indeed, it ought to have been, welling from such a foundation, and in such vicinity to Aphrodite's shrine. Nearer the base of the rock are two other springs, which some believe to have the same origin as Peirene. Here the Greek peasants and townsfolk

congregate with linen to wash, and chatter, and beat the clothes in mison. As a rule, they do not seem to be very excellent specimens of the fair race they may be supposed to represent. But this cannot greatly be wondered at. For, in the first place, they are of the most varied origin, probably of Albanian rather than pure Greek stock. Then they live hard, with none of those precautions which are used in the West to preserve graces of feature and complexion. They toil in the fields among the vines and barley, and expose themselves to the hot sun of Greece without a thought of its effect upon them. The consequence is that they are no sooner past the years of infancy than wrinkles begin to tread upon their brows. Labour of all kinds, and marriage at an early age, complete the cruel work. Their classical foremothers (if, for the argument's sake, we may allow them to be of the *sang pur* of Greece), when they were so unfortunate as to be ill-favoured, were wont to petition the goddess Helen to take away the reproach of their ugliness. They, however, seem resigned to their fate; or, at least, they do but vent their feelings of regret, if they have them, upon the clothes they wash in the water of Peirene.

The prospect from Acro-Corinthus is one of the most lovely in Greece. Perhaps it does not give one sensations quite as piquant as those kindled by a sunset seen from the Acropolis of Athens. There, one is in closer relationship with one's surroundings. One may touch the pillars of the Parthenon with one hand, and with the other throw a stone into Athens. Hymettus on the one side, and the Ægean on the other, seem allied to the sacred city like natural suburbs. From Acro-Corinthus, on the other hand, one sees afar as in a vision. It appears incredible that yonder little sheaf of columns on a rock, distinguished across the glistening sea, can be the hallowed temple of Athens. They are about fifty miles away, yet one fancies one can count the golden-tinted stones where they stand. As for the view to the north, something of which the artist has here been able to suggest, it includes a bewildering array of the peaks of old Bœotia and Phocis and Locris, with Helicon in the foreground—a panorama of wondrous diversity of shapes and heights. A sunset from Acro-Corinthus is an experience not easy to forget. One is then oblivious of the walls and dwellings of the mountain, heedless of everything except the rapid change of colour in the western sky and to the north. Sound there may be none, unless the bell of a Greek church be tinkling gently a thousand feet below. One by one the distant peaks withdraw behind the ashen clouds of night. Here and there the heavens are of bright gold between the darkening drifts of vapour. The snow of Parnassus rears itself against the glorious background with entrancing effect. Drink quickly of the beauty before you, for it is very transitory. The gold deepens, and turns to dusky orange. The splendour of the west vanishes. The glory lingers for one long moment in the north, and then that, too, fades away, and a mild southern night has begun. The moon, rising over the Bay of Salamis to the east, gives



another vigorous touch of charm to a scene that will not readily be effaced from the memory.

The old city of Corinth lay between the Acro-Corinthus and the white-faced houses of modern Corinth. There is nothing coherent of it left, save the seven limestone columns of one of its temples. They are of the Doric order, and coated with stucco. Chance and the stucco have helped to preserve the relics perhaps even longer than their architects would have wished. In 1676 five additional columns of the temple were standing, and eleven of the entire twelve had their architraves attached. For the next hundred years the temples remained in this condition. By 1785 one of the twelve columns was missing; and ere ten years more had passed four other columns with their architraves had been overturned by a Turk, who regarded them as an impediment to his property adjacent. The Greek government of our day is so scrupulous in protecting the monuments of the land, that what is left of Corinth may now be assured an indefinite term of life. The time has gone by when opulent travellers could, for the whim's sake, disestablish an entire city of ancient Greece, and sail away with the spoil in the hold of their yachts. This practice was so common a hundred years ago (the Moslems having no respect for the antique), that Chateaubriand, when he visited Corinth, and failed at first sight to discover the remains of the famous temple, straightway assumed that the last fragments of it had been "carried away by the English." Many an English country-house and museum are enriched with sarcophagi, friezes, well-heads, and morsels of rare statuary, reft from Greece with small apology for permission; but it does not appear that even Lord Elgin himself made the least attempt to transport this temple to England. We have enough real sins of commission to account for, without consenting to bear in silence the unfounded charge of this sin also.

Besides the Acro-Corinthus, the protective wall, and the Diolcus, the Isthmus had, further, its arena for games, sacred to the memory of Melicertes or Palæmon, the son of Leucothea, whose body was here washed ashore. Neptune also had a share in the honour of the games—some say a prior claim to the honour. Pindar gives him the exclusive claim when he sings how

". . . he who wields the trident's might,  
His course to sea-beat Isthmus bent,  
And with his golden coursers' flight  
Hither great Æacus he sent  
To view from Corinth's lofty brow  
His solemn festival below."

In Pausanias's day there were temples near the stadium dedicated to Palæmon and Neptune respectively; but of these temples little that is not merely conjectural now remains. Modern Corinth has no stadium on its sandy site. The Corinthian boys of our day find pastime in a local game of pitch and toss with copper tenths of

*Temple of Old Corinth.*

a drachma, which have nothing in common with the instruments of the athletic exercises of the old Corinthians. It is sadly probable, moreover, that the garland of pine-leaves or parsley, which was the recognised reward at the Isthmian games, would have but little esteem in the eyes of the lads of New Corinth. The Isthmian games were in repute in Athens in the days of Solon, though considerably less so than those of Olympia. The great legislator ordained that every Athenian who won a prize at the Isthmus should receive a hundred drachma from the public treasury, but a victor at Olympia was to receive five hundred drachma.

New Corinth is quite surprisingly devoid of objects of antiquarian interest. It is but a village of white modern houses, with green shutters, built with no great regard for order, close to the western shore of the isthmus. A modest pier-head stretches a little way into the Gulf. Two or three small sailing boats may generally be seen at anchor in the bay, or beached on the light-coloured sand; and occasionally a steamer lies a hundred yards away, in expectation of the mails. Twice or thrice a day a train enters the village from Athens, or leaves for the capital. Varied, indeed, is the assortment of travellers by this most fascinating of railways. If a steamer has arrived from the west, there will probably be a contingent of northern tourists, to whom the Corinth refreshment-room is of more immediate interest than the *Hour* or the *Daily News*, Athenian journals, which the Corinthian newsboys cry through the station. Two or three officials of the Greek army parade up and down the platform, with a lively clanking of swords. If one forms an opinion of modern Greek physique upon their appearance, it may chance to be singularly erroneous. For



they are but little fellows, in spite of all their bravery, and in spite of the long moustaches, which they twirl far to the right and left of them with their white-gloved fingers. More attractive even than these gay martinets are the country-folk, with hens and eggs for the Megara market. Here, for instance, is a swart muscular Albanian, with starched white skirts, long fez, legs stockinged to the thighs, and great curled shoes, with a large ball of variegated wool at the extremities. He is an ideal warrior in the rough, but he is concerned to-day with nothing more martial than a fat fowl, which, having carefully wrapped in a red pocket-handkerchief, he carries in his bosom as tenderly as if it were a babe. There is sure also to be a sprinkling of peasants from the mountains, who have begun to learn that the railway is an invention of some service even to them and their archaic modes of life.

Of the luxury of the past, which conferred such proverbial celebrity upon Corinth the great, there is not so much as a shadow yet resuscitated in the new city. A Sybarite would fare very miserably in quest of a dinner here. If he were willing to wait a long time, while it was being prepared, he would perhaps get a little oleaginous soup, some barley bread, indifferent wine, and a brace of hard-boiled eggs, with which to stay his stomach. And the master of the cookshop would express amazement if the meal did not give satisfaction. St. Paul's epistles to the old Corinthians in reproof of their high living seem to have gone very much home to the hearts of the people



*Distant view of Corinth.*

of New Corinth. But the ancient vices of gossip and indolence still cling to the place. Even as in the days of the city's greatness it was the fashion to lounge from tavern to tavern, from one barber's shop to another, and to waste hours in futile contentions, so now you may see the citizens in groups idling about the sandy streets, and talking as heatedly about nothing in particular as if they had need of another Timoleon to rescue Sicily a second time. Drunkenness and gluttony are, as may be supposed, vices very foreign to modern Greeks. A thimbleful of coffee is enough stimulant to lubricate a Corinthian's tongue for several hours.

It would be difficult even for the imagination to reconstruct old Corinth as it was before the Romans so cruelly sacked it in B.C. 146, and dyed its two harbours with blood. Florus calls it "the ornament of Greece" at that time, and tells how it was dismantled "to the sound of trumpets." "What a profusion of statues, of garments, of pictures, was then burnt or scattered abroad! . . . The ruins of that most opulent city even made the value of Corinthian brass the greater, inasmuch as, when many statues and images were melted together in the fire, veins of brass, gold, and silver ran together into one mass." The city must, indeed, have had a prodigious nucleus of strength if it could exist at all after such ruthless devastation. Nevertheless, in St. Paul's time, two hundred years later, it was still a place of importance, with temples and statues, which withstood the influence of Christianity until long after the great Apostle's death. Since then, however, the city's vicissitudes have been as full of woe as the tale of the Apostle's own sufferings, which he describes with such surpassing eloquence in his famous letter to the Corinthians. An earthquake in 1858 put the last seal of destruction upon it, and now it is abandoned, and New Corinth reigns in its stead. One must go some three miles from the sandy streets and the houses of modern Corinth to discover the temple ruin of old Corinth. The harbour of the latter is as desolate and mournful as the site of the old city itself. The blue water laves the chaos of its stones; but no ships anchor here. It is worth while to spend an hour or two with a fishing-rod on this spectral breakwater, even though fancies rather than fish may be the outcome. This was where St. Paul and many another came to an anchor. But the mark of the hand of Mummius is still deeply graven upon this wreck of a harbour.

It were a crime against the Muses not to say a few words about Mount Parnassus, which is so sublime an object from various parts of the Gulf of Corinth. No doubt the day will come when travellers will ascend this mountain as easily as they ascend Vesuvius, the Righi, and divers others of their kind; but that day has not yet come. Few, indeed, at present are the visitors to Greece whose ardour or enterprise carries them so far out of the stereotyped line of adventure as to climb even to Delphi, much less to scale the five thousand further feet which separate Delphi from the double-peaked summit of the mountain.

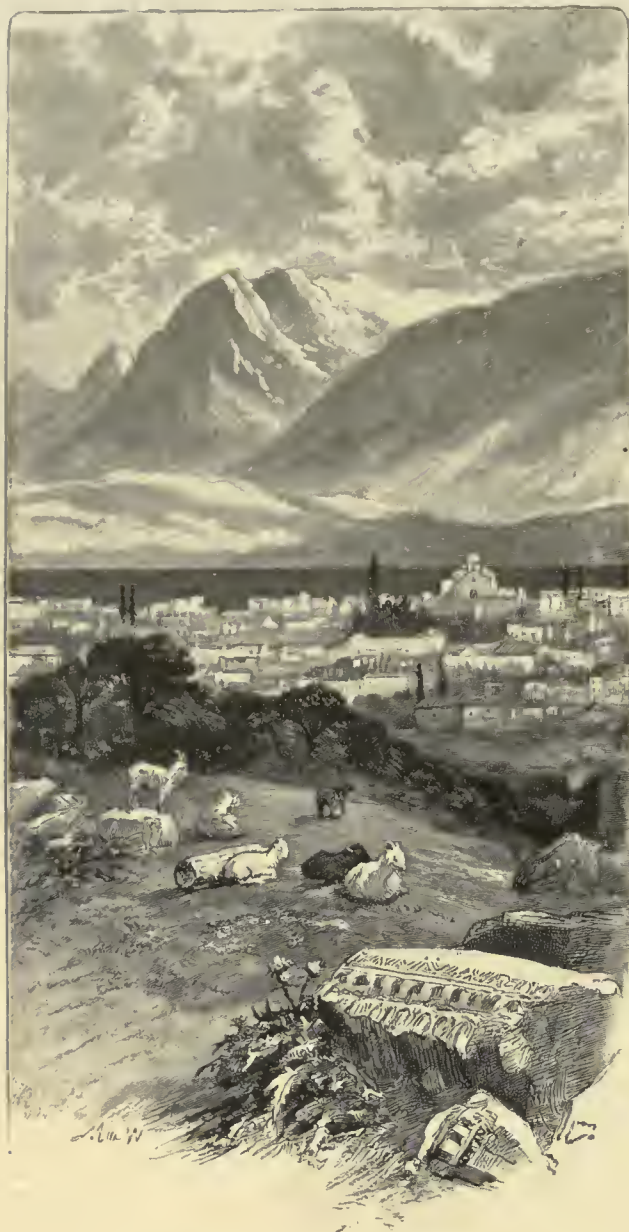


And yet, if the old legends confer distinction upon the localities they spring from, even apart from its reverend fame as the shrine of Apollo, the mountain deserves to be venerated by us as much as Ida in Crete or the Olympus of the inhabitants of heaven. For it was in

“Descending from Parnassus’ lofty height,  
Pyrrha and her Deucalion sought the plain,  
Rear’d the first dome, and call’d that race to light,  
Whose stony birth they bade the name retain.”

Some of us, however, are discreet enough not to risk disillusionment by treading with material feet upon the site of such great memories as proceed from Delphi and Parnassus. It is an old story. The zealous Christian whose love of his creed leads him to Jerusalem, often returns home incredulous of many things. So with Delphi. It is hard to believe that this wretched little village of hard-working peasants, to whom dirt and fleas are congenial conditions of life, is the survival of the place where the great Apollo was worshipped with unexampled magnificence and awe. These lines of ruins the relics of the temple which could yield to its ravishers spoil of marble statues by the hundred, and yet keep thousands for its own embellishment! This, that “proud Parnassian fane” to which all Greece, and the world of Greeks, directed their hopes in the hour of need; and the path to which was trodden annually by tens of thousands during that single month of the twelve when the spirit of prophecy received its suitors professionally!

The site of Delphi, or Kastri, as the village has long been called, is as sensational as the celebrity of the fallen shrine. Having ascended through Crissa’s vale some two thousand feet above the inlet of the Gulf, which seems formed for Delphi’s convenience, we find ourselves in a spacious inclined nook of the mountain, which Nature has designed as if she meant it for an amphitheatre. Parnassus binds the plateau with precipitous cliffs, draped with moss and brambles and ivy, its “elevated brow” being high above, like a divine guardian. From the top of this cliff wall descends the Castalian spring, in the basin at the foot of which the Pythian oracle was wont to wash her body and her long locks, in readiness for her tiresome session on the tripod. The stadium of the Pythian games in honour of Apollo is still well defined, and the grass growing between the marble of its benches has not yet brought decay upon the stones. One notable thing, however, is lacking: a reasonable tradition about the site of the ancient oracular utterances. The earthquake of 1870 has much changed the local configuration of the mountain; and even before the earthquake, the villagers of Kastri knew little about Apollo and the ritual of the temple. Earlier in the century there was a certain cavern which seemed to answer to the requirements of the “Adytum,” in the mouth of which the tripod was set. But in those troublous times it chanced that the Greeks of the mountain had a fray with the Moslems, their masters, of whom they slew seven, disposing of their bodies



*Mount Parnassus, from Corinth.*

mountain, by no means difficult to climb, with vineyards high up its sides, forests above, and crests of naked limestone, whereon the snow lies deep in winter and early spring. Hence, one looks far to the north across the plains of Thessaly at many-headed Olympus. East, west, and south, the mountains of Greece also are like models to the eye. There is but one feature to object to in this bracing panoramic prospect. The Gulf of Corinth, which one had formerly thought an inland sea of considerable size, is now but a small pond. One could leap across it into Peloponnesus at a single bound; and cover all its length, from Corinth's yellow sands to the white houses of Patras, in half a dozen strides. But, of course, this illusion passes, like that of the Pythian oracle, long ere one is again level with the quiet ripple of the water.

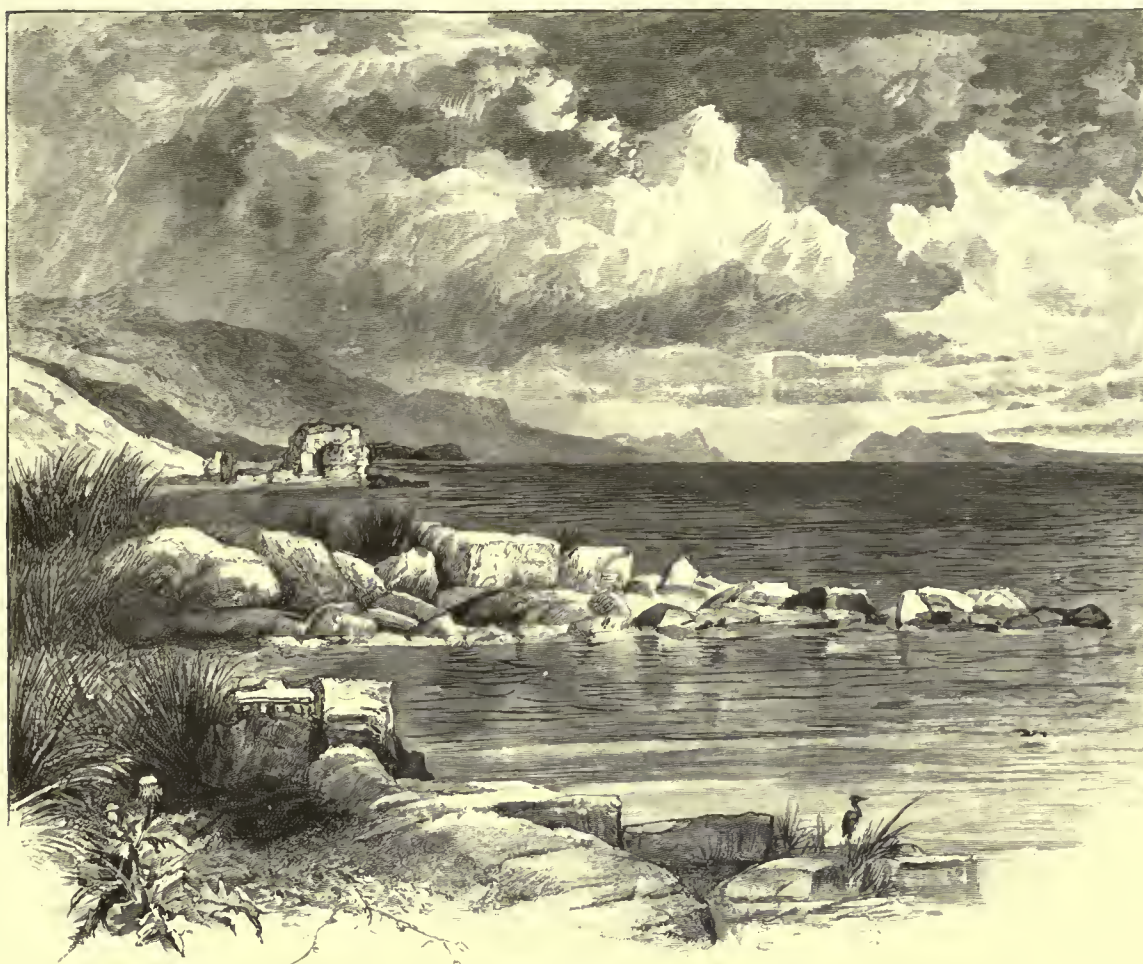
in the very pit which alone seemed to be the possible source of the oracle in past times. For their own safety, the pit was then closed, and the villagers were anxious to forget everything that appertained to it. If this was really the place whence

"The oracle of Delphi spoke  
In sounds of woe that, loud and shrill,  
From earth's well-wooded centre broke,"

it has suffered grievous defilement. One may form what opinion one pleases about the origin and machinery of the oracle; but one cannot refuse to hold in esteem of a certain kind a spot like this, which has drawn to it such multitudes of earnest credulous men of like passions with ourselves.

But if, even at the worst, Delphi is interesting as one of the most venerable of frauds that the world has ever seen, what can be said of Parnassus as a whole, which was accounted sacred in every part of it? Well, one may bereave it of all its sanctity, and yet say very much in praise of it. It is a noble





*Site of the Ancient port of Corinth.*

The Gulf of Corinth may be seen in a day: yet several weeks spent among the townlets and villages of its shores will not induce the traveller to think that he has become too familiar with it. What can be more delightful than to saunter over its smooth surface in a yacht, from one little bay to another—picnicking on the sandy shore; breasting the woods on the slopes of the mountains; interrogating the villagers of one little hamlet about their traditions, manner of life, hopes, and aspirations; and in another village getting on the trail of this or that relic of architecture which, it may be, has for nearly two thousand years been hidden from the eyes of man? and in the evening to lie at anchor off the shore, in water calm as that of a little homely pond, with the moon casting strange shadows on the thick forests of the lower reaches of the mountains, and with the murmur of woodland cascades on their way to the Gulf sounding in one's ears like the music of the god Pan himself?

Perhaps summer is the best time for an excursion of this kind, or the last month of spring, or the first of autumn. In early spring and winter the squalls, iced by the snow of the high peaks, are apt to give a certain anxiety to the yachtsman's life that he could better dispense with. It is difficult, too, at such times to indulge

one's propensities for mountaineering; and a camp *al fresco* on a slope six or seven thousand feet above the water's level is then by no means enjoyable, even with the possible pleasure of a gorgeous sunrise in the morning as a compensatory anticipation. To be sure, summer is the time of fevers, and a day or a night by any of the marshes of the interior may then be attended with calamitous consequences. But with ordinary care, and the aid of quinine, one may come scot free from Greece even in the worst seasons. According to Hippocrates, and authoritative modern statistics, spring is the healthiest time of the year in the Peninsula, while there is little to choose between the other three seasons. (Out of a record of 12,000 deaths per annum, 2,661 occurred in spring, 3,086 in summer, 3,135 in autumn, and 3,118 in winter.) But statistics only give us the dry bones of truth. A little common sense will alter these figures. For it is at least probable that a goodly number of the deaths in autumn and winter are due directly or indirectly to debilitation after the fevers of summer.

Nor is the dangerous variability of the weather the sole drawback to a visit to this part of Greece in spring, when the flowers that gem the land seem to make it an earthly paradise. March is the month of the Great Fast of Lent. Now, to a Northerner, this may not seem very significant. But it must be remembered that the Greeks are rigid observers of all doctrines of Church discipline. If they are forbidden by the canons of their Church to eat meat or eggs, they will on no account touch either; often, indeed, even though they may be suffering from a malady that makes their recovery dependent upon a generous diet. The total number of days in the year when they are thus held aloof—not only from meat and eggs, but also from milk and its composites, amounts to no less than a couple of hundred. The traveller in the less frequented parts of the kingdom must, therefore, at all times be prepared for a little involuntary self-mortification, in utter disregard of the sensual pinings of his stomach; and in spring, above all, he must reconcile himself to a life of privations, tempered, to be sure, by such occasional indulgences as snails and salt fish. The season of the Great Fast is also likely to be the dullest of the year in festive attractions. Out of an aggregate number of 12,000 marriages per annum, whereas so many as 1,607 occur in October (the time of the crushing of the grapes), in March (the month of field labour and empty stomachs) there are but 214. This, for the visitor's sake, is a pity; for in all Greek lands much scenic and antiquarian interest attends upon a rustic wedding. To make our record of vital statistics complete, we may as well give the traveller what satisfaction he may feel in knowing that, though in spring the death-roll is lower than in the other seasons, the birth-rate is then higher than at other times—being 3,392 out of a total of 12,000, as compared with 3,171 in winter, 2,834 in summer, and 2,603 in autumn.

In earlier days, as may be supposed, the Gulf of Corinth was a favourite haunt of freebooting rogues. The bays which, on its northern shore, run like creeks into



the roots of the mountains, were admirable nesting-places for them. It was the easiest thing in the world to shoot forth after their prey as it glided smoothly by them. Their brethren in the hills were as apt at brigandage when the opportunity presented itself. It was all one to them whether they lived on Mount Parnassus or among the heights of Peloponnesus. They were not likely to be influenced by ennobling sentiments exhaling from the soil and memories of the famous land they inhabited. Whether they were Greeks, or Turks, or Albanians, or importations from Smyrna, it mattered not a jot. Their hands were against every man, and they were content to take their chance of the issue. The cypress and the myrtle were

“Emblems of deeds . . . done in their clime.”

But, thank Heaven! we need no longer have fears of this kind in Greek waters or Greek lands. The yachtsman may turn his helm whither he pleases, with no more weighty thought in his mind than a comparison of the anchorage of one harbour with that of another, and the likelihood of obtaining fresh vegetables and fruits for his dinner-table. So, too, among the passes and peaks of the Peninsula. The writer of this paper, a few years ago, one day lost himself among the mountains and scrub thickets south-west of Marathon, that place of ill-repute for British tourists. He was alone, which was no doubt an imprudence in him. It was only after much anxious wandering and stumbling that he reached a miserable hovel in a forest. The inmates of the hovel were a ferocious-looking, blear-eyed man, who received him with a sharp axe in his hand; a woman, whose degraded appearance argued her little better than the swine which wallowed in a dung-heap before the door of the house; and a little boy, with black greasy hair to his shoulder-blades. Now here was excellent scope for a feat of brigandage or successful murder. The man might have killed the writer, pilfered his pockets, and buried him in the woods; and no policeman of Greece would have been any the wiser. However, he did nothing of the kind. Instead of this, he and his wife freely offered (without demand) to their visitor what refreshment their poor dwelling could afford—dried goat's cheese, barley bread, and the terrible “resinata” or wine of the country; and afterwards the good man of the house, still with his axe in his hand, accompanied the stranger for three miles through the forest, and set him upon a track that should lead him back to the outskirts of a cart-road. When he had done this, he gave the writer a blunt yet hearty benediction, fell into a brief fit of passion at the offer of money for his services, and abruptly turned on his heel for his home.

It may be doubted if Greece will ever lose her peculiar hold upon the minds of men. At any rate, man himself must first descend again into the depths of barbarism, even as the dynasties of his establishment, having had their day, fall away into nothingness and dust and mere memories. But long ere such an event

could happen, even at the cost of much probability, one may anticipate for Greece a brisk revival of a measure of her old importance. To be sure, the age of Homer is not likely to recur; nor should we think much of it if it did. The old masters of Greek drama, arts, generalship, legislature, and so forth, are as little likely to be born again. They have been once and for all time. But who shall say that there is not still something left of that leaven with which they seasoned and fortified the first germ of civilisation in Europe? If they had not existed we should not be what we are. Whether we should be better or worse than we are is a question that may be consigned to the limbo of unanswerable enigmas.

Especially may Corinth and its Gulf play a strong part in the busy future of civilisation. A comprehensive glance at the map of Europe declares this plainly. Let but the isthmus be cut and fortified, and there is a highway to the East that tourists, statesmen, and military strategists alike will not undervalue. Xerxes of old made shipwreck of his fortunes in the Bay of Salamis to the east of Corinth. In the coming centuries events of equal magnitude may well chance to be associated with the neighbourhood of this stout little modern padlock to an important part of the Levant.

On the other hand, it may be that the Isthmian Canal will prove a barren feat. So Greece prospers withal, no matter if it be. The country has changed for the better during the last century. May she never again be driven from the highway of new civilisation and true humanity, upon which she has at length found a footing!

CHARLES EDWARDES.



*The Bay of Salamis.*





*In the Harbour.*

## BARCELONA.

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“**B**ARCELONA, shrine of courtesy, harbour of the wayfarer, shelter of the poor, cradle of the brave, champion of the outraged, nurse of friendship, unique in position, unique in beauty!”

Such was the eulogium bestowed upon Barcelona by the great Cervantes several hundred years ago, an eulogium warranted by a stranger's experience in our own day. The matchless site of the second city of Spain, its luxuriant surroundings, awaken enthusiasm as of old, whilst even the briefest possible sojourn suffices to make us feel at home. A winning urbanity, a cosmopolitan amiableness, characterise the townsfolk, Spanish hanteur is here replaced by French cordiality. Softness of manner and graces of speech lend additional charm to a race conspicuous for personal beauty. The Barcelonese are described by a contemporary as laborious and energetic, ambitious of social advance, tenacious of personal dignity, highly imaginative, at the same time eminently practical, steadfast in friendship, vehement in hate. The stir and magnificence of the city attest the progressive character of the inhabitants.

Few European capitals can boast of finer public monuments, few indeed possess such a promenade as its famous Rambla. The Rambla may be regarded as an epitome, not only of the entire city, but of all Spain, and here the curious traveller should take up his quarters. A dozen brilliant or moving spectacles meet the eye in a day, whilst the normal aspect is one of unimaginable picturesqueness and variety. The dark-eyed flower-girls with their rich floral displays; the country folks still

adhering to the costume of Catalonia—the men sandalled and white-hosed, for headgear, slouch caps of crimson, scarlet, or peach-coloured felt, the women with gorgeous silk kerchiefs pinned under the chin—the Asturian nursemaids in poppy-red skirts barred with black, and dainty gold and lace caps; the ladies fanning themselves as they go in November, with black lace mantillas over their pretty heads; the Guardia Civile in big, awe-inspiring cocked hats and long black cloaks reaching to the ankle; the trim soldiery in black and red tunics, knickerbockers and buskins, their officers ablaze with gold braid and lace; the spick-and-span city police, each neat as a dandy in a melodrama, not a hair out of place, collars and cuffs of spotless white, ironed to perfection, well-fitting costumes, swords at their sides; the priests and nuns; the seafaring folk of many nationalities; the shepherds of uncouth appearance from the neighbouring mountains—all these at first make us feel as if we were taking part in a masquerade.

Now way is made for the funeral train of some rich citizen, the lofty car a sumptuous display of black and gold drapery, wreaths of fresh roses, violet, and heliotrope, large as carriage-wheels, fastened to the sides, the coffin, encased in black and violet velvet, studded with gold nails; following slowly, a long procession of carriages bearing priests, choristers, and mourners. And now the sounds of martial music summon the newcomer a second time to his window. It is a soldier who is borne to his rest. Six comrades accompany the bier, carrying long inverted tapers; behind march commanding officers and men, the band playing strains all too spirited it seems for such an occasion. There is always something going on in this splendid avenue animated from early morning till past midnight, market-place, parade-ground, promenade in one.

The daily flower-market of itself would almost repay the journey from London. When northern skies are gloomiest, and fogs are daily fare, the Rambla is at its best. The yellowing leaves of the plane-trees look golden under the dazzling blue sky, and brilliant as in a picture are the flower-sellers and their wares. These distractingly pretty girls, with their dark locks pulled over the brow, their lovely eyes, rich olive complexions, and gleaming white teeth, have nothing of the mendicant about them. As they offer their flowers—perhaps fastening roses to a half-finished garland with one hand, whilst with the other a pot of heliotrope is reached down—the passer-by is engagingly invited to purchase. The Spanish language, even the dialect of Catalonia, is music to begin with, and the flower-maidens make it more musical still by their gentle, caressing ways. Some wear little mantillas of black, blonde, or cashmere; others, silk kerchiefs of brightest hue—orange, crimson, deep purple, or fanciful patterns of many colours. Barcelona is a flower-garden all the year round, and in mid-winter we stroll between piled-up masses of rose, carnation, and violet, to say nothing of dahlias and chrysanthemums.



It is especially on All Saints' and All Souls' Days that the flower-market of the Rambla is seen to advantage; enormous sums are spent upon wreaths and garlands for the cemetery, the poorest then contriving to pay his floral tribute to departed kith and kin.

In striking contrast with the wide, airy, ever brilliantly illuminated Rambla, electric light doing duty for sunshine at night, are the streets of the old town. The stranger may take any turning—either to right or left—he is sure to find himself in one of these dusky narrow thoroughfares, so small oftentimes the space between window and opposite window that neighbours might almost shake hands. With their open shops of gay woollen stuffs, they vividly recall Cairene bazaars. Narrow as is the accommodation without, it must be narrower still within, since when folks move from one house to another their goods and chattels are hoisted up and passed through the front windows. The sight of a chest of drawers or a sofa in cloudland is comical enough, although the system certainly has its advantages. Much manual labour is thereby spared, and the furniture doubtless escapes injury from knocking about.

The wise traveller will elect to live on the Rambla, but to spend his time in the old town. Wherever he goes he is sure to come upon some piece of antiquity, whilst here, in a great measure, he loses sight of the cosmopolitan element characterising the new quarters. Novel and striking as is its aspect to the stranger, Barcelona must nevertheless be described as the least Spanish of Spanish towns. The second seaport of Spain is still—as it was in the Middle Ages—one of the most important seats of international commerce on the Mediterranean. As we elbow our way along the crowded Rambla we encounter a diversity of types, and hear a perplexing jargon of many tongues. A few minutes suffice to transport us into the old-world city familiar to Ford—not, however, to be described by the nineteenth-century tourist in Ford's own words. "A difficult language," he wrote just upon half a century ago, "rude manners, and a distrust of strangers, render Barcelona a disagreeable city." Nowhere nowadays is more courtesy shown to the inquiring stranger. He is not even obliged to ask his way in these narrow tortuous streets. The city police, to be found at every turn, uninvited come to his aid, and, bringing out a pocket-map, with an infinity of pains make clear to him the route he has to take. The handsome Calle San Fernando leads to the sombre but grandiose old Cathedral with its lovely cloisters, magnificent towers and bells, deep-voiced as that of Big Ben itself. All churches in Spain, by the way, must be visited in the forenoon; even then the light is so dim that little can be seen of their treasures—pictures, reliquaries, marble tombs. The Cathedral of Barcelona forms no exception to the rule. Only lighted by windows of richly stained old glass, we are literally compelled to grope our way along the crowded aisles. Mass is going on from early morning till noon, and in the glimmering jewelled light we can just discern the moving figures of priests and acolytes before the high altar, and the scattered worshippers kneeling on the floor. Equally vague

are the glimpses we obtain of the chapels, veritable little museums of rare and beautiful things unfortunately consigned to perpetual obscurity, veiled in never-fading



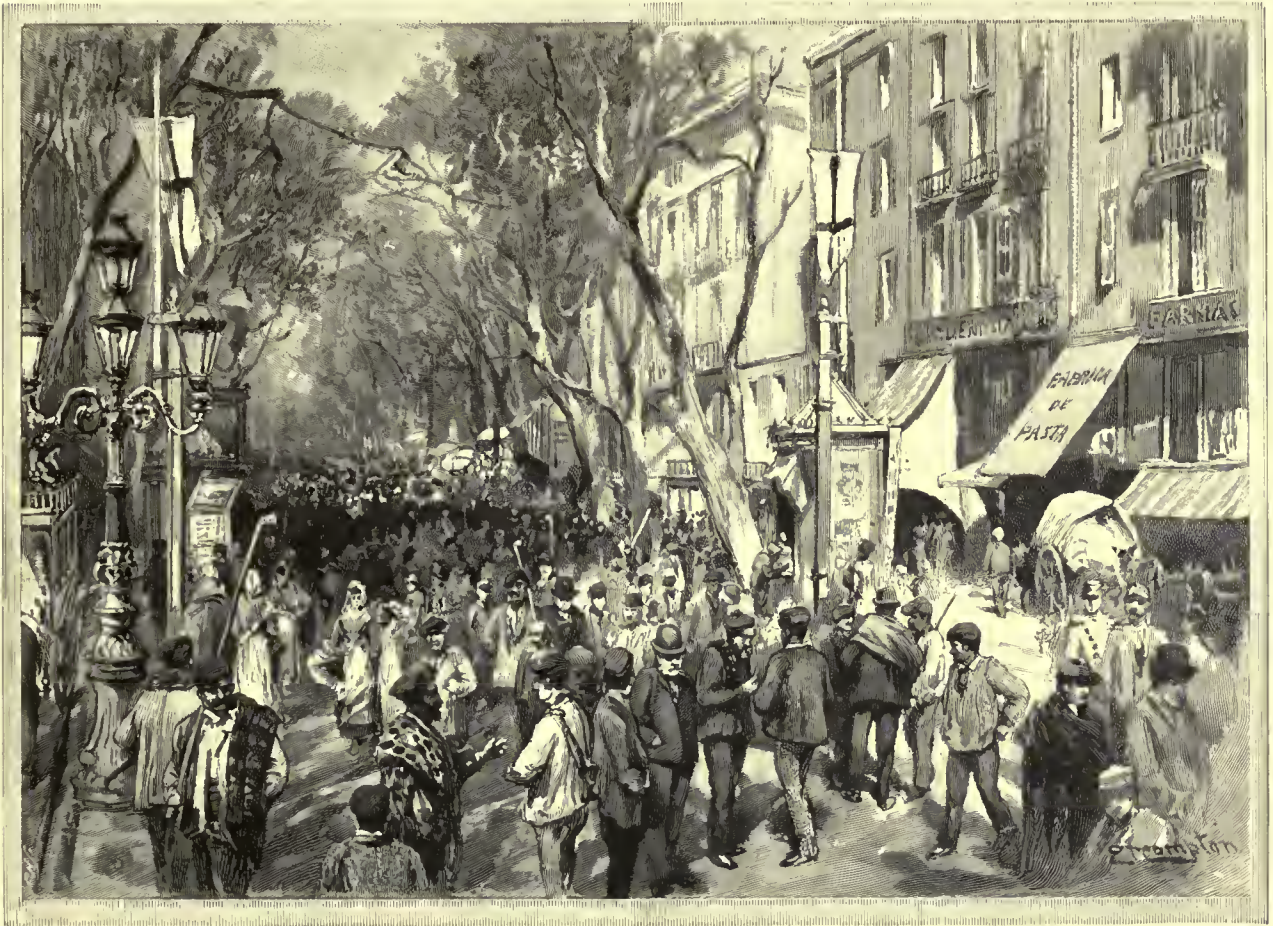
*Towers of the Cathedral.*

twilight. What a change we find outside! The elegant Gothic cloisters, rather to be described as a series of chapels, each differing from the other, each sumptuously adorned, enclose a sunny open space or patio, planted with palms, orange and lemon trees, the dazzlingly bright foliage and warm blue sky in striking contrast to the sombre grey of the building-stone. A little farther off, on the other side, we may see the figures of the bell-ringers high up in the open belfry tower, swinging the huge bells backwards and forwards with tremendous effort, a sight never to be missed on Sundays and fête days.

This stately old Cathedral, like so many others, was never finished; works of reparation and restoration are perpetually going on, and the superb *façade*, of which an engraving is here given, is now in course of entire reconstruction. Close by stands the Palais de Justice, with its beautiful Gothic court and carved stone staircase, the balustrade supported by lovely little statuettes or gargoyles, each an artistic study in itself. Abutting this is the Palais de Diputacion, Provincial or local Parliament House, a building of truly Spanish grandeur. Its wide marble staircases, its elaborate ceilings of carved wood, its majestic proportions, will, perhaps, have less interest for some travellers than its art-treasures, two *chefs d'œuvre* of the gifted Fortuny. Barcelona was the patron of this true genius—Catalan by birth—so unhappily cut off in his early prime. With no little pride the stately officials show these canvases—the famous “*Odalisque*” and the “*Battle of Tetuan*”—the latter, alas! left unfinished. It is a superb piece of life and colour, but must be seen on a brilliant day, as the hall is sombre. Nothing can exceed the courtesy of the Barcelonese to strangers, and these pictures are shown out of the regular hours. But let no one incautiously offer a fee. The proffered coin will be politely, even smilingly, rejected, without humiliating reproof, much less a look of affront. Ford’s remark that “a silver key at all times secures admission” does not hold good in these days.



Near the Cathedral, law courts, and Provincial Parliament House stands another picturesque old palace of comparatively modern date, yet Saracenic aspect, and containing one of the most curious historic treasures in Europe. This is the palace of the kings of Aragon, or Archivo General de la Corona de Aragon. The exterior, as is usual with Spanish buildings, is massive and gloomy. Inside is a look of Oriental lightness and gaiety. Slender columns, painted red, enclose an open court, and support a little terrace planted with shrubs and flowers. Here in perfect order and



*Rambla del Centro.*

preservation, without a break, are stored the records of upwards of a thousand years, the earlier consisting of vellum scrolls and black letter, the latter showing the progress of printing from its beginning down to our own day. The first parchment bears date A.D. 875. Among the curiosities of the collection are no less than eight hundred and two Papal Bulls from the year 1017 to 1796. Besides the archives of Barcelona itself, and of the kingdom of Aragon, to which it was annexed in the twelfth century, the palace contains many deeply interesting manuscripts found in the suppressed monasteries.

The archives have been ingeniously arranged by the learned keeper of records. The bookcases, which are not more than six feet high, stand on either side of the



vast library, at some distance from the wall, made staircase-wise; one set of volumes juts above the other, with the result that no accumulation of dust is possible, and that each set is equally accessible. The effect on the eye of these symmetrically-placed volumes in white vellum is very novel and pleasing. We seem to be in a hall, the walls of which are of fluted cream-coloured marble.

The little museum of local antiquities in the ruined Church of Santa Agneda, the sombre old churches of San Pablo del Campo, Santo Maria del Mar and Belen, the fragments of mediæval domestic architecture remaining here and there—all these will detain the archæologist. Of more general interest are the modern monuments of Barcelona. In no city have civic lavishness and public spirit shone forth more conspicuously.

A penny tramway—you may go anywhere here for a penny—takes you to the beautiful Park and Fountain of Neptune. The word “fountain” gives an inadequate notion of the splendid pile, with its vast triple-storeyed marble galleries, its sculptured Naiads and dolphins, and on the summit, towering above park and lake and cascades, its three gigantic sea-horses and charioteers richly gilt, gleaming as if indeed of massive gold. Is there any more sumptuous fountain in the world? I doubt it. In spite of the gilded sea-horses and chariot, there is no tawdriness here; all is bold, splendid, and imposing. Below the vast terraced galleries and wide staircases, all of pure marble, flows in a broad sheet the crystal-clear water, home of myriads of gold fish. The *entourage* is worthy of so superb a construction. The fountain stands in the midst of a scrupulously-kept, tastefully laid-out, ever-verdant park or public pleasure-ground. In November all is fresh and blooming as in an English June. Palms, magnolias, bananas, oleanders, camellias, the pepper-tree, make up a rich, many-tinted foliage. Flowers in winter-time are supplanted by beds of brilliant leaved plants that do duty for blossoms. The purple, crimson, and sea-green leaves are arranged with great effect, and have a brilliant appearance. Here, surrounded by gold green turf, are little lakes which may be sailed across in tiny pleasure skiffs. At the chief entrance, conspicuously placed, stands the fine equestrian monument to Prim, inaugurated with much civil and military pomp two years ago. It is a bold statue in red bronze. The general sits his horse, hat in hand, his fine, soldier-like face turned towards the city. On the sides of the pedestal are bas-reliefs recording episodes of his career, and on the front these words only, “Barcelona à Prim.” The work is that of a Spanish artist, and the monument as a whole reflects great credit alike to local art and public spirit.

But a few minutes’ drive brings us within sight of a monument to one of the world’s heroes. I allude to the memorial column recently raised to Columbus by this same public-spirited and munificent city of Barcelona. Columbus, be it remembered, was received here by Ferdinand and Isabella after his discovery of



America in 1493. Far and wide over hills and city, palm-girt harbour, and sea, as a lighthouse towers the tremendous obelisk, the figure of the great Genoese surmounting it, his feet placed on a golden sphere, his outstretched arm pointing triumphantly in the direction of his newly-discovered continent, as much as to say, "It is there!"

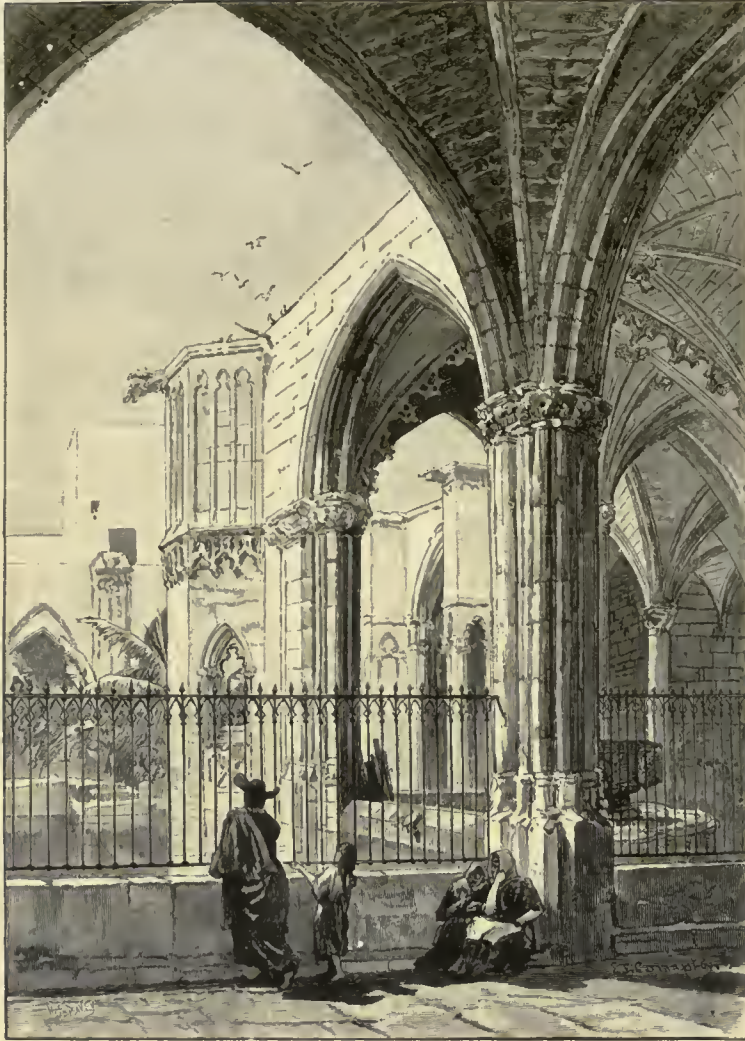
Never did undertaking reflect more credit upon a city than this stupendous work. The entire height of the monument is about two-thirds of the height of the Monument of London. The execution was entrusted to Barcelonese craftsmen and artists; the materials—bronze, stone, and marble—all being supplied in the neighbourhood.

On the upper tier of the pedestal are statues of the four noble Catalans who materially aided Columbus in his expedition—by name Fray Boyl, monk of Montserrat, Pedro Margarit, Jaime Ferrer, and Luis Sentangel. Below are allegorical figures representing, in the form of stately matrons, the four kingdoms of Catalonia, Castille, Aragon, and Leon. Bas-reliefs, illustrating scenes in the career of the discoverer, adorn the hexagonal sides, six magnificent winged lions of greystone keep jealous watch over the whole, and below these, softening the aspect of severity, is a belt of turf, the following inscription being perpetually written in flowers: "Barcelona à Colon." The column is surmounted by a globe burnished with gold, and above rises the colossal figure of Columbus.

No happier site could have been selected. The monument faces the sea, and is approached from the town by a palm-bordered walk and public garden. The first object to greet the mariner's eye as he sights land is the figure of Columbus poised on his glittering ball; the last to fade from view is that beacon-like column towering so proudly above city and shore. A little excursion must be made by boat or steamer, in order to realise the striking effect of this monument from the sea.

To obtain a bird's-eye view of Barcelona itself, the stranger should go some distance inland. The Fort of Montjuich, commanding the town from the south, or Mont Tibidaho to the north, will equally answer his purpose. A pretty winding path leads from the shore to a pleasure-garden just below the fort, and here we see the entire city spread as in a map at our feet. The panorama is somewhat monotonous, the vast congeries of white walls and grey roofs only broken by gloomy old church towers and tall factory chimneys, but thus is realised for the first time the enormous extent of the Spanish Liverpool and Manchester in one. Thus, indeed, may Barcelona be styled. Looking seaward, the picture is animated and engaging—the wide harbour bristling with shipping, lateen-sailed fishing boats skimming the deep-blue sunny waves, noble vessels just discernible on the dim horizon.

The once celebrated promenade of the Murallo del Mar, eulogised by Ford and other writers, no longer exists, but the stranger will keep the sea-line in search of the

*Cloister of the Cathedral.*

new cemetery. A very bad road leads thither, on All Saints' and All Souls' days followed by an unbroken string of vehicles, omnibuses, covered carts, hackney carriages, and private broughams; their occupants, for the most part, dressed in black. The women, wearing black Cashmere mantillas, are hardly visible, being hidden by enormous wreaths, crosses, and bouquets of natural and also of artificial flowers. The new cemetery is well placed, being several miles from the city, on high ground between the open country and the sea. It is tastefully laid out in terraces—the trees and shrubs, of three years' growth only, testifying to the care bestowed on them. Here are

many costly monuments—mausoleums, we should rather say—of opulent Barcelonese, each family possessing its tiny chapel and burial-place.

It is to be hoped that so progressive a city as Barcelona will ere long adopt the system of cremation. Nothing can be less hygienic, one would think, than the present mode of burial in Spain. To die there is literally—not figuratively—to be laid on the shelf. The terrace-like sides of the cemetery ground have been hollowed out into pigeon-holes, and into these are thrust the coffins, the marble slab closing the aperture bearing a memorial inscription. Ivy and other creepers are trained around the various divisions, and wreaths of fresh flowers and immortelles adorn them; the whole presenting the appearance of a huge chest of drawers divided into mathematically exact segments. To us there is something uncanny—nay, revolting—in such a form of burial; which, to say the least of it, cannot be warranted on æsthetic, much less scientific, principles. It is satisfactory to find that at last Protestants and Jews have their own burial-place here, shut off from the rest, it is true, by a wall at least twenty feet high, but a resting-place for all that. It was not so very long ago that Malaga







BARCELONA, FROM ABOVE GRACIA.



was the only Spanish town according Protestants this privilege, the concession being wrung from the authorities by our late much-esteemed consul, Mr. Mark.

For some days preceding the festival of All Saints the cemetery presents a busy scene. Charwomen, gardeners, masons, and painters then take possession of the place. Marble is scoured, lettering is repainted, shrubs clipped, turf cut—all is made spick and span, in time for the great festival of the dead. It must be borne in mind that All Saints' Day in Spain has no analogy with the same date in our own calendar. Brilliant sunshine, air soft and balmy as of an English July, characterise the month of November here. These visits to the cemetery are, therefore, less depressing than they would be performed amid English fog and drizzle. We



*Plaza Nuova.*

Northerners, moreover, cannot cast off gloomy thoughts and sad retrospection as easily as the more elastic, more joyous Southern temperament. Mass over, the pilgrimage to the cemetery paid, all is relaxation and gaiety. All Saints' and All Souls' days are indeed periods of unmitigated enjoyment and relaxation. Public offices, museums, schools, shops, are closed. Holiday folk pour in from the country. The city is as animated as Paris on the 14th of July.

In the forenoon it is difficult to elbow one's way through the crowded thoroughfares. Every street is thronged, men flocking to mass as zealously as devotees of the other sex. In these early hours most of the ladies wear black; their mourning garb later in the day to be exchanged for fashionable toilettes of all colours. The children are decked out gaily, as for a fancy fair. Service is being held in every church, and from all parts may be heard the sonorous Cathedral bells. Its vast, sombre interior, now blazing with wax-lights, is a sight to remember. Crowds in rapt devotion are kneeling on the bare stones, the ladies heedless of their silks; here and there the men kneeling on a glove or pocket-handkerchief, in order to protect their Sunday pantaloons. Rows of poor men—beggars, it would seem, tidied up for the occasion—sit in rows along the aisle, holding lighted tapers. The choir is filled with choristers, men and boys intoning the service so skilfully that they almost seem to sing. Soon the crowds fall back, and a procession passes from choir to high altar—priests and dignitaries in their gorgeous robes, some of black, embroidered with crosses in gold, others of white and purple or yellow, the bishop coming last, his long violet train borne by a priest; all the time the well-trained voices of the choristers—sweet treble of the boys, tenor, and base—making up for lack of music. At last the long ceremony comes to an end, and the vast congregation pours out to enjoy the balmy air, the warm sunshine, visits, confectionery, and other distractions.

Such religious holidays should not be missed by the traveller, since they still stamp Spain as the most Catholic country in the world. Even in bustling, cosmopolitan, progressive Barcelona people seem to spend half their time in church.

In the capital of Catalonia, nineteenth-century civilisation and the mediæval spirit may still be called next-door neighbours. The airy boulevards and handsome villas of suburban Algiers are not more strikingly contrasted with the ancient Moorish streets than the new quarters of Barcelona with the old. The Rambla, its electric lights, its glittering shops, cafés, clubs, and theatres, recalls a Parisian boulevard. In many of the tortuous, malodorous streets of the old town there is hardly room for a wheelbarrow to be drawn along; no sunbeam has ever penetrated the gloom.

Let us take a penny tramway, return ticket three-halfpence, from the Rambla to the gloomy, grandiose old church of Santa Maria del Mar. Between the city and the sea rises the majestic monument to Columbus, conspicuous as a lighthouse alike from land and sea. We follow a broad palm-bordered alley and pleasure garden, beyond which are seen the noble harbour bristling with masts and the soft blue Mediterranean. Under the palms lounge idle crowds listening to a band, shading themselves as best they can from the burning sun of November! What a change when we leave the tramway and the airy, handsome precincts of



the park, and plunge into the dark, narrow street behind the Lonja Palace. The sombre picture is not without relief. Round about the ancient façade of the church are cloth-shops, the gay wares hanging from each storey, as if the shopmen made a display of all their wares. Here were reds, yellows, greens of brightest hue, some of these woollen blankets, shawls, and garments of every description being gay to crudeness; grass green, scarlet, orange, sky-blue, dazzled the eye, but the general effect was picturesque and cheerful. The dingy little square looked ready for a festival. In reality, a funeral service was taking place in the church. If Spanish interiors are always dark and depressing, what must they be when draped with black? No sooner does the door swing behind us here than daylight is shut out completely as on entering a mine; we are obliged to grope our way by the feeble rays of light penetrating the old stained glass of the clerestory. The lovely lancets of the aisles are hidden by huge black banners, the vast building being only lighted by a blaze of wax tapers here and there. Sweet soft chaunting of boys' voices, with a delicious organ accompaniment, was going on when I entered, soon to be exchanged for the unutterably monotonous and lugubrious intoning of black-robed choristers. They formed a procession and, chaunting as they went, marched to a side altar before which a priest was performing mass. The Host elevated, all marched back again, the dreary intoning now beginning afresh. It is impossible to convey any adequate notion of the dreariness of the service. If the Spaniards understand how to enjoy to the uttermost what Browning calls "the wild joy of living," they also know how to clothe death with all the terrors of mediæval superstition. It takes one's breath away, too, to calculate the cost of a funeral here, what with the priests accomplished in the mystic dance—so does a Spanish writer designate the performance—the no less elaborate services of the choristers, the lighting up of the church, the display of funeral drapery. The expense, fortunately, can only be incurred once. These ancient churches—all sombreness and gloom, yet on fête days ablaze with light and colours—symbolise the leading characteristics of Spanish character. No sooner does the devotee rise from his knees than the Southern passion for joy and animation asserts itself. Religious exercise and revel, penitence and enjoyment, alternate one with the other; the more devout the first, all the more eagerly indulged in the last.

On the Sunday morning following the Festival of All Saints—the 4th of November—the splendid old cathedral was the scene of a veritable pageant. Wax lights illuminated the vast interior from end to end, the brocades and satins of priestly robes blazed with gold embroidery, the rich adornments and treasure of altar and chapels could be seen in full splendour. Before the grand music of the organ and the elevation, a long, very long, sermon had to be listened to, the enormous congregation for the most part standing; scattered groups here and there squatted on the stone

piers, not a chair to be had anywhere, no one seeming to find the discourse too long. When at last the preacher did conclude, the white-robed choristers, men and boys, passed out of the choir, and formed a double line. Then the bishop in solemn state descended from the high altar. He wore a crimson gown with long train borne by a priest, and on his head a violet cap, with pea-green tuft. The dresses of the attendant clergy were no less gorgeous and rich in texture, some of crimson with heavy gold trimmings, others of mauve, guinea-gold, peach colour, or creamy white, several wearing fur caps. The procession made the round of the choir, then returned to the starting-point. As I sat behind the high altar on one of the high-backed wooden benches destined for the aged poor, two tiny chorister boys came up, both in white surplices, one with a pink, the other with sky-blue collar. Here they chatted and laughed with their hands on the bell-rope, ready to signal the elevation. On a sudden the tittering ceased, the childish hands tugged at the rope, the tinkling of the bell was heard, and the multitude, as one man, fell on its knees, the organ meantime being played divinely. I think I never heard such fine organ-playing in my life. Service over, the crowds emerged into the dazzling sunshine: pleasure parties, steamboat trips, visits, theatres, bull-fights occupied the rest of the day, the Rambla presenting the appearance of a masquerade.

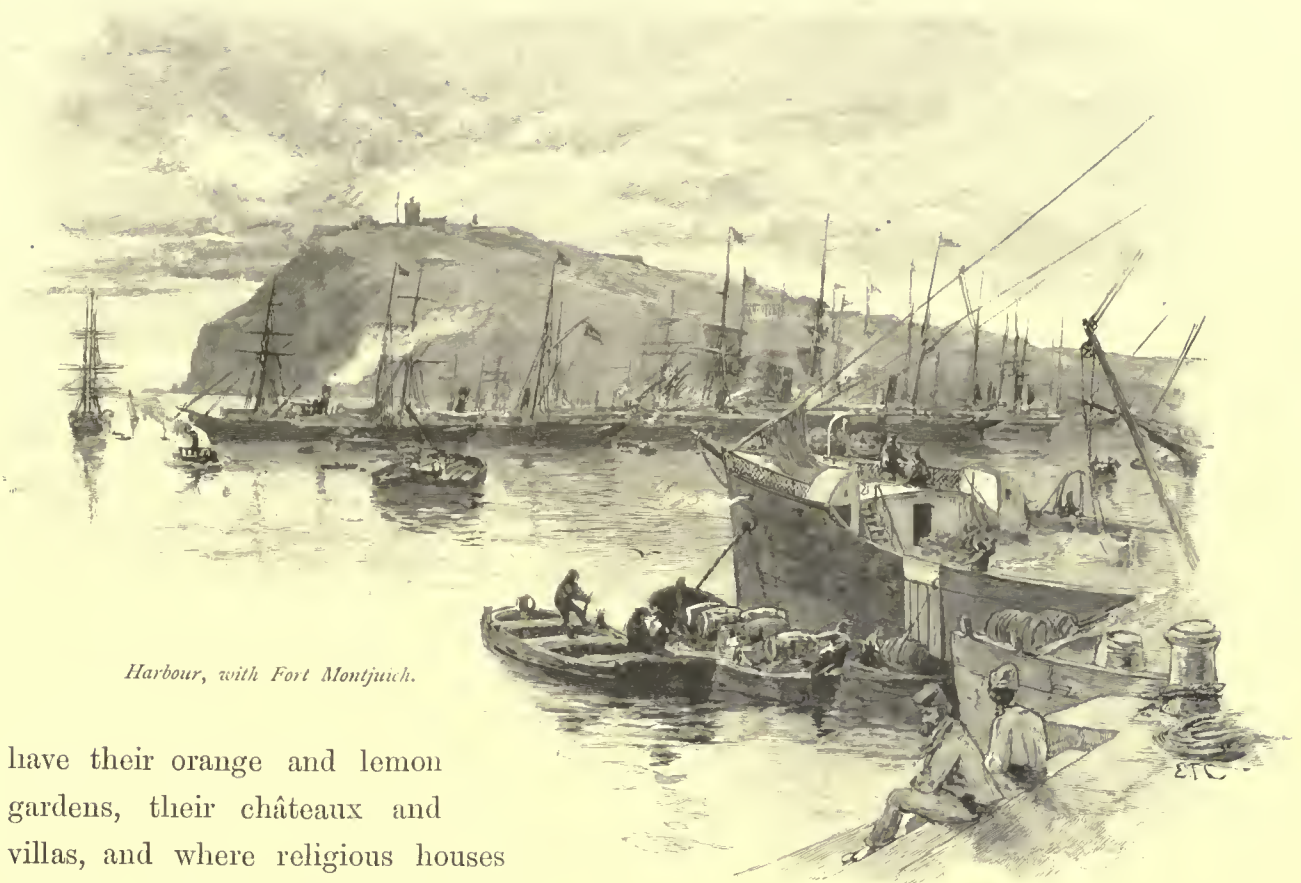
An excursion northwards of the city is necessary, in order to see its charming, fast-increasing suburbs. Many, as is the case with those of Paris, Passy, Auteuil, Belleville, and others, were formerly little towns, but are fast becoming part of Barcelona itself.

Most musically named is Gracia, approached by rail or tramway, where rich citizens



*Near Mataró.*





*Harbour, with Fort Montjuich.*

have their orange and lemon gardens, their châteaux and villas, and where religious houses abound. In this delightful suburban

retreat alone no less than six nunneries may be counted; sombre prison-like buildings, with tiny barred windows, indicating the abode of cloistered nuns of ascetic orders. That of the Order of St. Domingo has been recently founded. The house looks precisely like a prison. Here also are several congregations of the other sex—the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, the Fathers of San Filipe, and others.

Gracia may be called the Hampstead of Barcelona. Hardly a house but possesses its garden. Above the high walls trail gorgeous creepers and datura, whilst through the iron gates we obtain glimpses of dahlias in full splendour, roses red and white, and above these the glossy-leaved orange and lemon trees with their ripening fruit. The pleasantest suburb of Barcelona is well worthy of its name. As Sarria is approached, the scenery becomes more rural, and under the brilliant November sunshine reminds the traveller of the East, the square, white, low-roofed houses rising amid olive and palm trees. The aloes and prickly pears on the waste ground again and again recall Algeria. Here are vast stretches of vegetable gardens and vineyards supplying the city markets, and standing in their own grounds on sunny hill-sides, the quintas or country houses of rich citizens and grandees.

From the little town of Sarria—hardly as yet to be called suburban—a glorious view is obtained of city, port, and sea. The narrow dusty streets, with their close-shuttered houses, have a sleepy look; yet Sarria possesses one of the largest

cotton-mills in Spain, several thousand hands being employed by one firm. The branch railway ends at Sarria. Here tourists and holiday-makers alight; the hardy pedestrian to reach the summit of Mont Tibidaho on foot—a matter of two hours or so—the less enterprising, to accept one of the covered cars awaiting excursionists outside the station. Mont Tibidaho is the favourite holiday ground of the citizens. Even in November numerous pleasure parties are sure to be found here, and the large restaurants indicate the extent of summer patronage. On the breezy heights round about are the sumptuous mansions of nobles and merchant princes; whilst down below are numerous picturesque valleys, notably that of San Cugat. The stranger fortunate enough to obtain admission will find himself in the kind of fairyland described by Tennyson in his “*Haroun-al-Raschid*,” Owen Meredith in “*The Siege of Constantinople*,” or Gayangos in his delightful translation of the “*Chronicles of Al-Makkari*.” Marble courts, crystal fountains, magnificent baths, mosaic pavements, statuary, tapestries, aviaries, rare exotics, gold and silver plate, are now combined with all modern appliances of comfort. A sojourn in one of the well-appointed hotels will suffice to give some notion of Spanish society. During the holidays many families from the city take up their quarters here. Social gatherings, picnics, excursions, concerts, are the order of the day, and good military bands enliven the gardens on Sundays.

To the south-east of Barcelona lies the suburb of Barceloneta, frequented by the seafaring population. Penny boats ply between city and suburb, on Sundays and holidays the music of a barrel-organ being thrown into the bargain. The harbour is then black with spectators, and the boats and little steamers, making the cruise of the port for half a franc, are crowded with holiday-makers. The bright silk head-dresses of the women, the men’s crimson or scarlet *sombreros* and plaids, the uniforms of the soldiers, the gay dresses of the ladies, make up a picturesque scene. On board the boats the music of the barrel-organ must on no account be paid for. A well-intentioned stranger who should offer the musician a penny is given to understand that the treat is gratuitous and generously supplied by the owners of the craft. Greed being almost universal in those parts of the world frequented by tourists, it is gratifying to be able to chronicle such exceptions. Seldom, indeed, has the sightseer at Barcelona to put his hand in his pocket.

If inferior to other Spanish cities in picturesqueness and interest generally, the capital of Catalonia atones for the deficit by its abundance of resources. It possesses nothing to be called a picture-gallery; the museums are second-rate, the collections of antiquities inconsiderable. But what other city in Spain can boast of so many learned bodies and diverse centres of intellectual activity? Excessive devotion and scientific inquiry do not here seem at variance. Strange to say, a population that seems perpetually on its knees is the first to welcome modern ideas.



The Academy of Arts was founded in 1751, and owes its origin to the Junta, or Tribunal of Commerce of Catalonia. This art school is splendidly lodged in the Lonja Palace, and attached to it is a museum, containing a few curious specimens of old Spanish masters, some rather poor copies of the Italian schools, and one real artistic treasure of the first water. This is a collection of studies in black and white by the gifted Fortuny, whose first training was received here. The sketches are masterly, and atone for the insignificance of the remaining collection. Students of both sexes are admitted to the classes, the course of study embracing painting in all its branches, modelling, etching, linear drawing and perspective, anatomy, and æsthetics. It is gratifying to find that girls attend these classes, although as yet in small numbers.

The movement in favour of the higher education of women marches at a snail's pace in Spain. The vast number of convents and what are called "Escuelas Pías," or religious schools, attest the fact that even in the most cosmopolitan and enlightened Spanish town the education of girls still remains chiefly in the hands of the nuns. Lay schools and colleges exist, also a normal school for the training of female teachers, founded a few years ago. Here and there we find rich families entrusting their girls to English governesses, but such cases are rare. Out of a population of between four and five hundred thousand souls, only two hundred Protestants answer to the roll-call. How reluctantly Catholic countries are won over to educate their women we have witnessed in France. Towards the close of the nineteenth century the chief occupation of an educated Spanish lady seems to be that of counting her beads in church.

Music is universally taught, the cultivation of the piano being nowhere more assiduous. Pianoforte teachers may be counted by the hundred; and a Conservatorium, besides academies due to private initiative, offers a thorough musical training to the student. Elegant pianos, characterised by great delicacy of tone and low price, are a leading feature of Barcelona manufacture, notably of the firm Bernareggi.

The University, attended by two thousand five hundred students, was founded so long ago as 1430, and rebuilt in 1873.

A technical school—the only complete school of arts and sciences existing in Spain—was opened under the same roof in 1850; and, in connection with it, night classes are held. Any workman provided with a certificate of good conduct can attend these classes free of cost. Schools of architecture and navigation are also attached to the University.

Thirst after knowledge characterises all classes of the community. A workman's literary club, or Athenæum, founded a few years back, is now a flourishing institution, aided by municipal funds. No kind of recreation is allowed within its walls. Night-schools opened here are attended by several hundred scholars. Barcelona also boasts of an Academy of *Belles Lettres*, the first founded in Spain; schools of natural

science, chemistry, agriculture, of medicine and surgery, of jurisprudence, an academy devoted to the culture of the Catalonian language, and containing library and museum. This society has greatly contributed to the protection of ancient buildings throughout the province, besides amassing valuable treasure, legend, botanical and geological specimens and antiquities. The Archæological Society of Barcelona has also effected



*Flower-Sellers in the Rambla.*

good work: to its initiative the city is mainly indebted for the charming little collection of antiquities known as the "Musco Provincial," before alluded to. When we come to the subject of primary instruction, we are somewhat startled by the figures placed before us. Out of a population of between four and five hundred thousand souls, not quite two thousand boys, not quite three thousand girls, and only fifteen hundred infants, attended the municipal schools in 1883. We must remember, however, that besides the numerous "Escuelas pias," or secular schools, several exist opened under the auspices

of the Spanish Evangelical body, and also the League for the Promotion of lay Teaching. We need not infer, then, that because they do not attend the municipal schools the children go untaught.

In places of public entertainment Barcelona is unusually rich. Its Opera House, holding four thousand spectators, equals in spaciousness the celebrated house of Moscow. The unpretentious exterior gives no idea of the splendour within. A dozen theatres may be counted besides. Bull-fights, alas! still disgrace the most advanced city of the Peninsula. The bull-ring was founded in 1834, and the brutal spectacle still attracts enormous crowds, chiefly consisting of natives. The bull-fight is almost unanimously repudiated by foreign residents of all ranks.





TRANSEPT OF THE CATHEDRAL.



A few words must now be said about the history of this ancient place. The city founded here by Hamilear Bareo, father of the great Hannibal, is supposed to stand on the site of one more ancient still, existing long before the foundation of Rome. The Carthaginian city in 206 B.C. became a Roman colonia, under the title of "Faventia Julia Augusta Pia Barzino," which was eclipsed in importance, however, by Tarragona, the Roman capital. In 409 A.D. it was taken by the Goths, and under their domination increased in size and influence, coining its own money stamped with the legend "Bareinona." On the destruction of Tarragona by the Moors Barecelona capitulated, was treated with clemency, and again became a metropolis. After many vicissitudes it was ruled in the ninth century by a Christian chief of its own, whose descendants till the twelfth governed it under the title of Counts of Barcelona, later assuming that of Kings of Aragon, to which kingdom the province was annexed. During the Middle Ages Barcelona played a foremost part in the history of commerce. In the words of Ford, "Like Carthage of old, it was the lord and terror of the Mediterranean. It divided with Italy the enriching commerce of the East. It was then a city of commerce, conquest, and courtiers, of taste, learning, and luxury—the Athens of the troubadour."

Its celebrated commercial code, framed in the thirteenth century, obtained acceptance throughout Europe. Here one of the first printing-presses in Spain was set up, and here Columbus was received by Ferdinand and Isabella after his discovery of a new world. A hundred years later a ship was launched from the port, made to move by means of steam. The story of Barcelona is henceforth but a catalogue of tyrannies and treacheries, against which the brave, albeit turbulent, city struggled single-handed. In 1711 it was bombarded and partly ruined by Philip V.; a few years later, after a magnanimous defence, it was stormed by Berwick, on behalf of Louis XIV., and given up to pillage, outrage, fire, and sword. Napoleon's fraudulent seizure of Barcelona is one of the most shameful pages of his shameful history. The first city—the key of Spain, as he called it—only to be taken in fair war by eighty thousand men, was basely entrapped, and remained in the hands of the French till the Treaty of Paris in 1814. From that time Barcelona has only enjoyed fitful intervals of repose. In 1827 a popular rising took place in favour of Don Carlos. In 1834 Queen Christina was opposed, and in 1840 public opinion declared for Espartero. In 1856 and 1874 insurrections occurred, not without bloodshed. In 1889, a city turbulent as mediæval Ghent itself apparently enjoys the repose and contentment of an English village. For how long? A baby king, a weak administration, an ambitious army, can hardly be called happy auguries for the future of Spain. Ominous rumours, too, reach the stranger's ears. Those in a position to speak with authority pronounce the pacific aspect of affairs to be transitory and delusive.



Barcelona is a great gathering-place of merchants from all parts of Europe. In its handsome hotels is heard a very Babel of tongues. The principal manufactures consist of woollen stuffs—said to be inferior to our own in quality—silk, lace, firearms, hats, hardware, pianos; the last, as has been already stated, of excellent quality, and low in price. Porcelain, crystal, furniture, and inlaid work, must be included in this list, also ironwork and stone blocks.

Beautifully situated on the Mediterranean between the mouths of two rivers,—the Llobregat and the Besos—and possessing one of the finest climates in the world, Barcelona is doubtless destined ere long to rival Algiers as a health resort. Three lines of railway now connect it directly with Paris, from which it is separated by twenty-eight hours' journey. The traveller may leave Barcelona at five o'clock in the morning and reach Lyons at midnight with only a change of carriages on the frontier. The route *via* Bordeaux is equally expeditious; that by way of Clermont-Ferrand less so, but more picturesque. Hotels in the capital of Catalonia leave nothing to desire on the score of management, hygiene, comfort, and prices strictly regulated by tariff. The only drawback to be complained of is the total absence of the feminine element—not a woman to be seen on the premises. Good family hotels, provided with lady clerks and chamber-maids, is a decided desideratum. The traveller wishing to attain a knowledge of the Spanish language, and see something of Spanish life and manners, may betake himself to one of the numerous boarding-houses.

Barcelona is very rich in philanthropic and charitable institutions. Foremost of these is its Hospital of Santa Cruz, numbering six hundred beds. It is under the conjoint management of sisters and brothers of charity and lay nurses of both sexes. An asylum for the insane forms part of the building, with annexes for the convalescent. The Hospital de San Lazaro or Leper Hospital in 1883 contained only five patients, all natives of the banks of the Ebro, to which region this terrible disease seems confined in Catalonia. The Hospital del Sagrado Corazon, founded by public subscription in 1870 for surgical cases, also speaks volumes for the munificence of the citizens. The only passport required of the patient is poverty. One interesting feature about this hospital is that the committee of management consists of ladies. The nursing staff is formed of French Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Besides these must be named the orphanage for upwards of two thousand children of both sexes—Casa de Caridad de la Provincia de Barcelona—asylums for abandoned infants, for the orphaned children of seamen, maternity hospitals, crèches, etc. There is also a school for the blind and deaf mutes, the first of the kind established in Spain. Here the blind of both sexes receive a thorough musical training, and deaf mutes are taught according to the system known as lip-speech. All teaching is gratuitous.



*Road to S. Cugat de Vallis.*

Barcelona possesses thirty-eight churches, without counting the chapels attached to convents, and a vast number of conventual houses. Several evangelical services are held on Sundays both in the city and in the suburb of Barceloneta. The Protestant communities of Spain, England, France, Germany, Sweden, and other countries, have here their representative and organisation. Sunday-schools and night-schools for adults are held in connection with these churches.

Electric lighting was early introduced here, a company being founded so long back as 1880, and having branches in the capital, Seville, Valencia, Bilbao, and other towns. The importance of Barcelona as a centre of commerce is attested by the extraordinary number of banks. At every turn the stranger comes upon a bank. "Compared to the mighty hives of English industry and skill, here everything is petty," wrote Ford, fifty years ago. Very different would be his verdict could he revisit the Manchester and Liverpool of Catalonia in our own day.

The following curious particulars were elicited during the census of 1887: Out of a population of 400,000 were counted 1,200 Protestants, 10 Jews, 5,000 Rationalists — presumably "Agnostics"; 10,000 figured as "inciertos" — uncertain. It seems beholden, then, on the inhabitants to declare their religious opinions whatever they may be.

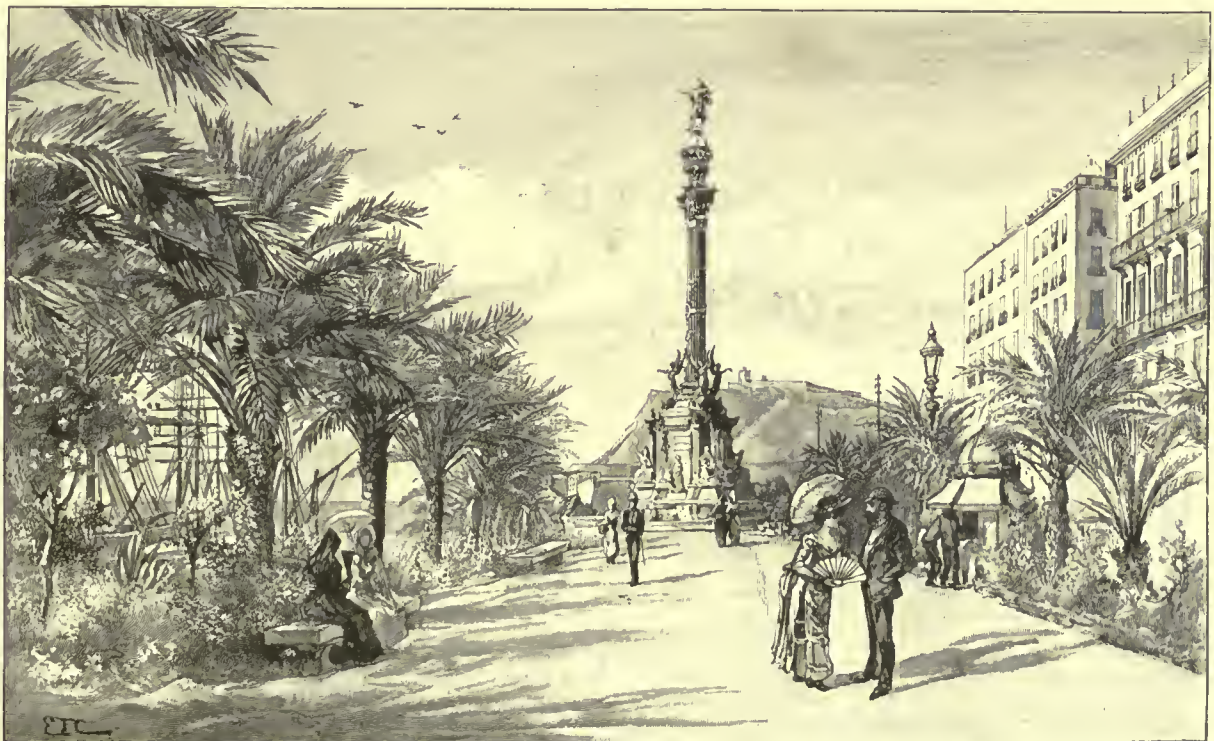
The Protestant body seems active. We find here a branch depôt of the Religious Tract Society; various religious magazines, many of them translations from the English and German, are published. Among these are the "Revista Christiana,"



intended for the more thoughtful class of readers; "La Luz," organ of the Reformed Church of Spain; and several illustrated periodicals for children. Will Protestantism ever take deep root in the home of the Inquisition? Time will show. One sign of the times is the recent secession of a Spanish priest to the Protestant ministry. This event took place at Figueras in October, 1889.

That very advanced political opinions should be held here need hardly surprise us. We find the following Democratic clubs in existence: The Historic Republican Club ("Centro Republicano Historico"), the Possibilist Republican Club ("Circulo Republicano Possibilista"), the Democratic Progressist Club, the Federal Republican Club, and many others. When next a great popular movement takes place in Spain—and already the event looms in the distance—without doubt the first impulse will be given at Barcelona.

One curious feature of social life in Spain is the extraordinary number of religious fête days and public holidays. No Bank Holiday Act is needed, as in the neighbouring country of France. Here is a list of days during which business is for the most part suspended in this recreation-loving city: Twelfth-cake Day is the great festival of the little ones—carnival is kept up, if with less of former splendour, nevertheless with much spirit; on Ash Wednesday rich and poor betake themselves to the country; Holy Thursday and Good Friday are celebrated with great pomp in the churches; on Easter Eve takes place a procession of shepherds in the park; Easter Monday is a day given up to rural festivity; the 19th of March—St. José's Day—is



*Pasco de Colon.*

a universal fête, hardly a family in Spain without a José among its number. The first Sunday in May is a feast of flowers and poetic competitions; the days consecrated to St. Juan and St. Pedro are public holidays, patronised by enormous numbers of country-folks; All Saints' and All Souls' Days are given up, as we have seen, to alternate devotion and festivity. On the 20th of December is celebrated the Feast of the Nativity, the fair and the displays of the shops attracting strangers from all parts. But it is especially the days sacred to the Virgin that are celebrated by all classes. Balls, banquets, processions, miracle-plays, illuminations, bull-fights, horse-races, scholastic fêtes, industrial exhibitions, civic ceremonial, besides solemn services, occupy old and young, rich and poor. Feasting is the order of the day, and the confectioners' windows are wonderful to behold.

Although many local customs are dying out, we may still see some of the curious street sights described by Ford fifty years ago, and the Mariolatry he deplored is still as active as ever. The goodly show of dainties in the shops, however, belie his somewhat acrimonious description of a Spanish reception. "Those who receive," he wrote, "provide very little refreshment unless they wish to be covered with glory; space, light, and a little bad music, are sufficient to amuse these merry, easily-pleased souls, and satisfy their frugal bodies. To those who, by hospitality and entertainment, can only understand eating and drinking—food for man and beast—such hungry proceedings will be more honoured in the breach than in the observance; but these matters depend much on latitude and longitude." Be this as it may, either the climate of Barcelona has changed, or international communication has revolutionised Spanish digestion. Twenty-two years ago, when travelling in Spain, it was no unusual sight to see a spare, aristocratic hidalgo enter a restaurant, and, with much form and ceremony, breakfast off a tiny omelette. Nowadays we find plenty of Spanish guests at public ordinaries doing ample justice to a plentiful board. English visitors in a Spanish house will not only get good music, in addition to space and light, but abundant hospitality of material sort.

The Spain of which Ford wrote so humorously, and, it must be admitted, often so maliciously, is undergoing slow, but sure, transformation. Many national characteristics remain—the passion for the brutal bull-fight still disgraces a polished people, the women still spend the greater portion of their lives in church; religious intolerance towards the close of the nineteenth century must be laid to the charge of a slowly progressive nation. On the other hand, and nowhere is the fact more patent than at Barcelona, the great intellectual and social revolution, described by contemporary Spanish novelists, is bringing the peninsula in closer sympathy with her neighbours. Many young Spaniards, for instance, are now educated among us, English is freely spoken at Malaga, and our literature is no longer unknown to Spanish readers. These facts indicate coming change. The exclusiveness which has hitherto



barred the progress of this richly-dowered and attractive country is on the wane. Who shall say? We may ere long see dark-eyed students from Barcelona at Girton College, and a Spanish society for the protection of animals prohibiting the torture of bulls and horses for the public pleasure.

Already — all honour to her name — a Spanish woman novelist, the gifted Caballero, has made pathetic appeals to her country-folks for a gentler treatment of animals in general. For the most part, it must be sadly confessed, in vain!

In spite of its foremost position, in intellectual and commercial pre-eminence, Barcelona has produced no famous men. Her noblest monument is raised to an alien; Lopez, a munificent citizen, honoured by a statue, was born at Santander. Prim, although a Catalan, did not first see the light in the capital. By some strange concatenation of events, this noble city owes her fame rather to the collective genius and spirit of her children than to any one. A magnanimous stepmother, she has adopted those identified with her splendour to whom she did not herself give birth.

Only a very long day's journey separates us from the Catalonian capital and Lyons. We may take our early coffee in the one city, and our late — very late — supper in the other.

Balzac wittily remarks that the dinner is the barometer of the family purse in Paris. One perceives whether Parisians are flourishing or no by a glance at the daily board. Clothes afford a nice indication of temperature all the world over. We have only to notice what people wear, and we can construct a weather-chart for ourselves. Although the late autumn of 1889 was, on the whole, favourable, I left fires, furs, and overcoats in Paris. At Lyons, a city afflicted with a climate the proper epithet of which is "muggy," ladies had not yet discarded their summer clothes, and were only just beginning to refurbish felt hats and fur-lined pelisses.

At Montpellier the weather was April-like—mild, blowy, showery; waterproofs, goloshes, and umbrellas were the order of the day. On reaching Barcelona I found a blazing sun, windows thrown wide open, and everybody wearing the lightest garments. Such facts do duty for a thermometer.

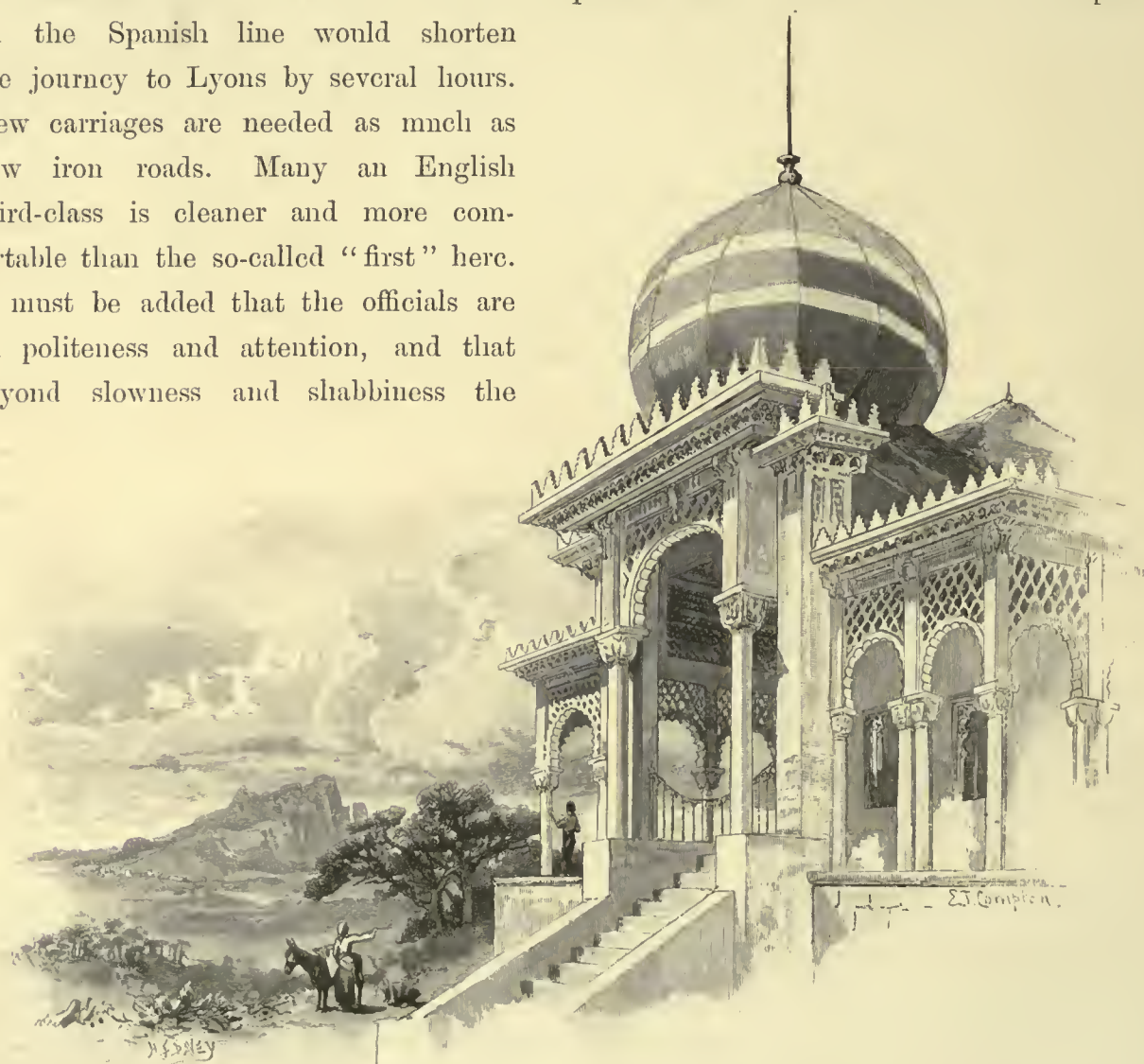
Boasting, as it does, of one of the finest climates in the world, natural position of rare beauty, a genial, cosmopolitan, and strikingly handsome population, and lastly, accessibility, Barcelona should undoubtedly be a health resort hardly second to Algiers. Why it is not, I will undertake to explain.

In the first place, there is something that invalids and valetudinarians require more imperatively than a perfect climate. They cannot do without the ministrations of women. To the suffering, the depressed, the nervous, feminine influence is oftentimes of more soothing—nay, healing—power than any medical prescription.

Let none take the flattering unction to their souls — as well look for a woman in a Bashaw's army, or on a man-of-war, as in the palatial, well-appointed, otherwise

irreproachable hotels of Barcelona! They boast of marble floors, baths that would not have dissatisfied a Roman epicure, salons luxurious as those of a West-end club, newspapers in a score of languages, a phalanx of gentlemanly waiters, a varied ordinary, delicious wines, but not a daughter of Eve, old or young, handsome or ugly—if, indeed, there exists an ugly woman in Barcelona—to be caught sight of anywhere! No charming landlady, as in French hotels, taking friendliest interest in her guests, no housemaids, willing and nimble as the Marys and Janes we have left at home, not even a rough, kindly, garrulous charwoman scrubbing the floors. The fashionable hotel here is a vast barrack conducted on strictly impersonal principles. Visitors obtain their money's worth, and pay their bills. There the transaction between innkeeper and traveller ends.

Good family hotels or “pensions,” in which invalids would find a home-like element, are sadly needed in this engaging, highly-favoured city. The next desideratum is a fast train from Port Bou—the first Spanish town on the frontier. An express on the Spanish line would shorten the journey to Lyons by several hours. New carriages are needed as much as new iron roads. Many an English third-class is cleaner and more comfortable than the so-called “first” here. It must be added that the officials are all politeness and attention, and that beyond slowness and shabbiness the



*Montserrat, from the Tivadaro.*



traveller has nothing to complain of. Exquisite urbanity is still a characteristic of the Barcelonese as it was in the age of Cervantes. One exception will be mentioned farther on.

If there are no women within the hotel walls—except, of course, stray lady tourists—heaven be praised, there are enough, and to spare, of most bewitching kind without. Piquancy is, perhaps, the foremost charm of a Spanish beauty, whether a high-born señora in her brougham, or a flower-girl at her stall. One and all seem born to turn the heads of the other sex, after the fashion of Carmen in Merimée's story. Nor is outward attraction confined to women. The city police, cab-drivers,



*The Diligence.*

tramway-conductors, all possess what Schopenhauer calls the best possible letter of introduction, namely, good looks.

The number of the police surprise us. These bustling, brilliant streets, with their cosmopolitan crowds, seem the quietest, most orderly in the world. It seems hard to believe that this tranquillity and contentment should be fallacious—on the surface only. Yet such is the case.

“I have seen revolution after revolution,” said to me a Spanish gentleman of high position, an hidalgo of the old school; “I expect to see more if my life is sufficiently prolonged. Spain has no government; each in power seeks but self-aggrandisement. Our army is full of Boulangers, each ready to usurp power for his own ends. You suggest a change of dynasty? We could not hope to be thereby the gainers. A Republic, say you? That also has proved a failure with us. Ah, you English are happy; you do not need to change abruptly the existing order of things, you effect revolutions more calmly.”

I observed that perhaps national character and temperament had something to

do with the matter. He replied very sadly, "You are right; we Southerners are more impetuous, of fiercer temper. Whichever way I look, I see no hope for unhappy Spain."

Such sombre reflections are difficult to realise by the passing traveller. Yet, when we consider the tremendous force of such a city as Barcelona, its progressive tendencies, its spirit of scientific inquiry, we can but admit that an Ultramontane regency and reactionary government must be out of harmony with the tendencies of modern Spain.

There is only one occupation which seems to have a deteriorating effect upon the Spanish temper. The atmosphere of the post-office, at any rate, makes a Catalan rasping as an east wind, acrimonious as a sloe-berry. I had been advised to provide myself with a passport before revisiting Spain, but I refused to do so on principle.

What business have we with this relic of barbarism at the close of the nineteenth century, in times of peace among a friendly people? The taking a passport under such circumstances seemed to me as much of an anachronism as the wearing of a scapular, or seeking the royal touch for scrofula. By pure accident, a registered letter containing bank notes was addressed to me at the Poste Restante. Never was such a storm in a teacup, such groaning of the mountain before the creeping forth of a tiny mouse! The delivery of registered letters in Spain is accompanied with as much form as a marriage contract in France. Let future travellers in expectation of such documents provide themselves, not only with a passport, but a copy of their baptismal register, of the marriage certificate of their parents, the family Bible—no matter its size—and any other proofs of identity they can lay hands upon. They will find none superfluous.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.



*Ancient Caroub and Olive Trees near Barcelona.*





*Alexandria, from the Sea.*

## ALEXANDRIA.

IT is with a keen sense of disappointment that the traveller coming from England first sights the monotonous and dreary-looking Egyptian sea-board. The low ridges of desolate sandhills, occasionally broken by equally unattractive lagunes, form a melancholy contrast to the beautiful scenery of the North African littoral farther west, which delighted his eyes a few days before, while skirting the Algerian and Tunisian coasts. What a change from the thickly-wooded hills gently sloping upwards from the water's edge to the lower ridges of the Atlas range, whose snow-clad peaks stand out clear in the brilliant atmosphere, the landscape diversified with cornfields and olive groves, and thickly studded with white farmhouses, looking in the distance but white specks, and glittering like diamonds under the glowing rays of the sun. Now, instead of all this warmth of colour and variety of outline, one is confronted by the bleak and barren shores of the Nile Delta.

If the expectant traveller is so disenchanted with his first view of Egypt from the sea, still greater is his disappointment as the ship approaches the harbour. This bustling and painfully modern-looking town—the city of the great Alexander, and the gate of that land of oriental romance and fascinating association—might, but for an occasional palm-tree or minaret standing out among the mass of European buildings,

be mistaken for some flourishing European port, say a Marseilles or Havre plumped down on the Egyptian plain.

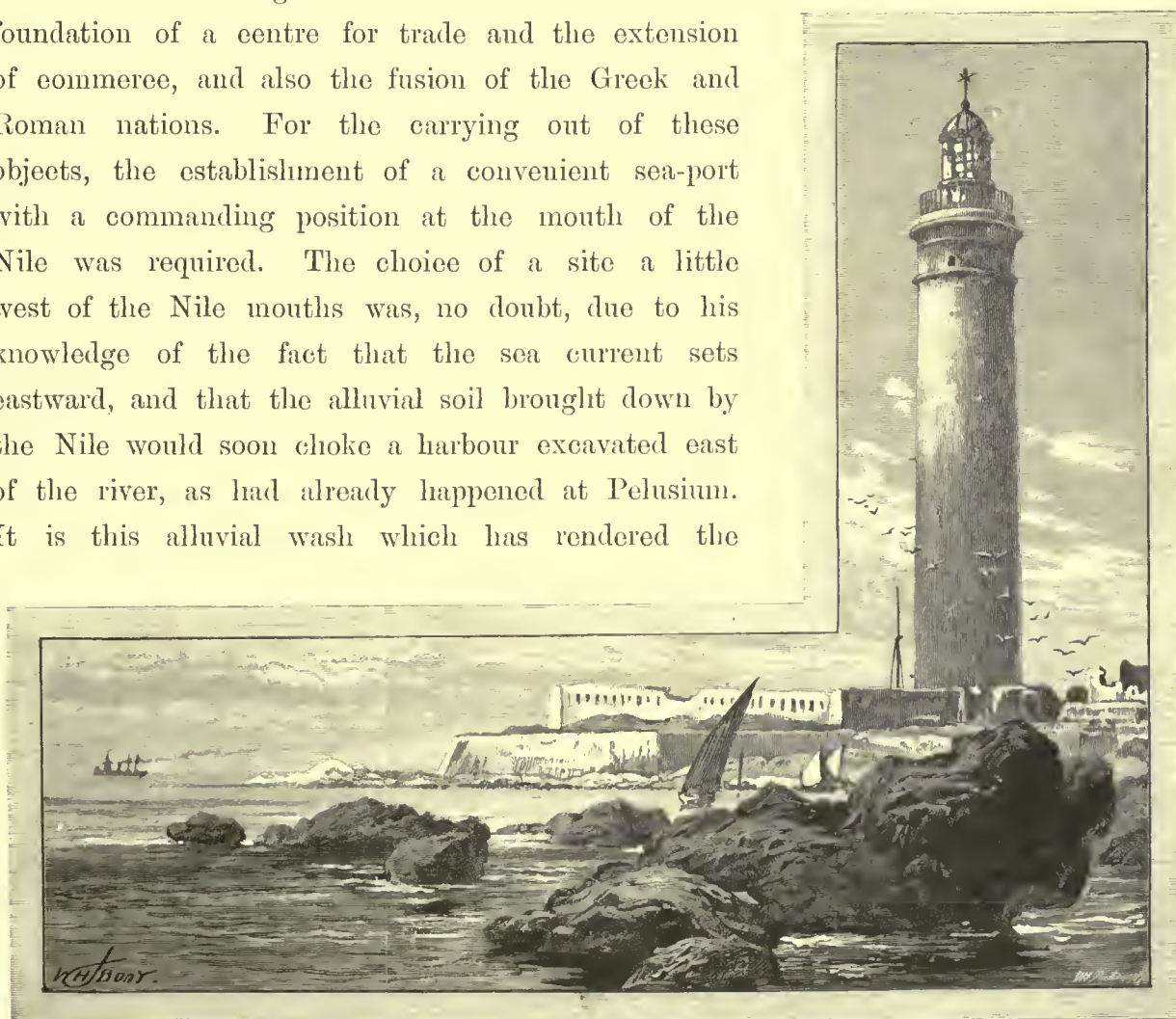
But though we must not look for picturesque scenery and romantic surroundings in this thriving port, there is yet much to interest the antiquarian and the "intelligent tourist" in this classic district. The Delta sea-board was for centuries the battle-ground of the Greek and Roman Empires, and the country between Alexandria and Port Said is strewn with historic sites.

Alexandria itself, though a much Europeanised and a hybrid sort of city, is not without interest. It has been rather neglected by Egyptian travel writers, and consequently by the tourist, who rarely strikes out a line for himself. It is looked upon too much as the port of Cairo, just as Leghorn is of Pisa and Florence, and visitors usually content themselves with devoting to it but one day, and then rushing off by train to Cairo.

It would be absurd, of course, to compare Alexandria, in point of artistic, antiquarian, and historical interest, to this latter city; though, as a matter of fact, Cairo is a modern city compared to the Alexandria of Alexander; just as Alexandria is but of mushroom growth contrasted with Heliopolis, Thebes, Memphis, or the other dead cities of the Nile Valley of which traces still remain. It has often been remarked that the ancient city has bequeathed nothing but its ruins and its name to Alexandria of to-day. Even these ruins are deplorably scanty, and most of the sites are mainly conjectural. Few vestiges remain of the architectural splendour of the Ptolemaic dynasty. Where are now the 4,000 palaces, the 4,000 baths, and the 400 theatres, about which the conquering general Amru boasted to his master, the Caliph Omar? What now remains of the magnificent temple of Serapis, towering over the city on its platform of one hundred steps? Though there are scarcely any traces of the glories of ancient Alexandria, once the second city of the Empire, yet the recollection of its splendours has not died out, and to the thoughtful traveller this city of memories has its attractions. Here St. Mark preached the Gospel and suffered martyrdom, and here Athanasius opposed in warlike controversy the Arian heresies. Here for many centuries were collected in this centre of Greek learning and culture the greatest intellects of the civilised world. Here Cleopatra, "*vainqueur des vainqueurs du monde*," held Antony willing captive, while Octavius was preparing his legions to crush him. Here Amru conquered, and here Abercrombie fell. Even those whose tastes do not incline them to historical or theological researches are familiar, thanks to Kingsley's immortal romance, with the story of the noble-minded Hypatia and the crafty and ambitious Cyril, and can give rein to their imagination by verifying the sites of the museum where she lectured, and the Cæsareum where she fell a victim to the atrocious zeal of Peter the Reader and his rabble of fanatical monks.



The peculiar shape of the city, built partly on the Pharos island and peninsula, and partly on the mainland, is due, according to the chroniclers, to a patriotic whim of the founder, who planned the city in the form of a chlamys, the short cloak or tunic worn by the Macedonian soldiers. The modern city, though it has pushed its boundaries a good way to the east and west, still preserves this curious outline, though to a non-classical mind it rather suggests a star-fish. Various legends are extant to account for the choice of this particular spot for a Mediterranean port. According to the popular version, a venerable seer appeared to the Great Conqueror in a dream, and quoted those lines of the *Odyssey* which describe the one sheltered harbour on the northern coast of Egypt:—"a certain island called Pharos, that with the high-waved sea is washed, just against Egypt." Acting on this supernatural hint, Alexander decided to build his city on that part of the coast to which the Pharos isle acted as a natural breakwater, and where a small Greek fishing settlement was already established, called Rhacotis. The legend is interesting, but it seems scarcely necessary to fall back on a mythical story to account for the selection of this site. The two great aims of Alexander were the foundation of a centre for trade and the extension of commerce, and also the fusion of the Greek and Roman nations. For the carrying out of these objects, the establishment of a convenient sea-port with a commanding position at the mouth of the Nile was required. The choice of a site a little west of the Nile mouths was, no doubt, due to his knowledge of the fact that the sea current sets eastward, and that the alluvial soil brought down by the Nile would soon choke a harbour excavated east of the river, as had already happened at Pelusium. It is this alluvial wash which has rendered the



*The Lighthouse, Alexandria.*

harbours of Rosetta and Damietta almost useless for vessels of any draught, and at Port Said the accumulation of sand necessitates continuous dredging in order to keep clear the entrance of the Suez Canal.

A well-known writer on Egypt has truly observed that there are three Egypts to interest the traveller. The Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Bible, the Egypt of the Caliphates and the "Arabian Nights," and the Egypt of European commerce and enterprise. It is to this third stage of civilisation that the fine harbour of Alexandria bears witness. Not only is it of interest to the engineer and the man of science, but it is also of great historic importance. It serves as a link between ancient and modern civilisation. The port is Alexander the Great's best monument—"si quæris monumentum respice." But for this, Alexandria might now be a little fishing port of no more importance than the little Greek fishing village, Rhacotis, whose ruins lie buried beneath its spacious quays. It is not inaccurate to say that the existing harbour is the joint work of Alexander and English engineers of the present century. It was originally formed by the construction of a vast mole (Heptastadion) joining the island of Pharos to the mainland; and this stupendous feat of engineering, planned and carried out by Alexander, has been supplemented by the magnificent breakwater constructed by our own countrymen in 1872 at a cost of over two and a half millions sterling. After Marseilles, Malta, and Spezzia, it is perhaps the finest port in the Mediterranean, both on account of its natural advantages as a haven, and by reason of the vast engineering works mentioned above. The western harbour (formerly called Eunostos or "good home sailing") of which we are speaking—for the eastern, or so-called new harbour, is choked with sand and given up to native craft—has only one drawback in the dangerous reef at its entrance, and which should have been blasted before the breakwater and the other engineering works were undertaken. The passage through the bar is very intricate and difficult, and is rarely attempted in very rough weather. The eastern harbour will be of more interest to the artist, crowded as it is with the picturesque native craft and dahabyehs with their immense lateen sails. The traveller, so disgusted with the modern aspect of the city from the western harbour, finds some consolation here, and begins to feel that he is really in the East. Formerly this harbour was alone available for foreign ships, the bigoted Moslems objecting to the "Frankish dogs" occupying their best haven. This restriction has, since the time of Mehemet Ali, been removed, greatly to the advantage of Alexandrian trade.

During the period of Turkish misrule—when Egypt under the Mamelukes, though nominally a vilayet of the Ottoman Empire, was practically under the dominion of the Beys—the trade of Alexandria had declined considerably, and Rosetta had taken away most of its commerce. When Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, rose to power, his clear intellect at once comprehended the importance of this



ancient emporium, and the wisdom of Alexander's choice of a site for the port which was destined to become the commercial centre of three continents.

Mehemet is the creator of modern Alexandria. He deepened the harbour, which had been allowed to be choked by the accumulation of sand, lined it with spacious quays, built the massive forts which protect the coast, and restored the city to its old commercial importance, by putting it into communication with the Nile through the medium of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal. This vast undertaking was only effected with great loss of life. It was excavated by the forced labour of 250,000 peasants, of whom some 20,000 died from the heat and the severe toil.

On landing from the steamer the usual scrimmage with Arab porters, Levantine hotel touts, and Egyptian donkey boys, will have to be endured by the traveller. He may perhaps be struck, if he has any time or temper left for reflection at all, with the close connection between the English world of fashion and the donkey, so far at least as nomenclature is concerned, each animal being named after some English celebrity. The inseparable incidents of disembarkation at an Eastern port are, however, familiar to all who have visited the East; and the same scenes are repeated at every North African port, from Tangier to Port Said, and need not be further described.

The great thoroughfare of Alexandria, a fine street running in a straight line from the western gate of the city to the Place Mehemet Ali, is within a few minutes of the quay. A sudden turn and this strange mingling of Eastern and Western life bursts upon the spectator's astonished gaze. This living diorama, formed by the brilliant and ever-shifting crowd, is in its way unique. A greater variety of nationalities is collected here than even in Constantinople or cosmopolitan Algiers. Let us stand aside and watch this motley collection of all nations, kindreds, and races pouring along this busy highway. The kaleidoscopic variety of brilliant colour and fantastic costume seems at first a little bewildering. Solemn and impassive-looking Turks gently ambling past on gaily caparisoned asses, grinning negroes from the Nubian hills, melancholy-looking fellahs in their scanty blue kaftans, cunning-featured Levantines, green-turbaned Shereefs, and picturesque Bedouins from the desert stalking along in their flowing bernouses, make up the mass of this restless throng. Interspersed, and giving variety of colour to this living kaleidoscope, gorgeously-arrayed Jews, fierce-looking Albanians, their many-coloured sashes bristling with weapons, and petticoated Greeks. Then, as a pleasing relief to this mass of colour, a group of Egyptian ladies glide past, "a bevy of fair damsels richly dight," no doubt, but their faces, as well as their rich attire, concealed under the inevitable yashmak surmounting the balloon-like trousers. Such are the elements in this mammoth masquerade which make up the strange and varied picture of Alexandrian street life. And now we may proceed to visit the orthodox sights, but we have seen the greatest sight Alexandria has to show us.

The Place Mehemet Ali, usually called for the sake of brevity the Grand Square, is close at hand. This is the centre of the European quarter, and round it are collected the banks, consular offices, and principal shops. This square, the focus of the life of modern Alexandria, is appropriately named after the founder of the present dynasty, and the creator of the Egypt of to-day. To this great ruler, who at one time bid fair to become the founder, not only of an independent kingdom, but of a great Oriental Empire, Alexandria owes much of its prosperity and commercial importance. The career of Mehemet Ali is interesting and romantic. There is a certain similarity between his history and that of Napoleon I., and the coincidence seems heightened when we remember that they were both born in the same year. Each, rising from an obscure position, started as an adventurer on foreign soil, and each rose to political eminence by force of arms. Unlike Napoleon, however, in one important point, Mehemet Ali founded a dynasty which still remains in power, in spite of the weakness and incapacity of his successors. To Western minds, perhaps, his great claim to hold a high rank in the world's history lies in his efforts to introduce European institutions and methods of civilisation, and to establish a system of government opposed to Mohammedan instincts. He created an army and navy which were partly based on European models, stimulated agriculture and trade, and organised an administrative and fiscal system which did much towards putting the country on a sound financial footing. The great blot of his reign was no doubt the horrible massacre of the Mameluke Beys, and this has been the great point of attack by his enemies and detractors. It is difficult to excuse this oriental example of a *coup d'état*, but it must be remembered that the existence of this rebellious element was incompatible with the maintenance of his rule, and that the peace of the country was as much endangered by the Mameluke Beys as was that of the Porte by the Janissaries a few years later, when a somewhat similar atrocity was perpetrated.

In the middle of the square stands a handsome equestrian statue of Mehemet Ali which is, in one respect, probably unique. The Mohammedan religion demands the strictest interpretation of the injunction in the decalogue against making "to thyself any graven image," and consequently a statue to a follower of the creed of Mahomet is rarely seen in a Mohammedan country. The erection of this particular monument was much resented by the more orthodox of the Mussulman population of Alexandria, and the religious feelings of the mob manifested themselves in riots and other hostile demonstrations. Not only representations in stone or metal, but any kind of likeness of the human form is thought impious by Mohammedans. They believe that the author will be compelled on the Resurrection Day to induce with life the sacrilegious counterfeit presentment. Tourists in Egypt who are addicted to sketching, or who dabble in photography, will do well to remember these conscientious scruples of the Moslem race, and not let their zeal for bringing back pictorial mementoes of their







PLACE MAHOMET ALI.



*Palace of Ras-et-Teen.*

travels induce them to take "pot shots" of mosque interiors, for instance. In Egypt, no doubt, the natives have too wholesome a dread of the Franks to manifest their outraged feelings by physical force, but still it is ungenerous, not to say unchristian, to wound people's religious prejudices. In some other countries of North Africa, notably in the interior of Morocco or Tripoli, promiscuous photography might be attended with disagreeable results, if not a certain amount of danger. A tourist would find a Kodak camera, even with all the latest improvements, a somewhat inefficient weapon against a mob of fanatical Arabs.

That imposing pile standing out so prominently on the western horn of Pharos is the palace of Ras-et-Teen, built by Mehemet Ali, and restored in execrable taste by his grandson, the ex-Khedive Ismail. Seen from the ship's side, the palace has a rather striking appearance. The exterior, however, is the best part of it, as the ornate and gaudy interior contains little of interest. From the upper balconies there is a good view of the harbour, and the gardens are well worth visiting. They are prettily laid out, and among many other trees, olives may be seen, unknown in any other part of the Delta. The decorations and appointments of the interior are characterised by a tawdry kind of magnificence. The incongruous mixture of modern French embellishments and oriental splendour gives the saloons a meretricious air, and the effect is bizarre and unpleasing. It is a relief to get away from such obtrusive evidences of the ex-Khedive's decorative tastes, by stepping out on the balcony. What a forest of masts meets the eye as one looks down on the vast harbour; the inner one, a "sea within a sea," crowded with vessels bearing the flags of all nations, and full of animation and movement.

The view is interesting, and makes one realise the commercial importance of this great emporium of trade, the meeting-place of the commerce of three continents, yet it does not offer many features to distinguish it from a view of any other thriving port.

For the best view of the city and the surrounding country we must climb the slopes of Mount Caffarelli to the fort which crowns the summit, or make our way to the fortress Kom-el-Deek on the elevated ground near the Rosetta Gate. Alexandria, spread out like a map, lies at our feet. At this height the commonplace aspect of a bustling and thriving seaport, which seems on a close acquaintance to be Europeanised and modernised out of the least resemblance to an oriental city, is changed to a prospect of some beauty. At Alexandria, even more than at most cities of the East, distance lends enchantment to the view. From these heights the squalid back streets and the bustling "Hausmannised" main thoroughfares look like dark threads woven into the web of the city, relieved by the white mosques, with their swelling domes curving inward like fan palms towards the crescents flashing in the rays of the sun, and their tall graceful minarets piercing the smokeless and cloudless atmosphere. The subdued roar of the busy streets and quays is occasionally varied by the melodious cry of the muezzin. Then looking northward one sees the clear blue of the Mediterranean, till it is lost in the hazy horizon. To the west and south the placid waters of the Mareotis Lake, in reality a shallow and insalubrious lagoon, but to all appearances a smiling lake, which, with its water fringed by the low-lying sand dunes, reminds the spectator of the peculiar beauties of the Norfolk Broads.

Looking south beyond the lake lies the luxuriant plain of the Delta. The view may not be what is called picturesque, but the scenery has its special charm. The country is no doubt flat and monotonous, but there is no monotony of colour in this richly cultivated plain.

Innumerable pens have been worn out in comparison and simile when describing the peculiar features of this North African Holland. To some this huge market garden, with its network of canals, simply suggests a chess-board. Others are not content with these prosaic comparisons, and their more fanciful metaphor likens the country to a green robe interwoven with silver threads, or to a seven-ribbed fan, the ribs being of course the seven mouths of the Nile. Truth to tell, though, the full force of this fanciful image would be more felt by a spectator who is enjoying that glorious panorama from the Cairo citadel, as the curious triangular form of the Delta is much better seen from that point than from Alexandria at the base of the triangle.

One may differ as to the most appropriate metaphors, but all must agree that there are certain elements of beauty about the Delta landscape. Seen, as most



tourists do see it, in winter or spring, the green fields of waving corn and barley, the meadows of water-melons and cucumbers, the fields of pea and purple lupin one mass of colours, interspersed with the palm-groves and white minarets, which mark the site of the almost invisible mud villages, and intersected thickly with countless canals and trenches that in the distance look like silver threads, and suggest Brobdignagian filigree work, or the delicate tracery of King Frost on our window-panes, the view is impressive and not without beauty.

In the summer and early autumn, especially during August and September when the Nile is at its height, the view is more striking though hardly so beautiful. Then it is that this Protean country offers its most impressive aspect. The Delta becomes an inland archipelago studded with green islands, each island crowned with a white-mosqued village, or conspicuous with a cluster of palms. The Nile and its swollen tributaries are covered with huge-sailed dahabyehs, which give life and variety to the watery expanse.

Alexandria can boast of few "lions" as the word is usually understood, but of these by far the most interesting is the column known by the name of Pompey's Pillar. Everyone has heard of the famous monolith, which is as closely associated in people's minds with Alexandria as the Colosseum is with Rome, or the Alhambra with Granada. It has, of course, no more to do with the Pompey of history (to whom it is attributed by the unlettered tourist) than has Cleopatra's Needle with that famous Queen, the "Serpent of old Nile;" or Joseph's Well at Cairo with the Hebrew Patriarch. It owes its name to the fact that a certain prefect, named after Cæsar's great rival, erected on the summit of an existing column a statue in honour of the horse of the Roman Emperor Diocletian. There is a familiar legend which has been invented to account for the special reason of its erection, which guide-book compilers are very fond of. According to this story, this historic animal, through an opportune stumble, stayed the persecution of the Alexandrian Christians, as the tyrannical emperor had sworn to continue the massacre till the blood of the victims reached his horse's knees. Antiquarians and Egyptologists are, however, given to scoffing at the legend as a plausible myth.

In the opinion of many learned authorities, the shaft of this column was once a portion of the Serapeum, that famous building which was both a temple of the heathen god Serapis and a vast treasure-house of ancient civilisation. It has been suggested—in order to account for its omission in the descriptions of Alexandria given by Pliny and Strabo, who had mentioned the two obelisks of Cleopatra—that the column had fallen, and that the Prefect Pompey had merely re-erected it in honour of Diocletian, and replaced the statue of Serapis with one of the Emperor—or of his horse, according to some chroniclers. This statue, if it ever existed, has now disappeared. As it stands, however, it is a singularly striking and beautiful

*The Western Harbour.*

monument, owing to its great height, simplicity of form, and elegant proportions. It reminds the spectator a little of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square, and perhaps the absence of a statue is not altogether to be regretted considering the height of the column, as it might suggest to the irrepressible tourists who scoff at Nelson's statue as the "Mast-headed Admiral," some similar witticism at the expense of Diocletian.

With the exception of this monolith, which, "a solitary column, mourns above its prostrate brethren," only a few fragmentary and scattered ruins of fallen columns mark the site of the world-renowned Serapeum. Nothing else remains of the famous library, the magnificent portico with its hundred steps, the vast halls, and the four hundred marble columns of that great building designed to perpetuate the glories of the Ptolomies. This library, which was the forerunner of the great libraries of modern times, must not be confounded with the equally famous one that was attached to the Museum, whose exact site is still a bone of contention among antiquarians. The latter was destroyed by accident, when Julius Cæsar set fire to the Alexandrian fleet. The Serapeum collection survived for six hundred years, till its wanton destruction through the fanaticism of the Caliph Omar. The Arab conqueror is said to have justified this barbarism with a fallacious epigram, which was as unanswerable, however logically faulty, as the famous one familiar to students of English history under the name of Archbishop Morton's Fork. "If these writings," declared the uncompromising conqueror, "agree with the Book of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious,

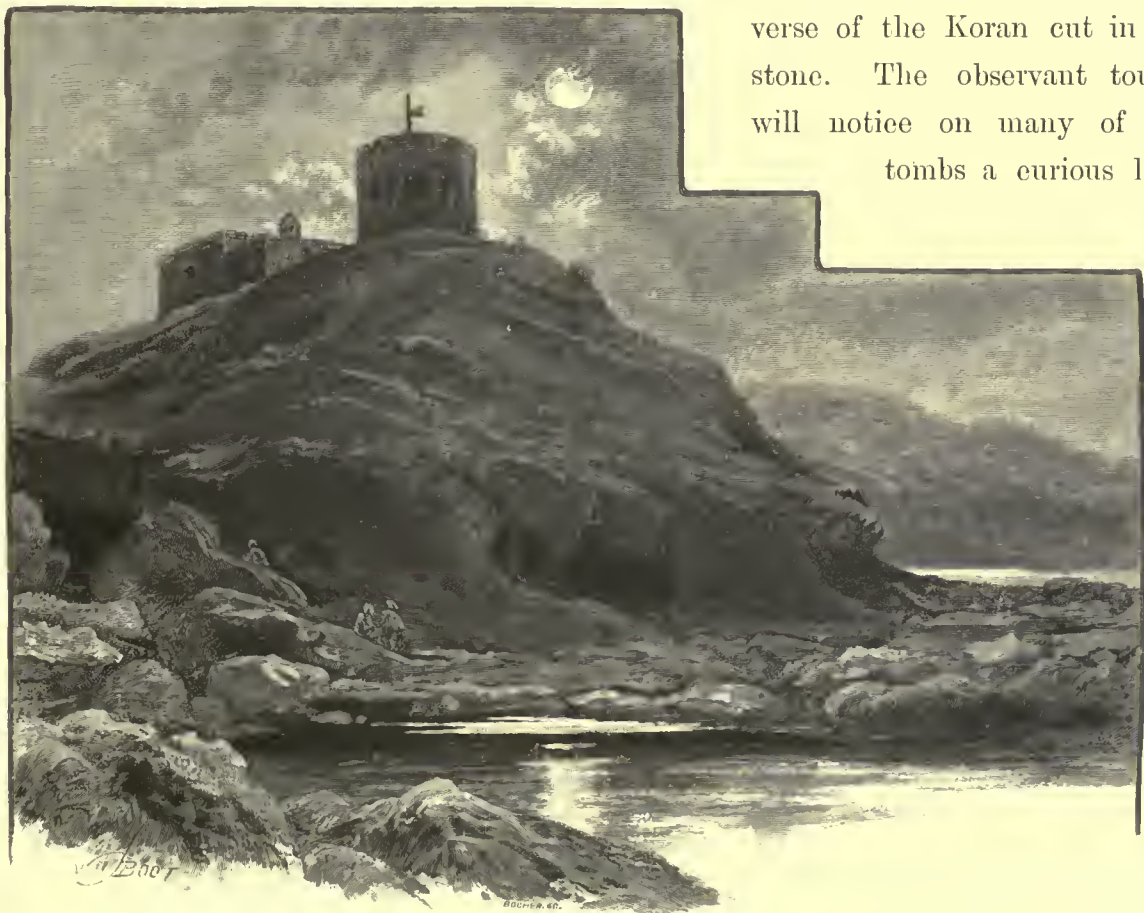


and ought to be destroyed." Nothing could prevail against this flagrant example of a *petitio principii*, and for six months the three hundred thousand parchments supplied fuel for the four thousand baths of Alexandria.

Hard by Pompey's Pillar is a dreary waste, dotted with curiously carved structures. This is the Mohammedan cemetery. As in most Oriental towns, the cemetery is at the west end of the town, as the Mohammedans consider that the quarter of the horizon in which the sun sets is the most suitable spot for their burying-places.

In this melancholy city of the dead are buried also many of the ruins of the Serapeum, and scattered about among the tombs are fragments of columns and broken pedestals. On some of the tombs a green turban is roughly painted, strangely out of harmony with the severe stone carving. This signifies that the tomb holds the remains of a descendant of the prophet, or of a devout Moslem, who had himself, and not vicariously as is so often done, made the pilgrimage to the sacred city of Meecca. Some of the head-stones are elaborately carved, but most are quite

plain, with the exception of a verse of the Koran cut in the stone. The observant tourist will notice on many of the tombs a curious little



Fort Caffarelli.

round hole cut in the stone at the head, which seems to be intended to form a passage to the interior of the vault, though the aperture is generally filled up with earth. It is said that this passage is made to enable the Angel Israfel at the

Resurrection to draw out the occupant by the hair of his head; and the custom which obtains among the lower class Moslems of shaving the head with the exception of a round tuft of hair in the middle—a fashion which suggests an incipient pigtail or an inverted tonsure—is as much due to this superstition as to sanitary considerations.

Of far greater interest than this comparatively modern cemetery are the cave cemeteries of El-Meks. These catacombs are some four miles from the city. The route along the low ridge of sand-hills is singularly unpicturesque, but the windmills which fringe the shore give a homely aspect to the country, and serve at any rate to break the monotony of this dreary and prosaic shore. We soon reach Said Pacha's unfinished palace of El-Meks, which owes its origin to the mania for building which helped to make the reign of that weak-minded ruler so costly to his over-taxed subjects. One glimpse at the bastard style of architecture is sufficient to remove any feeling of disappointment on being told that the building is not open to the public. The catacombs, which spread for a long distance along the seashore, and of which the so-called Baths of Cleopatra are a part, are very extensive, and tourists are usually satisfied with exploring a part. There are no mummies, but the niches can be clearly seen. The plan of the catacombs is curiously like the wards of a key.

There are few "sights" in Alexandria of much interest besides those already mentioned. In fact, Alexandria is interesting more as a city of sites than sights. It is true that the names of some of the mosques, such as that of the One Thousand and One Columns, built on the site of St. Mark's martyrdom, and the Mosque of St. Athanasius, are calculated to arouse the curiosity of the tourist; but the interest is in the name alone. The Mosque of many Columns is turned into a quarantine station, and the Mosque of St. Athanasius has no connection with the great Father except that it stands on the site of a church in which he probably preached.

Then there is the Coptic Convent of St. Mark, which, according to the inmates, contains the body of the great Evangelist—an assertion which would scarcely deceive the most ignorant and the most credulous tourist that ever entrusted himself to the fostering care of Messrs. Cook, as it is well known that St. Mark's body was removed to Venice in the ninth century. The mosque, with the ornate exterior and lofty minaret, in which the remains of Said Pacha are buried, is the only one besides those already mentioned which is worth visiting.

The shores of the Delta from Alexandria to Rosetta are singularly rich in historical associations, and are thickly strewn with historic landmarks. The plain in which have been fought battles which have decided the fate of the whole western world, may well be called the "Belgium of the East." In this circumscribed area the empires of the East and West struggled for the mastery, and many centuries later our countrymen here wrested from Napoleon our threatened



Indian Empire. In the few miles' railway journey between Alexandria and the suburban town of Ramleh the passenger traverses classic ground. At Mustapha Pacha the line skirts the Roman camp, where Octavius defeated the army of Antony, and gained for Rome a new empire. Unfortunately there are now few ruins left of this encampment, as most of the stones were used by Ismail Pacha in building one of his innumerable palaces, now converted into a hospital and barracks for the English troops. Almost on this very spot where Octavius conquered, was fought the battle of Alexandria, which gave the death-blow to Napoleon's great scheme of founding an Eastern Empire, and converting the Mediterranean into "*un lac français*." This engagement was, as regards the number of troops engaged, an insignificant one; but as the great historian of modern Europe has observed, "The importance of a triumph is not always to be measured by the number of men engaged. The contest of 12,000 Britons with an equal number of French on the sands of Alexandria, in its remote effect, overthrew a greater empire than that of Charlemagne, and rescued mankind from a more galling tyranny than that of the Roman Emperors."\* A few minutes more and the traveller's historical musings are interrupted by the shriek of the engine as the train enters the Ramleh station. This pleasant and salubrious town, with its rows of trim villas standing in their own well-kept grounds and gardens, the residences of Alexandrian merchants, suggests a fashionable or "rising" English watering place rather than an Oriental town. As a residence it has no doubt many advantages, including a good and sufficient water supply, and frequent communication by train with Alexandria. But these are not the attractions which appeal to the traveller or tourist. The only objects of interest are the ruins of the Temple of Arsene, the wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Concerning this temple there is an interesting and romantic legend, which no doubt suggested to Pope his fanciful poem, "*The Rape of the Lock*":—

"Not Berenice's hair first rose so bright,  
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light."

This pretty story, which has been immortalised by Catullus, is as follows:—When Ptolemy Euergetes left for his expedition to Syria, his wife Berenice vowed to dedicate her hair to Venus Zephyrites should her husband return safe and sound. Her prayer was answered, and in fulfilment of her vow she hung within the Temple of Arsene the golden locks that had adorned her head. Unfortunately they were stolen by some sacrilegious thief. The priests were naturally troubled, the King was enraged, and the Queen inconsolable. However, the craft of Conon, the Court astronomer, discovered a way by which the mysterious disappearance could be satisfactorily explained, the priests absolved of all blame, and the vanity of the

\* Alison's "*History of Europe*."

*View from Fort Caffarelli.*

Queen gratified. The wily astronomer-courtier declared that Jupiter had taken the locks and transformed them into a constellation, placing it in that quarter of the heavens (the "Milky Way") by which the gods, according to tradition, passed to and from Olympus. This pious fraud was effected by annexing the group of stars which formed the tail of the constellation Leo, and declaring that this cluster of stars was the new constellation into which Berenice's locks had been transformed. This arbitrary modification of the celestial system is known by the name of Coma Berenices, and is still retained in astronomical charts.

"I 'mongst the stars myself resplendent now,  
 I, who once curled on Berenice's brow,  
 The tress which she, uplifting her fair arm,  
 To many a god devoted, so from harm  
 They might protect her new-found royal mate,  
 When from her bridal chamber all elate,  
 With its sweet triumph flushed, he went in haste  
 To lay the regions of Assyria waste."\*

A few miles north-west of Ramleh, at the extremity of the western horn of Aboukir Bay, lies the village of Aboukir. The railway to Rosetta skirts that bay of glorious memory, and as the traveller passes by those silent and deserted shores which fringe the watery arena whereon France and England contended for the Empire of the East, he lives again in those stirring times, and the dramatic episodes of that famous Battle of the Nile crowd upon the memory. That line of

\* Sir Theodore Martin.



deep blue water, bounded on the west by the rocky islet, now called Nelson's Island, and on the east by Fort St. Julien on the Rosetta headland, marks the position of the French fleet on the 1st of August, 1798. The fleet was moored in the form of a crescent close along the shore, and was covered by the batteries of Fort Aboukir. So confident was Bruèys, the French Admiral, in the strength of his position, and in his superiority in guns and men (nearly as three to two) over Nelson's fleet, that he sent that famous despatch to Paris, declaring that the enemy was purposely avoiding him. Great must have been his dismay when the English fleet, which had been scouring the Mediterranean with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of him, was signalled, bearing down unflinchingly upon its formidable foe—

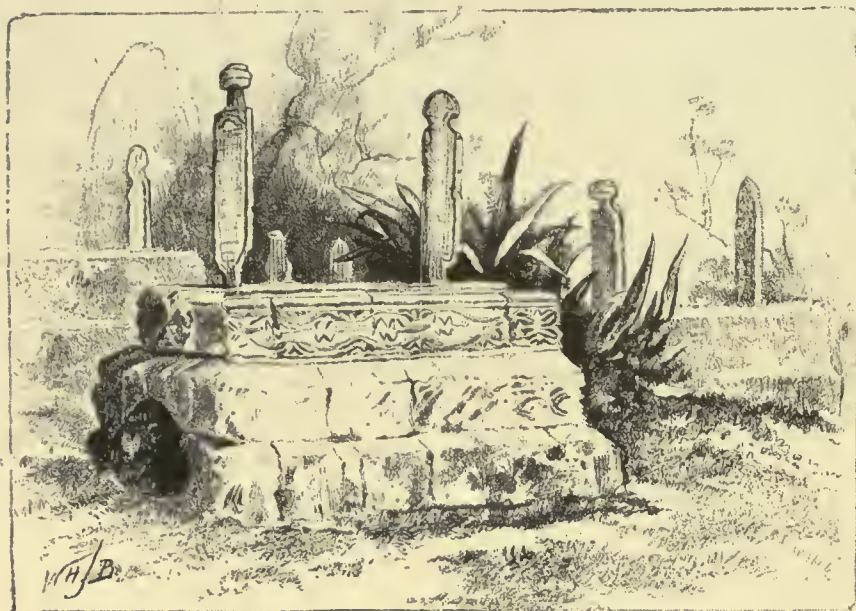


*Catacombs at El-Meks.*

that foe with which Nelson had vowed he would do battle, if above water, even if he had to sail to the Antipodes. "By to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey," were the historic words uttered by the English Admiral when the French fleet was sighted, drawn up in order of battle in Aboukir Bay. The soundings of this dangerous roadstead were unknown to him, but declaring that "where there was room for the enemy to swing, there must be room for us to anchor," he ordered his leading squadron to take up its position to the landward of the enemy. The remainder of the English fleet was ordered to anchor on the outside of the enemy's line, but at close quarters, thus doubling on part of the enemy's line, and placing it in a defile of fire. In short, the effect of this brilliant and masterly disposition of the English fleet was to surround two-thirds of the enemy's ships, and cut them off from the support of their consorts, which

were moored too far off to injure the enemy or aid their friends. The French Admiral, in spite of his apparently impregnable position, was consequently out-manœuvred from the outset, and the victory of Nelson virtually assured.

Evening set in soon after Nelson had anchored. All through the night the



*Mohammedan Tomb.*

battle raged fiercely and unintermittently, "illuminated by the incessant discharge of over two thousand cannon," and the flames which burst from the disabled ships of the French squadron. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever set sail from the shores of France, and morning rose upon a strangely altered scene. Shattered and

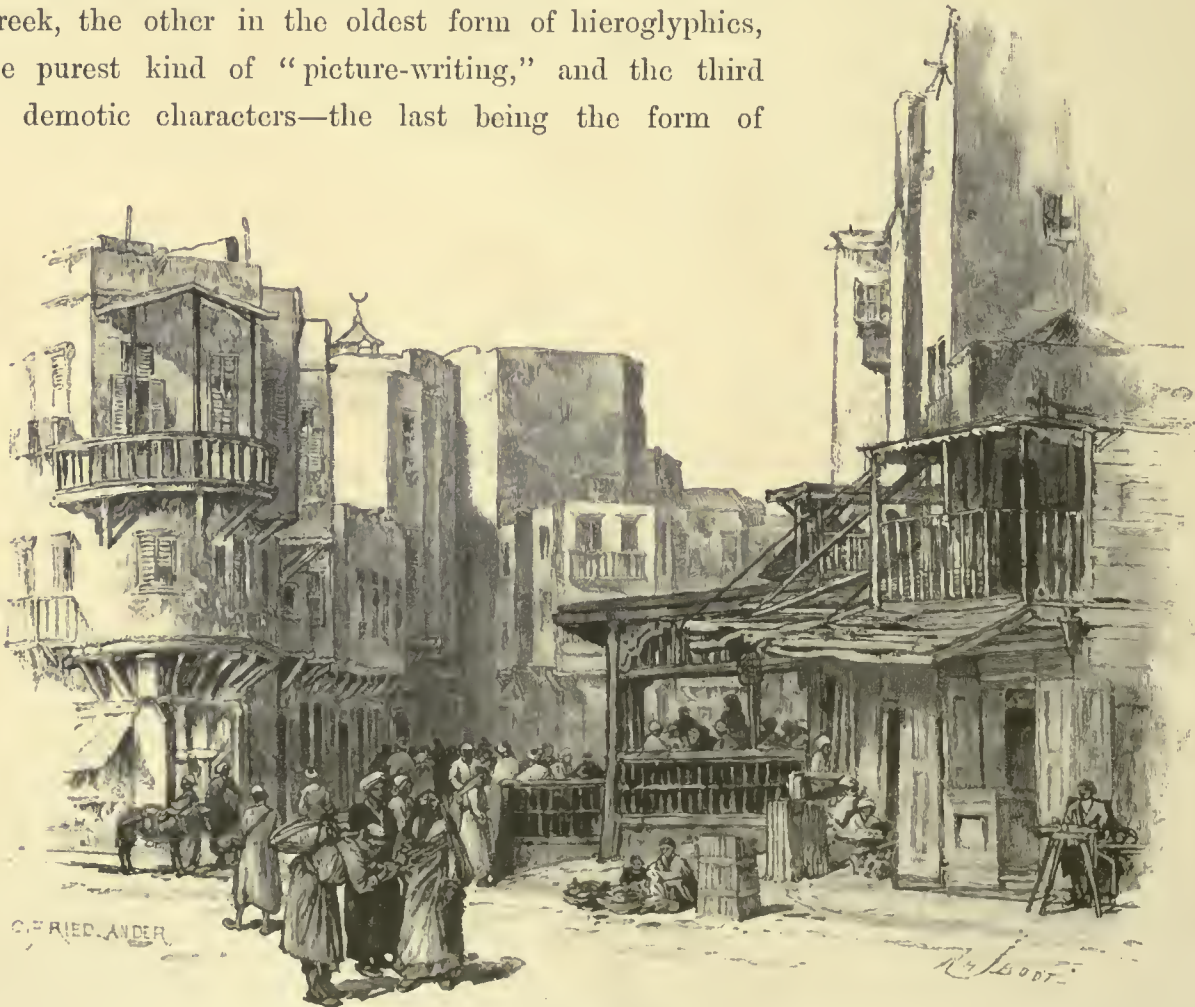
blackened hulks now only marked the position they had occupied but a few hours before. On one ship alone, the *Tonnant*, the tricolour was flying. When the *Theseus* drew near to take her as prize, she hoisted a flag of truce, but kept her colours flying. "Your battle flag or none!" was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded to and prepared to board. Slowly and reluctantly, like an expiring hope, that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated there was the standard of Old England. "And now the battle was over—India was saved upon the shores of Egypt—the career of Napoleon was checked, and his navy was annihilated. Seven years later that navy was revived, to perish utterly at Trafalgar—a fitting hecatomb for the obsequies of Nelson, whose life seemed to terminate as his mission was then and thus accomplished." The glories of Trafalgar, immortalised by the death of Nelson, have no doubt obscured to some extent those of the Nile. The latter engagement has not, indeed, been enshrined in the memory of Englishmen by popular ballads—those instantaneous photographs, as they might be called, of the highest thoughts and strongest emotions inspired by patriotism—but hardly any great sea-fight of modern times has been more prolific in brilliant achievements of heroism and deeds of splendid devotion than the Battle of the Nile. The traditions of this terrible combat have not yet died out among the Egyptians and Arabs, whose forefathers had lined the shores of the



Bay on that memorable night, and watched with mingled terror and astonishment the destruction of that great armament. It was with some idea of the moral effect the landing of English troops on the shores of this historic bay would have on Arabi's soldiery, that Lord Wolseley contemplated disembarking there the English expeditionary force in August, 1882.

On the eastern horn of Aboukir Bay, on the Rosetta branch of the Nile, and about five miles from its mouth, lies the picturesque town of Rosetta. Its Arabic name is Rashid, an etymological coincidence which has induced some writers to jump to the conclusion that it is the birthplace of Haroun Al Rashid. To some persons no doubt the town would be shorn of much of its interest if dissociated from our old friend of "The Thousand and One Nights;" but the indisputable fact remains that Haroun Al Rashid died some seventy years before the foundation of the town in A.D. 870. Rosetta was a port of some commercial importance until the opening of the Mahmoudyeh Canal in 1819 diverted most of its trade to Alexandria. The town is not devoid of architectural interest, and many fragments of ruins may be met with in the half-deserted streets, and marble pillars, which bear signs of considerable antiquity, may be noticed built into the doorways of the comparatively modern houses. One of the most interesting architectural features of Rosetta is the North Gate, flanked with massive towers of a form unusual in Egypt, each tower being crowned with a conical-shaped roof. An admirable representation of this gateway is given in the engraving on page 228. Visitors will probably have noticed the curious gabled roofs and huge projecting windows of most of the houses. It was from these projecting doorways and latticed windows that such fearful execution was done to our troops at the time of the ill-fated English expedition to Egypt in 1807. General Wauchope had been sent by General Fraser, who was in command of the English troops, with an absurdly inadequate force of 1,200 men to take the strongly-garrisoned town. Mehemet Ali's Albanian troops had purposely left the gates open in order to draw the English force into the narrow and winding streets. Their commander, without any previous examination, rushed blindly into the town with all his men. The Albanian soldiery waited till the English were confined in this infernal labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, and then from every window and housetop rained down on them a perfect hail of musket-shot and rifle-ball. Before the officers could extricate their men from this terrible death-trap a third of the troops had fallen. Such was the result of this rash and futile expedition, which dimmed the lustre of our arms in Egypt, and contributed a good deal to the loss of our military prestige. That this crushing defeat should have taken place so near the scene of the most glorious achievement of our arms but a few years before, was naturally thought a peculiar aggravation of the failure of this ill-advised expedition.

To archæological students and Egyptologists Rosetta is a place of the greatest interest, as it was in its neighbourhood that the famous inscribed stone was found which furnished the clue—sought in vain for so many years by Egyptian scholars—to the hieroglyphic writings of Egypt. Perhaps none of the archæological discoveries made in Egypt since the land was scientifically exploited by the savants attached to Napoleon's expedition, not even that of the mummified remains of the Pharaohs, is more precious in the eyes of Egyptologists and antiquarians than this comparatively modern and ugly-looking block of black basalt, which now reposes in the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum. The story of its discovery is interesting. A certain Monsieur Bouchard, a French Captain of Engineers, while making some excavations at Fort St. Julien, a small fortress in the vicinity of Rosetta, discovered this celebrated stone in 1799. The interpretation of the inscription for many years defied all the efforts of the most learned French savants and English scholars, until, in 1822, two well-known Egyptologists, Champollion and Dr. Young, after independent study and examination, succeeded in deciphering that part of the inscription which was in Greek characters. From this they learnt that the inscription was triplicate and trilingual: one in Greek, the other in the oldest form of hieroglyphics, the purest kind of "picture-writing," and the third in demotic characters—the last being the form of



*A Street Corner.*





*View in the Eastern Harbour.*

hieroglyphics used by the people, in which the symbols are more obscure than in the pure hieroglyphics used by the priests. The inscription, when finally deciphered, proved to be one of comparatively recent date, being a decree of Ptolemy V., issued in the year 196 B.C. The Rosetta stone was acquired by England as part of the spoils of war in the Egyptian expedition of 1801.

At Rosetta the railway leaves the coast and goes south to Cairo. To reach Port Said from Alexandria it is necessary to go by sea, and steamer communication is fairly frequent. A railway has been talked of between these two ports, but the Menzaleh Lake seems to offer insuperable obstacles to the engineers. There is no doubt, though, that a direct line of railway between Port Said and Alexandria would be of great service, both for commercial and strategic purposes.

If the traveller wishes to see something of the agriculture of the Delta, he would get some idea of the astonishing fertility of the country by merely taking the train to Damanhour, the centre of the cotton-growing district. The journey does not take more than a couple of hours. The passenger travelling by steamer from Alexandria to Port Said, though he skirts the coast, can see no signs of the agricultural wealth of Egypt, and for him the whole of Egypt might be an arid desert instead of one of the most fertile districts in the whole world. The area of cultivated lands, which, however, extends yearly seawards, is separated from the coast by a belt composed of strips of sandy desert, marshy plain, low

sandhills, and salt lagoons, which varies in breadth from fifteen to thirty miles. A line drawn from Alexandria to Damietta, through the southern shore of Lake Boorlos, marks approximately the limit of cultivated land in this part of the Delta. The most unobservant traveller in Egypt cannot help perceiving that its sole industry is agriculture, and that the bulk of its inhabitants are tillers of the soil. Egypt seems, indeed, intended by nature to be the granary and market-garden of North Africa, and the prosperity of the country depends on its being allowed to retain its place as a purely agricultural country. The ill-advised, but fortunately futile, attempts which have been made by recent rulers to develop manufactures at the expense of agriculture, are the outcome of a short-sighted policy or perverted ambition. Experience has proved that every acre diverted from its ancient and rational use as a bearer of crops is a loss to the national wealth.

That "Egypt is the gift of the Nile" has been insisted upon with "damnable iteration" by every writer on Egypt, from Herodotus downwards. According to the popular etymology,\* the very name of the Nile (*Νεῖλος*, from *νέα ἰλὺς*, new mud) testifies to its peculiar fertilising properties. The Nile is all in all to the Egyptian, and can we wonder that Egyptian mythologists recognised in it the Creative Principle waging eternal warfare with Typhon, the Destructive Principle, represented by the encroaching desert? As Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has well observed, "without the Nile there would be no Egypt; the great African Sahara would spread uninterruptedly to the Red Sea. Egypt is, in short, a long oasis worn in the rocky desert by the ever-flowing stream, and made green and fertile by its waters."

At Cairo the Nile begins to rise about the third week in June, and the beginning of the overflow coincides with the heliacal rising of the Dog Star. The heavens have been called the clocks of the Ancients, and, according to some writers, it was the connection between the rise of the Nile and that of the Dog Star that first opened the way to the study of astronomy among the ancient Egyptians, so that not only was the Nile the creator of their country, but also of their science. The fellahs, however, still cherish a lingering belief in the supernatural origin of the overflow. They say that a miraculous drop of water falls into the Nile on the 17th of June, which causes the river to swell. Till September the river continues to rise, not regularly, but by leaps and bounds. In this month it attains its full height, and then gradually subsides till it reaches its normal height in the winter months.

As is well known, the quality of the harvest depends on the height of the annual overflow—a rise of not less than eighteen feet at Cairo being just sufficient, while a rise of over twenty-six feet, or thereabouts, would cause irreparable damage. It is a common notion that a very high Nile is beneficial;

\* In Homeric times, as is shown by the *Odyssey*, the Nile was called *Αἰγύπτος*, a name which was afterwards transferred to the country.



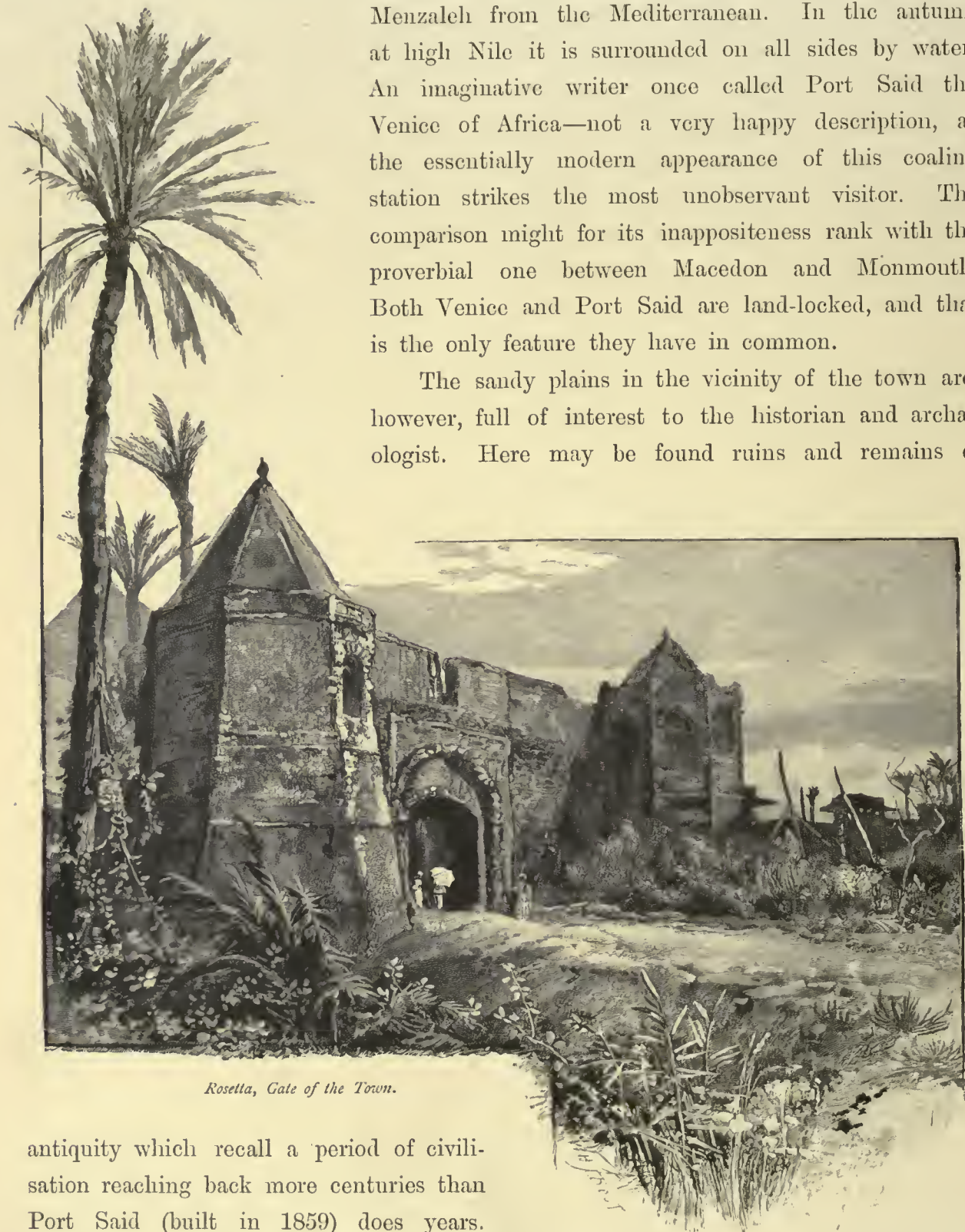
whereas an excessive inundation would do far more harm to the country than an abnormal deficiency of water. Statistics show conclusively that most of the famines in Egypt have occurred after an exceptionally high Nile. Shakespeare, who, we know, is often at fault in matters of natural science, is perhaps partly accountable for this popular error:—"The higher Nilus swells, the more it promises," he makes Antony say, when describing the wonders of Egypt to Cæsar.

The coast between Rosetta and Port Said is, like the rest of the Egyptian littoral, flat and monotonous. The only break in the dreary vista is afforded by the picturesque-looking town of Damietta, which, with its lofty houses, looking in the distance like marble palaces, has a striking appearance seen from the sea. The town, though containing some spacious bazaars and several large and well-proportioned mosques, has little to attract the visitor, and there are no antiquities or buildings of any historic interest. The traveller, full of the traditions of the Crusades, who expects to find some traces of Saladin and the Saracens, will be doomed to disappointment. Damietta is comparatively modern, the old Byzantine city having been destroyed by the Arabs early in the thirteenth century, and rebuilt—at a safer distance from invasion by sea—a few miles inland, under the name of Mensheeyah. One of the gateways of the modern town, the Mensheeyah Gate, serves as a reminder of its former name. Though the trade of Damietta has, in common with most of the Delta sea-ports, declined since the construction of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, it is still a town of some commercial importance, and consular representatives of several European powers are stationed here. To sportsmen Damietta offers special advantages, as it makes capital headquarters for the wild-fowl shooting on Menzaleh Lake, which teems with aquatic birds of all kinds. Myriads of wild duck may be seen feeding here, and "big game"—if the expression can be applied to birds—in the shape of herons, pelicans, storks, flamingoes, etc., is plentiful. In the marshes which abut on the lake specimens of the papyrus are to be found, this neighbourhood being one of the few habitats of this rare plant. Soon after rounding the projecting ridge of low sand-hills which fringe the estuary of the Damietta Branch of the Nile, the noble proportions of the loftiest lighthouse of the Mediterranean comes into view. It is fitted with one of the most powerful electric lights in the world, its penetrating rays being visible on a clear night at a distance of over twenty-five miles. Shortly afterwards the forest of masts, apparently springing out of the desert, informs the passenger of the near vicinity of Port Said.

There is, of course, nothing to see at Port Said from a tourist's standpoint. The town is little more than a large coaling station, and is of very recent growth. It owes its existence solely to the Suez Canal, and to the fact that the water at that part of the coast is deeper than at Pelusium, where the isthmus is narrowest.

The town is built partly on artificial foundations on the strip of low sand-banks which forms a natural sea-wall protecting Lake Menzaleh from the Mediterranean. In the autumn at high Nile it is surrounded on all sides by water. An imaginative writer once called Port Said the Venice of Africa—not a very happy description, as the essentially modern appearance of this coaling station strikes the most unobservant visitor. The comparison might for its inappositeness rank with the proverbial one between Macedon and Monmouth. Both Venice and Port Said are land-locked, and that is the only feature they have in common.

The sandy plains in the vicinity of the town are, however, full of interest to the historian and archæologist. Here may be found ruins and remains of



*Rosetta, Gate of the Town.*

antiquity which recall a period of civilisation reaching back more centuries than Port Said (built in 1859) does years. The ruins of Pelusium (the Sin of the Old Testament), the key of North-Eastern Egypt in the Pharaonic period, are only eighteen miles distant, and along the shore may still be traced a few vestiges of



the great highway—the oldest road in the world of which remains exist—constructed by Rameses II., in 1350 B.C., when he undertook his expedition for the conquest of Syria.

To come to more recent history. It was on the Pelusiae shores that Cambyses



*Port Said.*

defeated the Egyptians, and here some five centuries later Pompey the Great was treacherously murdered when he fled to Egypt, after the Battle of Pharsalia.

To the south-west of Port Said, close to the wretched little fishing village of Sais, situated on the southern shore of Lake Menzaleh, are the magnificent ruins of Tanis (the Zoan of the Old Testament). These seldom visited remains are only second to those of Thebes in historical and archaeological interest. It is a little curious that while tourists flock in crowds to distant Thebes and Karnak, few take the trouble to visit the easily accessible ruins of Tanis. The ruins were uncovered at great cost of labour by the late Mariette Bey, and in the great temple were unearthed some of the most notable monuments of the Pharaohs, including over a dozen gigantic fallen obelisks—a larger number than any Theban temple contains. This vast building, restored and enlarged by Rameses II., goes back to over five thousand years. As Thebes declined Tanis rose in importance, and under the kings of the Twenty-first Dynasty it became the chief seat of Government. Mr. John Maegregor (Rob Roy), who was one of the first of modern travellers to call attention to these grand ruins, declares that of all the celebrated remains he had seen none impressed him “so deeply with the sense of fallen and deserted magnificence” as the ruined temple of Tanis.

The Suez Canal is admittedly one of the greatest undertakings of modern times, and has perhaps effected a greater transformation in the world's commerce, during the twenty years that have elapsed since its completion, than has been effected in the same period by the agency of steam. It was emphatically the work of one man, and of one, too, who was devoid of the slightest technical training in

the engineering profession. Monsieur de Lesseps cannot, of course, claim any originality in the conception of this great undertaking, for the idea of opening up communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea by means of a maritime canal is almost as old as Egypt itself, and many attempts were made by the rulers of Egypt from Sesostrius downwards to span the Isthmus with "a bridge of water." Most of these projects proved abortive, though there was some kind of water communication between the two seas in the time of the Ptolemies, and it was by this canal that Cleopatra attempted to escape after the battle of Actium. When Napoleon the Great occupied Egypt, he went so far as to appoint a commission of engineers to examine into a projected scheme for a maritime canal, but owing to the ignorance of the commissioners, who reported that there was a difference of thirty feet in the levels of the two seas—though there is really scarcely more than six inches—which would necessitate vast locks, and involve enormous outlay of money, the plan was given up.

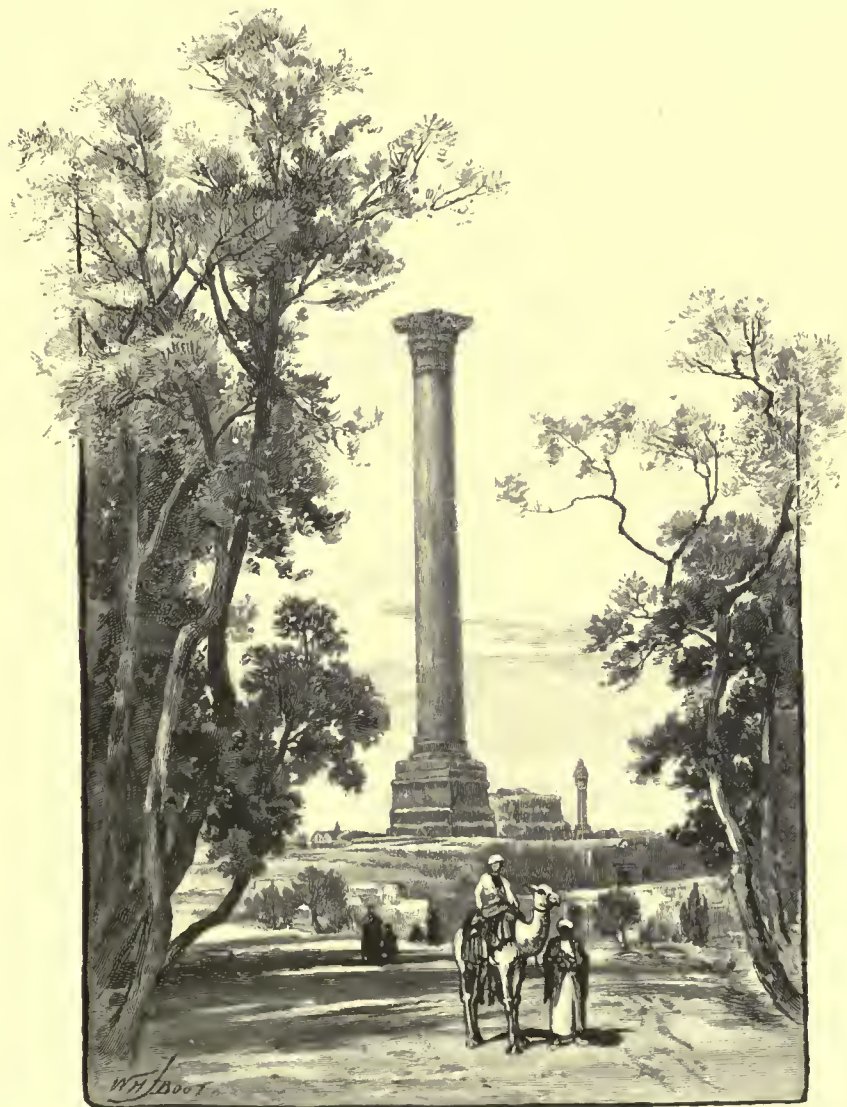
The Suez Canal is, in short, the work of one great man, and its existence is due to the undaunted courage, the indomitable energy, to the intensity of conviction, and to the magnetic personality of M. de Lesseps, which influenced everyone with whom he came in contact, from Viceroy down to the humblest fellah. This great project was carried out, too, not by a professional engineer, but by a mere consular clerk, and was executed in spite of the most determined opposition of politicians and capitalists, and in the teeth of the mockery and ridicule of practical engineers, who affected to sneer at the scheme as the chimerical dream of a vainglorious Frenchman.

The Canal, looked at from a purely picturesque standpoint, does not present such striking features as other great monuments of engineering skill—the Forth Bridge, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, or the great railway which scales the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains. This "huge ditch," as it has been contemptuously called, "has not indeed been carried over high mountains, nor cut through rock-bound tunnels, nor have its waters been confined by Titanic masses of masonry." In fact, technically speaking, the name canal as applied to this channel is a misnomer. It has nothing in common with other canals—no locks, gates, reservoirs, nor pumping engines. It is really an artificial strait, or a prolongation of an arm of the sea. We can freely concede this, yet to those of imaginative temperament there are elements of romance about this great enterprise. It is the creation of a nineteenth-century wizard who, with his enchanter's wand—the spade—has transformed the shape of the globe, and summoned the sea to flow uninterruptedly from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean. Then, too, the most matter-of-fact traveller who traverses it can hardly fail to be impressed with the genius loci. Every mile of the Canal passes through a region enriched by the memories of events which had their birth in the remotest ages of antiquity. Across this plain four thousand years ago Abraham



wandered from far-away Ur of the Chaldees. Beyond the placid waters of Lake Menzaleh lie the ruins of Zoan, where Moses performed his miracles. On the right lies the plain of Pelusium, across which Rameses II. led his great expedition for the conquest of Syria; and across this sandy highway the hosts of Persian, Greek, and Roman conquerors successively swept to take possession of the riches of Egypt. In passing through the Canal at night—the electric light seeming as a pillar of fire to the steamer, as it swiftly, but silently, ploughs its course through the desert—the strange impressiveness of the scene is intensified. “The Canal links together in sweeping contrast the great Past and the greater Present, pointing to a future which we are as little able to divine, as were the Pharaohs or Ptolemies of old to forecast the wonders of the nineteenth century.”

EUSTACE A. R. BALL.



*Pompey's Pillar.*



*The Falls at Kerka.*

## THE EASTERN ADRIATIC: DALMATIA AND ALBANIA.

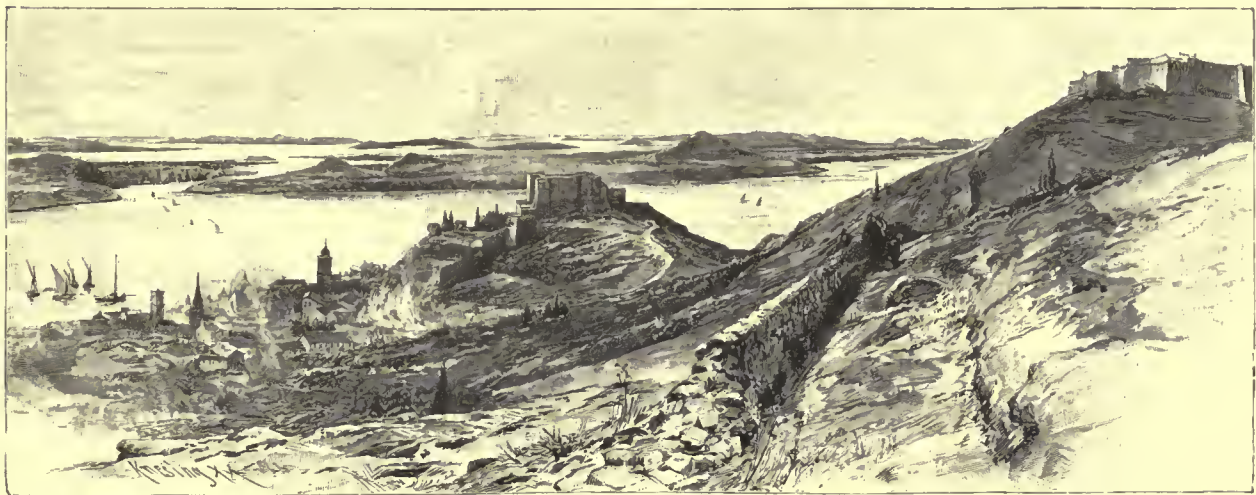
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TRAVEL in Europe has become much more easy, but distinctly less interesting, during the past half century. Characteristic costumes have been discontinued, the individuality of peoples has been diminished; languages still remain diverse, races have not fused—indeed, the present tendency, perhaps only temporary, is towards disintegration, but men and women dress more alike, and live more alike, than they did before the iron road had brought distant places into closer connection, and electricity had almost annihilated space. The traveller in search of the picturesque—like Dr. Syntax in the days of our grandfathers—had not to go far afield before his desires were gratified. Now, even in Switzerland, the cantonal costumes are seldom seen, unless donned with designs on the traveller's purse; the streets of Venice have lost some of their interest; the Rome of a past generation and the peasant of the Campagna are almost lost in the modernised capital of modern Italy. Thirty years ago, if there was more dirt and less comfort, there was more interest and less monotony. Then there was sometimes a certain beauty, there was commonly a quaintness, there was always an interest in the dresses and ornaments which had become almost traditional; these have been replaced by the every-day dress of the townsfolk of north-western Europe, more convenient, no doubt, but less attractive to



the eye; and the holiday garb is a poor copy of some Parisian fashions, where the local milliner only succeeds in being the "tenth transmitter of a foolish" fad.

So at the present day, as regards Europe individuality and picturesqueness can only be found in its remoter parts. They have all but vanished from Italy; but they still linger, though there are symptoms of a coming disappearance, on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. Trieste has, indeed, gone the way of Venice; but in passing away from it along the Istrian coast we become conscious of a change as though the clock of time were moving backwards. Better still when Dalmatia is reached. Here, indeed, there is a railway, but for it the old excuse may be made—that it is a very



*Sebenico.*

little one. Here, though the children are beginning to be clothed like the children in the streets and fields of France or Prussia, the rustic men and women still continue to dress as their parents did before them—in vestments which, if possibly not very convenient, and certainly sometimes the reverse of clean, are undeniably picturesque.

Dalmatia is a country in all respects peculiar. It is a long strip, which runs generally parallel with the Adriatic for some one hundred and thirty-five miles—the seaward slope of the Dinaric Alps—together with a chain of neighbouring islands. Its greatest breadth is about forty miles, but towards the south, where its frontier recedes from the mountain crest, it is reduced to little more than a littoral fringe, sometimes less than ten miles in breadth.

It is also a highland district—throughout the whole region level ground is very rare. Occasionally small tracts occur, which are little more than undulating; but as a rule Dalmatia is hilly and often even mountainous. The islands follow the same rule. They are small separated samples of the mainland. One of the latest chapters in its physical history is revealed almost at the first glance. From at least the south of Istria to below Dalmatia the land has been affected by a downward

movement. The coast is fringed by hundreds of islands, varying from only a few square yards to many square miles in area, which repeat exactly the forms and contours of the mainland. Here and there the sea penetrates for some distance into the land; the coast line, as we examine the chart, recalling in many respects that of the western margin of Scotland, or still better of Norway. It is evident at a glance that in the sculpture of the district the sea practically has had no share; we are looking at the work of heat and cold, of rain and streams. These islands were once the summits of hills, and formed a part of the mainland; these inlets were the beds of valleys, the upper parts of which can still be traced rising and ramifying from the water's edge.

Thus there is considerable variety in the scenery of Dalmatia; yet it impresses on the mind a sense of uniformity, almost of monotony. The dominant features for long distances are the same, the details only are varied. The reason for this is not far to seek. The eastern coast of the Adriatic, including far more than Dalmatia, consists almost exclusively of one kind of rock—a pale cream-coloured limestone, which becomes nearly white after exposure to the air—something like the Portland limestone of southern England. It is generally rather distinctly bedded, and presents a considerable resemblance to much of the limestone in the Jura, except that it is colder in tint. This limestone, almost without interruption, extends along the Adriatic from the Julian Alps even to the Peloponese; the trend of the hills, and the folds into which the strata are thrown, running parallel with the general direction of the coast line. It corresponds roughly in geological age with the chalk of England, and sometimes contains, like it, lumps and beds of flint; but it is a much harder and more compact rock, and is never pure white, but always some tint of buff. Occasionally this limestone is overlain by more marly beds belonging to the Tertiary Age of geology, and these produce an effect on the scenery in consequence of their comparative softness and greater adaptability to cultivation. But the areas which they cover are neither large enough nor numerous enough to modify the general impression. This, at any rate, so far as concerns the scenery of the northern half of Dalmatia, may be stated as follows once for all.

An unbroken range of cream-grey limestone mountains closes the view inland, rising generally some four or five thousand feet above the sea; its outline is commonly undulating rather than bold, but in the upper parts the sides become craggy. The green alps, the dark slopes of pine, the great walls of cliff, the deep glens, so characteristic of the northern Alps, are wanting here; the upland valleys are comparatively shallow; the mountain sides seem to be almost invariably bare, dry rock. Between this range and the sea lies a hilly district of variable breadth, which comes rolling down to the water side, similar in outline and in colour to the background, but yet more monotonous in form. The nearer parts of this are sometimes terraced for cultivation; they are



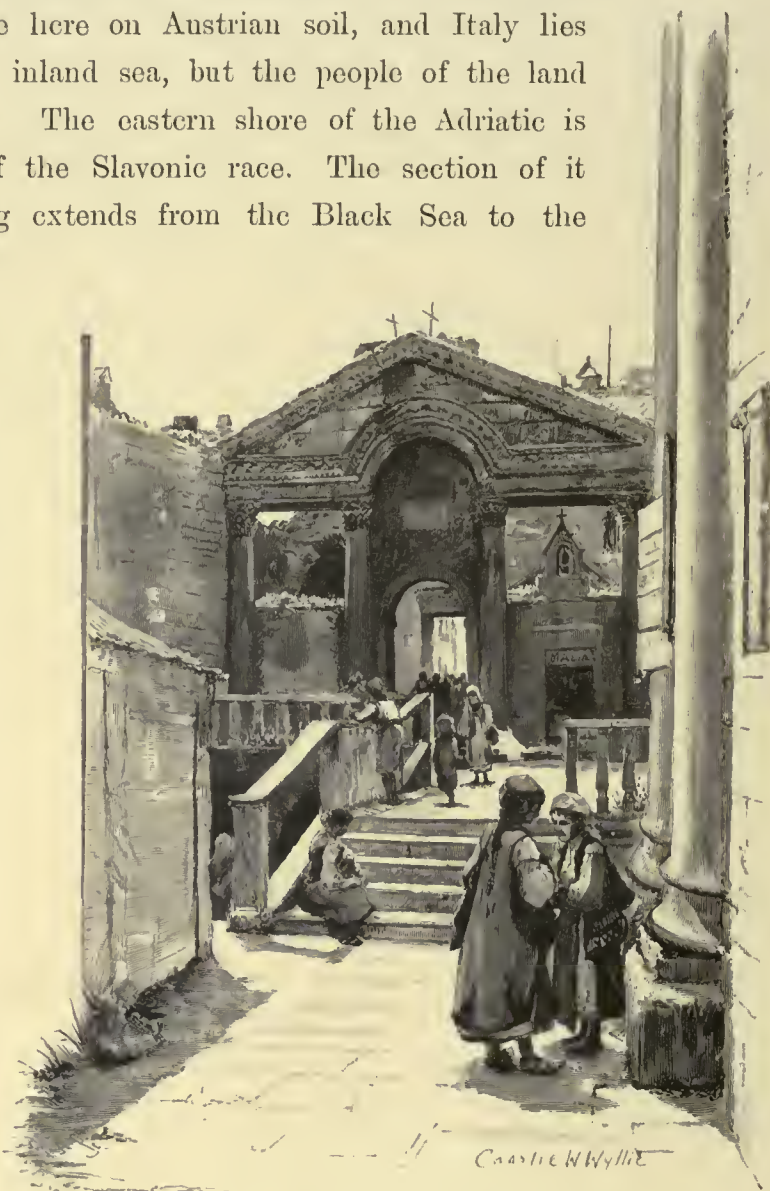
spotted rather than clothed with grey stunted olives or covered by vines; the wilder parts are sometimes brightened by a green scrub, but they are often mere slopes of broken rock, as barren as a heap of macadam; towns and villages are few; in most parts even houses seem rare. The region in spring time may be more varied in its colour, but in the late autumn the bulk of the country seems arid and desolate; even its vegetation, when this exists, producing a patchy and sometimes unpleasing effect. The sea is studded with countless islands, some little more than scattered humps of bare rock, others lines of hills many miles in length, which occasionally rise to elevations of more than two thousand feet above the water. In outline and scenery the latter resemble the mainland, except that the larger islands seem generally a little more fertile than it. The narrow sounds, the indented bays, the constantly changing grouping of the islets, afford considerable variety to the foreground and nearer distances, and produce many pleasing pictures. But it is only when the sun is sinking low that the scenery becomes really beautiful. Then the western sky is suffused with a glow of orange, sometimes almost of crimson light, the islands loom out as masses of purple shadow, between which the lake-like expanses of sea gleam like molten gold, and the narrow straits beneath the setting sun are transfigured into pathways to the gates of Heaven. At such an hour, though the differences are many, our thoughts travel back to a like time in the summertide on the western coast of Norway. There, in island and mainland, are ice-worn masses of crystalline rock, here are weather-worn banks of limestone; there is the glory of the north—the sky is lit with a richer glow, the shadows are a colder purple; here is the glory of the south—a more golden hue in the one, a warmer tint in the other; yet alike in chilly north and in sunny south, the day is never so beautiful as when it is dying.

The sea in all moods has a charm. The Adriatic at times can be turbulent enough, when lashed into fury by the bitter blasts of the Bora, or by the hotter but sometimes hardly less violent Sirocco. The former is now the more dreaded, but the storms from the south made more impression on the Romans. Auster (a name for a south wind) is designated by Horace as “*Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ*,” and Notus (a wind from the same quarter) receives a like doubtful compliment, “*Quo non arbiter Hadriæ Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta*.” But generally among the islands, and sometimes far beyond their shelter, the water is calm as a mill-pond; there you may watch a school of porpoises racing with the steamer, and see every turn of their lithe bodies through many a yard of the pellucid aquamarine, noting, as they rise, the changing tint of their dark backs and light bellies, till their piglike snouts and sharp fins protrude once more above the water for that corkscrew roll in which they delight. Very picturesque, too, are the boats, with their old-fashioned outlines, their sails of white and orange and red and deep-brown, banded or chequered, or

adorned with some rude pattern of a darker or a lighter tint, gliding slowly over the sea, or stationary at their work of fishing or of diving for sponges or coral.

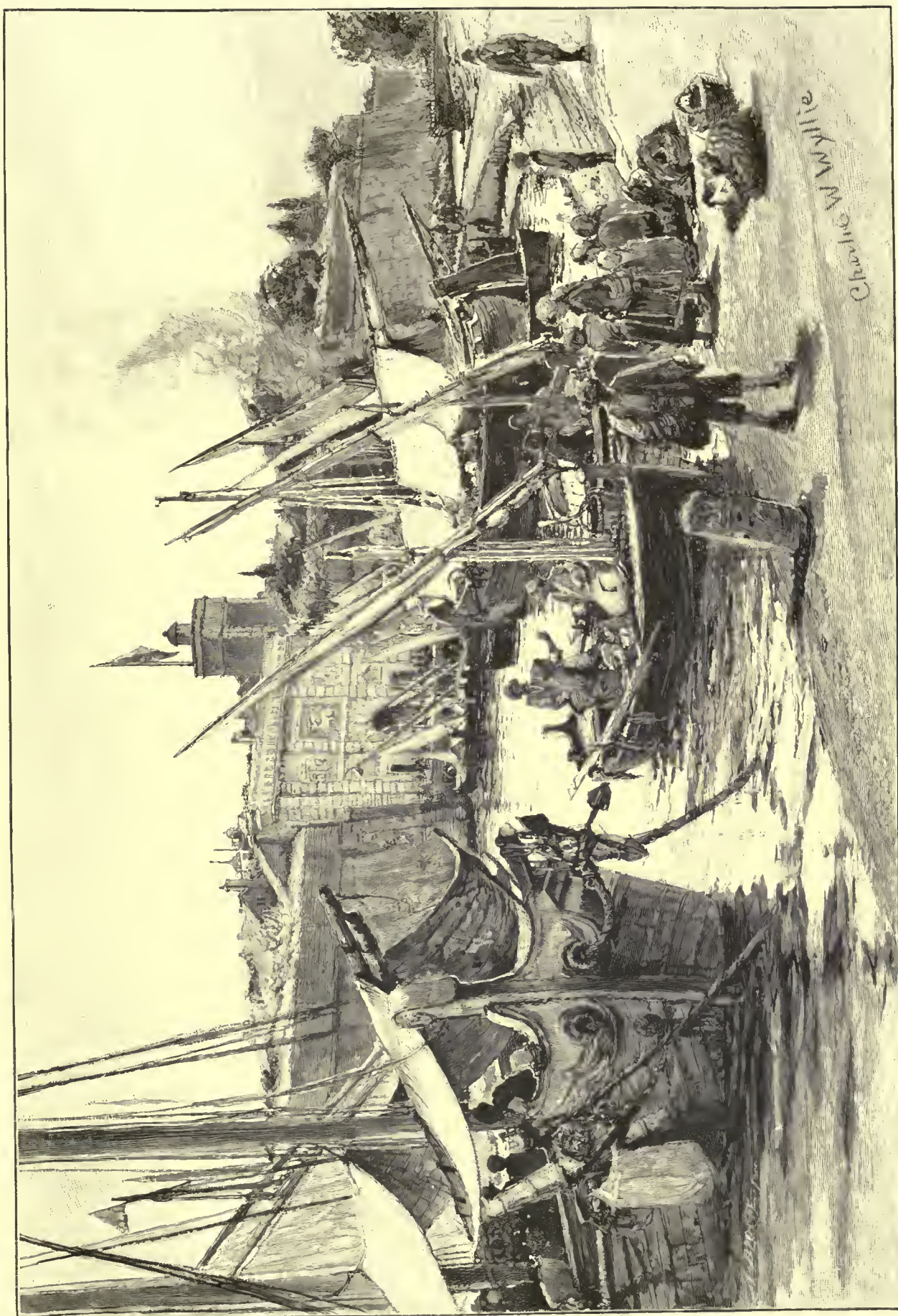
A word may be said as to the past history of Dalmatia, because this often stands in close connection with the dominant characteristics of its buildings and of its inhabitants. We are here on Austrian soil, and Italy lies on the other side of an almost inland sea, but the people of the land are neither German nor Italian. The eastern shore of the Adriatic is part of the western boundary of the Slavonic race. The section of it to which the Dalmatians belong extends from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, and is separated, by the Magyars and Wallachians, from the vast territories of the northern Slaves. Of course, as the history will show, there must be, in Dalmatia, a mixture of races, but nearly 90 per cent. of the people are Slaves or Morlacks, as they are locally called. Of the earlier history of the region little is known. Some four centuries before the Christian era it formed a part of Illyria; the inhabitants were then of the same race as the Thracians, fierce and comparatively uncivilised. As commerce increased on the Adriatic, the people of the Illyrian coast found piracy for a time more profitable than agriculture or fishing.

This, however, at last brought a due penalty. The Romans objected to their merchant ships being plundered and free-born citizens being carried off to slavery. They remonstrated, but their ambassador was murdered; so they attacked Illyria, and before the second century had begun they had subdued and colonised the coast. In course of time the Roman legions drew many recruits from Illyria, and her navy included not a few Liburnian vessels. On the decline of the Roman Empire, both Goths and Avars—a tribe of Huns—swooped down upon the country, followed, early in the seventh century, by the Slaves, who made themselves masters of the land,



*Spalato, Inner Doorway of Diocletian's Palace.*





ZARA, CAPITAL OF DALMATIA, PORTA DI FOSSE.



settled there, and shortly after were converted to Christianity. In the ninth century Dalmatia was ruled by the princes of Croatia, and in the next it fell more or less under the power of Venice, the doge assuming the title of Duke of Dalmatia. Croatia first, then Hungary, disputed with Venice for the supremacy, so that the sound of war was heard in the gates too often for the country to prosper; but the larger cities maintained a kind of independence, leaning on the whole towards Italian alliances. It was not till after the treaty of Campo Formio that Dalmatia became a part of Austria, under the rule of which, except for a few years when it was seized by and suffered from France, it has since continued. Thus Dalmatia mostly has received its population from the side of the land, its civilisation from that of the sea; and the latter, from a very early time, has been more or less of an exotic.

The beginning of Dalmatia on its northern side is not indicated by any marked change in the scenery, except that the mountains which bound the view towards the east seem to assume slightly bolder forms and to draw nearer to the sea. Indeed, just in this district it is not easy to be sure of one's precise position, or whether the adjacent land is or is not united to the mainland. The part of Istria which lies between the head of the Adriatic and the Gulf of Quarnero resembles Dalmatia in its general scenery, but the hills are a little less bold and lofty, and the coast is almost unprotected by islands. This fringe of Dalmatia continues up the Gulf of Quarnero, which is so fully occupied by islands that only about two-thirds of the area is water, and an uplift of less than fifty fathoms would add the whole floor of the Gulf to the mainland. These islands, for the most part, are assigned to Istria; but the eastern coast of the Gulf for a comparatively short distance belongs to Croatia. Then, at the foot of the Vellebich Mountains, Dalmatia begins.

The steamer passes along channels between long rocky islands and the irregular coast of the mainland, and before very long draws near to Zara, the capital of Dalmatia. This city is less impressive at a distance than when seen from within its gates, for it stands but a few feet above the water, on an almost level peninsula. Still, as it is approached from the north, with its houses and towers rising above its ancient fortifications, it groups pleasingly with the hilly background. The site has many natural advantages, and has been occupied for at least two thousand years. The peninsula is large enough to admit of a town of considerable size (the present population is about nine thousand), while it is not so large as to be defended with difficulty. It runs nearly east and west, forming on its northern side an almost enclosed harbour, and affording convenient landing places in ordinary weather on the opposite side. Lastly, the neck where the peninsula joins the mainland is so narrow that to sever it by a deep ditch was no difficult task.

Thus Zara, or Jadera as it was once called, soon became a Roman colony, and the capital of Liburnia. Its history afterwards was that of Dalmatia, except



that it acquired a special and melancholy distinction in the beginning of the thirteenth century. It had revolted from the Venetians, who were generally, and had been for more than two centuries, its masters. Unfortunately, just at that time the fourth crusade was beginning, and the French contingent had promised to pay the Venetians a large sum to convey them to Palestine. But the pugnacious pilgrims were richer in promises than in purse. They could not muster the amount of their passage money, and as an equivalent proposed to help the Venetians in recovering Zara. So in the autumn of the year 1202 a fleet appeared, loaded with Venetian sailors and French soldiers. Zara closed its gates, and drew a chain across the entrance of its port; but the Venetian galleys rammed and broke the latter, and attacked the town. The defences of Zara were old, the assailants fierce and expert. In three days the town was taken, and received scant mercy. It was sacked and burnt; even the churches, it is said, did not escape; for the cross of the Crusaders was often—as we not seldom see with symbols—little more than a superficial distinction.

Early in the sixteenth century the old walls of Zara were taken down by the Venetians, and replaced by fortifications of a more modern type under the direction of San Michele. These also have been removed on the southern side, and modern houses—large and doubtless commodious, but uninteresting—now occupy their site; but the walls still remain on the other sides, and the town is entered from the land by a gateway, combining architectural design with defensive purposes, of which a view is given. But the ordinary mode of approaching Zara, that is from the harbour, gives the best impression of the peculiarities of the town. Coming from the north, little or nothing is seen of the modern buildings. The old walls, of which there appear to be two lines, the houses and towers behind them, seem to rise almost from the sea and to be backed by the limestone hills. The steamer enters the narrow harbour, into which the Venetian galleys broke their way, and draws up at a low quay—probably, in part at least, of later date—which for some distance separates the water from the base of the walls. These are pierced by a gate, comparatively narrow. Above it the symbol of Venice, the winged lion of St. Mark, bears witness to its builders. But on the other side is a work of a much earlier time. The pilasters with Corinthian capitals, the arch and entablature, indicate the hand of the Roman, even if an inscription did not remain to declare that the arch was erected by one Melia Anniana, in memory of her husband. The work, however, is of no great architectural merit; and, in the opinion of some authorities, has been brought from elsewhere and rebuilt in its present position.

The hand of the Venetian is plainly seen in Zara. Its narrow paved streets, its tall houses, with projecting balconies of stone or metal, its architectural details, its churches, all recall memories of its destroyer and rebuilder; though, of course,

in its ecclesiastical, and still more in its domestic, architecture it is on a humbler scale than is the former mistress of the Adriatic. But its living interest is far higher: the streets of Zara indicate that we are in Eastern Europe. The costumes of the people are varied and curious. Commonly the men wear bluish-coloured trousers, embroidered about the pockets; waistcoats also of similar colour, yet more richly worked; shirt-sleeves, presumably white, and a jacket thrown loosely over the shoulders. A pouch in front, with a couple of knives, garters also worked, and a red cap, complete the costume. The women wear commonly white chemisettes with full



*Old Water-Gate at Gravosa.*

sleeves; dresses with bodies of some bright colour; skirts plain, except for embroidery round the bottom; red stockings, gaiters like the men, and sandal-like shoes. They buckle belts, studded or ornamented with white metal, about their waists; hang chains of various patterns around their necks, and throw a coloured kerchief over the head.

The most characteristic spot in Zara is the Piazza dell' Erbe, or market-place. On one side of this rises a tall Roman Corinthian column. Its sides are scored by the swinging of the chain to which criminals were once fastened in a kind of pillory, its capital supports the broken image of the lion of St. Mark. Its purpose and history are alike unknown, but many doubt whether it has not been moved from some Roman ruin to its present position. Above the motley crowd of country folk, gathered in the irregularly shaped piazza, this grey memorial of the distant past rises, in contrast with the busy scene of life, where buying and selling go on briskly: fruit and vegetables, poultry and game—such as hares and partridges—fish, some of which are





*Castel Nuovo, at the Entrance of the Gulf of Cattaro.*

unfamiliar to an English eye, crockery (which, however, is disappointing and has no local interest), tools and common hardware (often rude enough in pattern), besides drapery of many sorts, among which some rather pretty though rough embroidery may be found. Bright colours are evidently in favour, and this in the narrow streets, where the shops are often unglazed and the goods suspended outside, adds greatly to the picturesque effect. Zara is the place for an artist who delights in street scenery and is indifferent to dirty onlookers. In this respect it is another, but a far better Venice. From that, during the last thirty years, much of the light and interest have faded.

But we must not expect in Zara the “palazzi” of the ruling city; only two or three of its churches are of much architectural interest. The first, at any rate in beauty, is the *duomo* or cathedral, for Zara is the seat of an archbishop. This, on the southern side, is wholly, on the eastern nearly, hidden by houses; the street on the north also is narrow, but from the piazza in front of the western end a good view is obtained of this, the most ornate part. Its façade is ornamented by arcades of single centered arches, and has two rose windows, one above the other; in plan the building is a basilica, and near the eastern end is a *campanile*, which, unfortunately, is unfinished. The interior is rather plain, but the triforium, if it should be so called, the baptistry, and baldachino are interesting. As to the date of this fine church, some difference of opinion prevails. Commonly, it is said to have been erected by the Venetians, as a kind of expiatory offering, after the destruction of an older building in the sack of Zara already mentioned, and a consecration in the year 1285 is on record; indeed, the façade is said to be later still by nearly forty years, but some features of the

building seem to indicate an earlier date, so that it is possible the Venetians may have restored a badly ruined church rather than entirely rebuilt it.

Hard by, completely enclosed by houses, is a more interesting but far less beautiful church, that of San Donato. It is a rotunda with apses: six massive piers with capitals of the simplest design, and two columns with composite capitals, evidently Roman, supporting the drum of the cupola, which has a triforium gallery, and is thought to have been used as an upper church. But recent excavations have added greatly to the interest of San Donato, for, after long neglect and desecration, it has been cleared of its excrescential growths, and is to be preserved as an historical monument. The foundations consist largely of the ruins of Roman structures; sculptured capitals and fluted shafts of columns, pieces of richly carved entablatures, altars and inscribed stones, are fitted together anyhow, sideways or upside down, and themselves rest on a pavement of rather large slabs, which also are Roman work. It is said, by a good authority, that four distinct Roman edifices may have contributed to these foundations, but probably one at least of these was close to the present site, and the pavement at any rate is an actual remnant of the ancient Jadera. The church is considered to date from the ninth century, if it is not earlier. The church also of San Chrysogono, near the water-gate, with its characteristic ornamentation and its three apses, is a very pleasing example of Venetian art. Here also there is a doubt as to the date, one authority attributing it to the latter part of the fourteenth century, another placing it earlier by two centuries.\*

Other churches of Zara are of interest, such as the very ancient little church of Santa Domenica, now desecrated, and of San Francesco; while that of St. Simeon, though a modern building, contains, in a silver gilt shrine, a fine specimen of late fourteenth century art, the relics of St. Simeon, whose memory lives in the *Nunc dimittis*; another instance of the acuteness with which in olden days the graves were recognised and the bones identified of men of holy but humble life. But over these we must not linger, nor over the maraschino, for the manufacture of which Dalmatia is noted. This, like the kirschwasser of Switzerland, is made from cherry-stones.

From Zara to Sebenico the Dalmatian coast presents the usual scenery, but there is some difference in the situation of the two towns. The access to Sebenico is up an inlet of some length and of variable breadth, the rocky shores at one place approaching conveniently near for purposes of defence; here, accordingly, a castle—Fort Niccolo—guards the channel. On either side of the water rise rounded limestone hills, beyond which, as usual, the mountain wall of the Dinaric Alps closes the view. The town occupies a slight projection at the foot of hills which are crowned with forts, so that in old times it must have been a place of considerable

\* Mr. Jackson, in his most valuable work on Dalmatia, to which, as to that of Sir G. Wilkinson, we are greatly indebted for information used in this article.



strength. Its buildings group picturesquely on the lower slopes, and offer many subjects for the artist.

Sebenico, though an old town, is much less ancient than Zara. Its first appearance in history corresponds with the date of the Norman conquest of England. At that time there was here a royal palace, the residence of King Coloman of Hungary, the site of which is supposed to be occupied by the present fortress of St. Anna. Higher than this are the forts of San Giovanni and Il Barone, the latter obtaining its name because it was bravely defended against an attack of the Turks by the Barone de Degenfeld in the year 1648. More than once—in the days when the Turk was the direct, instead of the indirect, cause of disturbance to the peace of Europe—Sebenico had to withstand his attacks. But in its day it has been a notable place, not only as a stronghold, but also as a seat of commerce and of civilisation. In the sixteenth century, we are told, “the arts and sciences flourished more in Sebenico than in any other town of Dalmatia,” and the older buildings indicate its former prosperity. Of this there are now signs of revival. The town is increasing on the land side, where new houses are frequent, and the buildings less crowded. In the older quarters the streets are narrow, and, as is usual in this part of Europe, are often characterised by an uninviting fragrance. Scraps of earlier work are not seldom seen incorporated with more modern buildings, so that Sebenico offers many pleasant little surprises for the traveller of antiquarian tastes. The Duomo is the only church of much interest; the best parts of the exterior being the cupola and west front. The architecture exhibits more than one peculiarity. The style is partly late (Venetian) Pointed, partly Renaissance, in many respects a transition from the one to the other; the latter almost always influencing the ornamental detail. Some of the carving at the eastern end—as in the sacrarium, which is elevated above a crypt—is unusually rich. The nave is covered by a barrel vault formed of stone slabs. All the building is constructed of white limestone or marble. According to the author of Murray’s “Handbook to the Mediterranean,” “not a nail or a piece of wood enters into the construction of this remarkable church.” The costumes of the people are plainer than at Zara, but still are attractive and picturesque. The women wear white chemisettes with coloured bodices; the head is sometimes bare, the hair being plaited and twisted round and round at the back, sometimes covered by a coloured kerchief, which is tied round the hinder part and hangs down over the neck. The men often wear coats with hoods attached, or capes thrown back to show a coloured lining.

Sebenico is one terminus of the Dalmatian Railway. This connects the town overland with Spalato, and about midway it throws off a branch to Knin, an old and interesting city, which has occupied a prominent place in the history of the eastern border of the Adriatic. To judge from the time-table, the locomotive does not impair

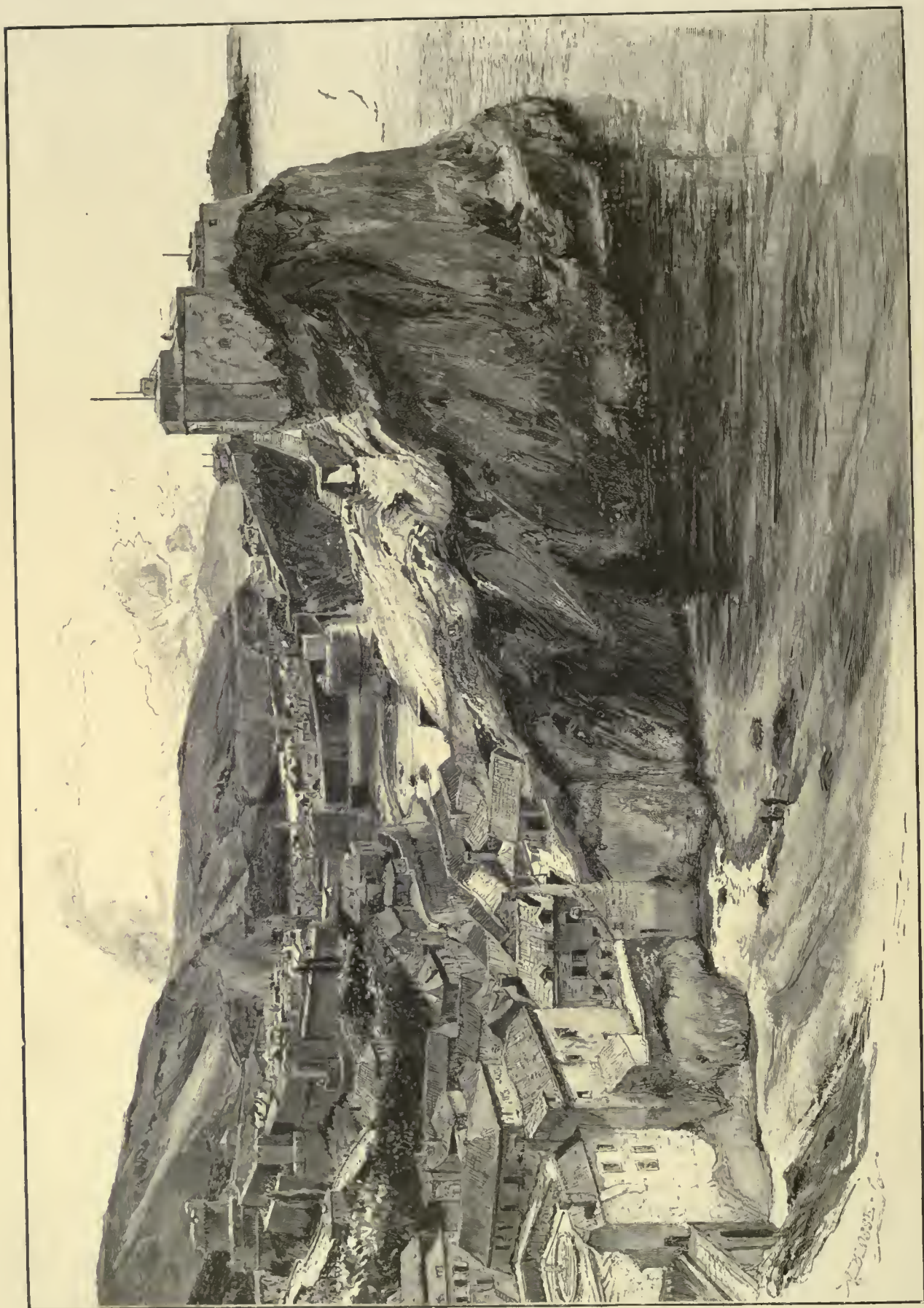
by undue precipitancy the dignity of its unique existence. In the neighbourhood of Sebenico is another rarity—a Dalmatian waterfall—the Falls of the Kerka. In the lowlands of this region, owing to the swallowing power of the all but universal limestone, streams are small and few; and without water a cascade is obviously impossible. So the falls of the Kerka have a wide fame. As the sketch shows, though pretty enough, they would elsewhere attract comparatively little notice. Usually they form a series of leaps, the longest of which is said to be about eight yards; but in spring-time when the river is swollen by the melting of the winter snow these are almost merged into one, so that there is a downward rush of water for a distance of about one hundred and seventy feet. The charm of this part of the Kerka is increased by the more luxuriant vegetation in the immediate neighbourhood.

Below Sebenico the Dalmatian coast projects considerably, running for several miles almost due south, and for a time the islands are few and small; so that the Cape of Planca is exposed to the full force of the storms. But when the coast has turned to the east, as it does at this point, the land is again sheltered; for the islands that guard the channel of Spalato are numerous and, in some cases, large. The coast—for a distance of nearly sixty miles in a north-easterly direction, about as far as Ragusa—is bordered by important islands, peculiar both in form and arrangement. They are almost always hilly, long, and narrow, and lie, in the direction of their length, nearly east and west. South of Spalato is Brazza, largest and most populous of all, noted for its wine; with the attendant island of Solta, probably once connected with its larger neighbour, and in repute for its honey. Then across another wide channel is long and narrow Lesina, extended yet farther by Spalmadore and its reefs. In the former, the town bearing the same name as the island is said to contain some good specimens of Venetian architecture; but these, of course, are out of the reach of the ordinary traveller. Then comes the channel of Narenta, formed by the singular peninsula of Sabbioneella, which runs out for some forty miles from the mainland, to which it is linked by a neck only a mile across. It is parted by a strait from the island of Curzola, also long and narrow, which, being unusually well wooded, builds ships and exports pine timber. Still farther south, forming a mere broken line, off Ragusa, lie Meleda and some smaller islands. The former disputes with Malta the honour of being the place on which St. Paul was wrecked after being “driven up and down in Adria,” founding its claim partly on the fact that it possesses vipers, of which the other island is said to be destitute.

Well out in the Adriatic, west of the channel of Narenta, is another island of considerable size. Bold in outline, and rising high above the water, it soon attracts the attention of the traveller, and for many miles of the journey is a pleasant feature in every uninterrupted seaward view; this is Lissa, a place of note in

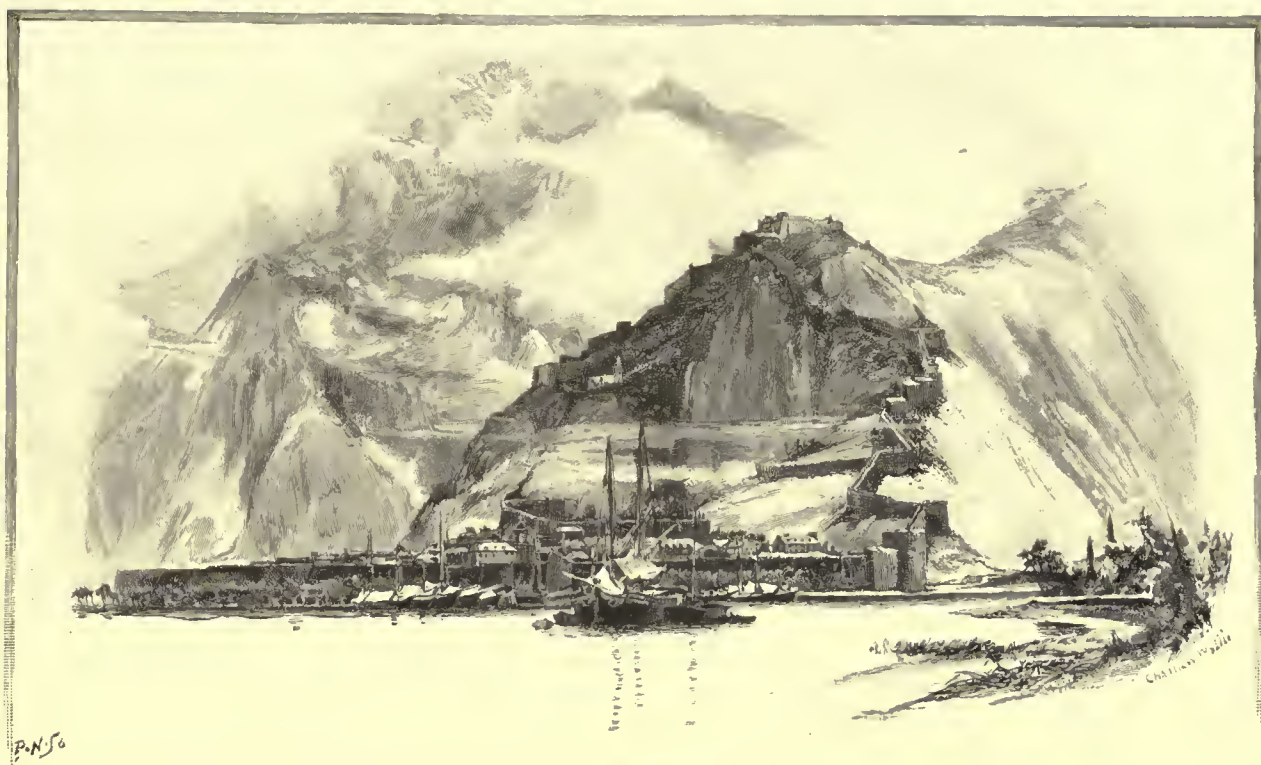






RAGUSA.





*Cattaro and the Montenegro Mountains.*

history, both ancient and modern. Four hundred years before the beginning of the present era it was colonised by the Greeks, and the first of the naval battles which it has witnessed occurred not long afterwards, when Dionysius the Elder, Tyrant of Sicily, in alliance with the islanders, defeated the fleet of the Illyrians. In Lissa also the Roman ambassador was murdered by orders of Queen Teuta, a crime which led to the first Illyrian war. Its inhabitants have always been a race of sailors; and at Lissa especially were built the light-beaked galleys with two banks of oars, which helped Augustus to gain the victory at Actium, and were the frigates of the Roman navy. Early in the present century—to leap over a wide interval of time—when the French had possession of Dalmatia, Lissa for about three years was regularly occupied by the English as a naval station. Three martello towers are a memorial of this epoch in its history. Off its shores also, in the year 1811, Sir William Hoste gained an important victory over a French squadron; and in 1866 there was a battle between the Italian and Austrian fleets. In that war Italy obtained, indeed, Venetia, but won little glory. Her hopes of success by land were not high, but she counted on victory at sea, yet her fleet was fairly defeated by that of Austria. Lissa is now the centre of a considerable coasting trade, and reckons among its curiosities a fine stalactitic cave, the ruins of Teuta's palace, and some ancient Greek tombs.

But to return. From the Cape of Planca the steamer keeps near the coast, passes under the lee of Bua, and runs up a narrowing channel to the old town of

Traù, one of the most picturesquely situated in Dalmatia. A low island lies between the shores of Bua and of the mainland, linked to each by a bridge. A massive round tower, with machicolated battlements, stands at the north-western end of this island, parted from the houses by a grassy space. A ruined castle, with an octagonal keep, looks towards Bua; the towers of the harbour-gate and parts of the town walls—all belonging to its mediæval Venetian defences—still remain, and group well with the crowded houses of the island town, above which rise two or three campaniles, chief among them being that which indicates the principal church, still called the Duomo, though there is no longer a bishop here. This is a good specimen of thirteenth century architecture, the west front being a very fine one. Other churches in Traù are worth a visit, and the streets, as usual, are narrow and close, but picturesque. The newer quarter is on the island of Bua.

It is possible, I believe, to pass through a drawbridge and continue up the strait between this island and the mainland, but the steamer generally returns and rounds the coast of Bua till it shapes its course for Spalato. This town, again, has its own characteristics. More perhaps than any other hitherto noticed, it has a capacity of extension. Except on the western side, where a bold limestone hill rises steeply, there is no natural limitation as at Traù, or at Zara; the site is more level than at Sebenico; indeed, in some directions, for more than a little distance around the town, the ground is but gently undulating. Thus Spalato easily enlarges its borders, and it is said to be the most rapidly growing town in Dalmatia.

It is in one sense less picturesque, though there is considerable beauty in its situation, on the shore of a bay, backed and on one side overlooked by high hills of grey limestone. The older part of the town appears, from a distance, almost like a solid block of masonry—a huge walled enclosure, above which towers up the tall campanile of the principal church.\* But on a nearer approach that long line of wall, which rises at the back of a row of rather commonplace houses, begins to reveal, notwithstanding the modern windows by which it is injured, the familiar features of a grand structure of Roman masonry, and we recognise in it the façade of the Palace of Diocletian.

Perhaps no town in Europe is so singular in its history or so unique in its architectural interest as Spalato. Its very name proclaims its origin: *Ad Palatium*—at the palace. On its site sixteen centuries since, so far as we know, were only fields; perhaps also a few fishermen's huts or vinedressers' cottages, for it must always have been easy to land by the little strath, and the country round is exceptionally fertile. But about a league away, upon a hidden inlet of the sea, there was an ancient city, by name Salona. In its neighbourhood, a little before the middle of the third century of the present era, a child had been

\* Now concealed, as it has been for three or four years, under a mass of scaffolding.



born, who in his fortieth year, by the strange turn of Fortune's wheel, became Emperor of Rome.

But if the prize was splendid the drawbacks were many. In those days the burden of empire was exceptionally heavy, and before long Diocletian took a colleague in the purple, and the joint Emperors, later still, chose out two Cæsars to share their labour. But even then, after twenty years of rule and sixty of life, Diocletian became weary, and his health also began to fail. Of the purple it might then be truly said, "without were fightings, within were fears." War was constantly breaking out, now here now there, round the frontier of the overgrown empire. Plots were frequent at home; the assassin or the rebel not seldom ended an Emperor's reign and life. If new enemies were pressing the empire from its frontiers, new forces, seemingly of disintegration, were coming into play within, with which rulers must reckon. The old order was changing, "yielding place to new," in more than one respect. The power of the old gods was declining, that strange new sect of the Nazarenes was growing. Diocletian had made a last, desperate attempt to stamp out the upstart faith, but this had utterly failed; the Christian enthusiast evidently was not to be convinced by heathen philosopher or cowed by heathen soldier; plainly before long this alien creed would have to be tolerated, if it had not to be accepted. So the Emperor had already turned his thoughts to his native hills and his native coast, to the mansions of Salona, and the gardens by the river side. Before the end of the third century this became his usual residence. In the year 305 he abdicated, and entered on the life of a country gentleman. Thenceforward, when men sought to interest him in affairs of State, he showed them his cabbages. But the provincial city, though no mean place, contained no residence worthy of Diocletian's rank; perhaps, also, he desired a life rather more secluded than was possible on the outskirts of a considerable town; so he built himself a palace on the site of Spalato. Here was a tract of level ground, extending for some distance by the waterside, and shelving gently up to rolling hills, so as to afford ample space for gardens and parks. Only a stream of water was wanting; but to remedy this defect was a small matter for a Roman Emperor, so the river of Salona was tapped by an aqueduct. By the shore of the Adriatic was raised a huge quadrangle of masonry, built with the compact limestone of Dalmatia, wrought often into elaborate sculpture, and adorned with columns from the granite quarries of Egypt. To this vast group of buildings Diocletian retired about the time of his abdication. He did not long enjoy this sumptuous retreat, for in the year 313 he died, possibly worn out by disease, but not without suspicions that his end had been hastened.

Practically this vast expenditure seems hardly to have served any further purpose, though, some century and a half afterwards, the palace sheltered another ex-emperor

for a time, and was also the scene of his murder. Probably it fell into disrepair before the final troubles of the empire began. Then for a time we know not its fate precisely, while horde after horde of barbarians streamed southward, plundering and destroying, as they flocked like vultures to batten on the bloated carcass of the dying empire of Rome. From the gates of Salona Narses and Belisarius had gone forth to check for a brief time the advancing tide of ruin; but at last the Avars swept down on the ancient city, and it was stormed, sacked, and burnt. Bad as was Goth or



*Traù, Dalmatia.*

Herule—and it had experienced the tender mercies of each—the Hun was far worse. So in the year 639 Salona became a vast desert of smoking ruins, and those of its inhabitants who had escaped with life were left houseless. But the huge palace of Diocletian was in a better condition; doubtless it had been visited by the spoiler, but it had escaped the fire. So the homeless folk betook themselves thither, the paupers “squatted” in the deserted chambers of princes, and thus the palace became a town. Some ten years afterwards a legate arrived from the Pope; the substitution of the church of Spalato for that of Salona was duly recognised, and it became the seat of an archbishop. The temple erected by Diocletian was consecrated “for the





*Montenegro, from the Sea.*

worship of God and the Virgin Mary," and its sanctity was increased by transferring to it the relics of St. Domnius, first Bishop of Salona, who had received the crown of martyrdom early in the second century. Part of the royal apartments became the residence of the archbishop; the great colonnade was blocked up with masonry, but though this must have been rebuilt more than once, much of the Roman work still remains comparatively uninjured.

It has been rightly said, that in Spalato we have "the most perfect example of domestic Roman architecture which has come down to us." But it is more than this; "like the coeval buildings of Palmyra and Baalbeck, it marks the eve of a fresh departure." We see almost at a glance that Spalato varies, sometimes for better, sometimes for worse, from the strict rules of earlier classic architecture. We find here, both in design and ornamentation, the commencement of the Byzantine school, the germ of the Romanesque, even a foreshadowing of the Renaissance. In the more enriched parts—such as the Golden Gate or the inner courts of the palace—the architecture is more graceful, more florid even than it is in any structure of the second or the earlier part of the third century; but at the same time there are traces of meaningless design and the dissociation of construction and ornamentation—in short, plain indications of a decadence in art. The main outlines of the original structure can still be traced with ease; but the investigation of details and the identification of many parts of the palace are rendered extremely difficult by the narrow streets, often mere alleys, the crowded buildings, and the strange mixture of modern and ancient, of Roman, Venetian, and Dalmatian, and by the use of old

materials in newer work. The general plan, however, has been ascertained by patient labours, and may be described in a few words. The building, as left by Diocletian, was almost a rectangle—the face parallel with the sea measuring from corner to corner 592 feet; the opposite face being, for some reason or other, shorter by 22 feet. The sides are longer than either end, measuring 698 feet. Thus the edifice covers about nine and a half acres, full two-thirds the area of the Tower of London. At the angles, and along three of the faces, were low towers, octagonal on each side of the gateways, elsewhere square. The southern or sea-face had only corner towers, and its gateway was apparently small and comparatively inconspicuous; but a noble gallery extended along one of the upper floors from end to end, which must have commanded a fine view. The land or “Golden” gate was evidently the grand entrance. Though the corner towers are gone, its ruins are still in very fair preservation; and engravings of it may be seen in most books on Roman architecture. Not many years since, the accumulation of soil and rubbish had been so great as to bury the gate to within a foot or so of the lintel; but excavations have once more shown this remarkable work in its true proportion.

The whole enclosure of the palace is divided into four parts by streets joining the opposite gateways. In its southern half were the principal buildings, including the royal apartments. The part which is best preserved was no doubt originally the principal court. It was flanked by an arched colonnade, which terminated the vista from the Golden Gate, and led up to the vestibule of the inner palace. On the eastern side of this court is an octagonal structure, the so-called Temple of Jupiter; on the western a small oblong temple. The grand arcade, with its Corinthian capitals, rests on columns of red granite; these are now to a great extent blocked up by masonry, so as to form the exterior walls of houses. Thus the second temple is now entirely hidden from the court. It is of small size, but has a large, richly-ornamented entrance; within, a sculptured cornice supports a panelled barrel vault. The temple is said to have been dedicated to Æsculapius. It is now a baptistry, and thus, as a place of cleansing waters, keeps touch with its original purpose. The other temple, now the cathedral, which externally is an octagon, is the larger of the two buildings, but the diameter of the circular interior is only twenty-eight feet. Formerly it was surrounded by a light peristyle, parts of which still remain. In front is an elevated platform, from which the campanile, erected in 1416, rises to a height of one hundred and seventy-three feet, and is linked by a small vestibule to the main building. Beneath the octagon is a vaulted chamber, approached by a small passage in the thickness of the wall. The interior of the church is divided into two stages, the lower being formed by a richly-carved, interrupted entablature, which is supported on granite columns; the upper by a row of smaller columns, placed below a second entablature, from which the dome of the vault springs; a band of sculpture



also decorates this part of the building. The fine pulpit, the curiously heavy reredos, and other details of later date are worth examination; but the lower part of the building has been injured by its Christian occupants, and what is worse, has recently been severely restored, the "new lamps" of the Dalmatian stone-mason having often and needlessly replaced the "old lights" of the Roman architect. The nineteenth century is accustomed to rail at the vandalism of the eighteenth, but how will it fare itself at the hands of the twentieth? Our forefathers destroyed that for which they did not care; we "kill with a cruel kindness." The conceited irreverence of some half-learned architect has done as much mischief to the Duomo of Spalato in the last few years as had been wrought by centuries of contemptuous neglect.

It is by no means clear for what purpose this massive structure was intended. Commonly it is supposed to be the "Chapel Royal," dedicated to the honour of Jupiter, though some, relying upon the sculptured frieze, have claimed it for Diana. But was it, in the proper sense of the term, a temple at all? Mr. Fergusson has suggested that it was intended for the mausoleum of Dioeletian, and though there is a tradition that a sarcophagus was found in another part of the enclosure, the idea seems to me worthy of consideration. The form and plan are undoubtedly common in the later Roman tombs, as, for instance, the so-called sepulchre of Sta. Helena; and it bears a close resemblance to the mausoleum of Theodorie, at Ravenna. If this be so, the "Galilean has indeed conquered." The tombhouse of the last persecutor of the Christians has become their place of worship, while of its former occupant it is indeed true that "they have taken him away and we know not where they have laid him." But we must not linger longer among the narrow and sometimes odoriferous streets of Spalato, and its endless fragments of classic and mediæval work. It is interesting at all hours, but the inner courts and the great outer wall of the southern façade, by the silver light of the full moon, assume a solemn grandeur that words cannot express. It must not, however, be supposed that the enclosure of Dioeletian's palace is the whole of Spalato. It began to extend itself in the Middle Ages; and a picturesque octagonal tower, rising among houses near the south-west angle, is a remnant of the castle built early in the fifteenth century by the Bosnian general Harvoye, who was created Duke of Spalato. Again, on the northern side are extensive remnants of the massive fortifications, which, as well as the separate fort east of the town, were erected by the Venetians in the seventeenth century. The former had long been worthless for defence, and were in part destroyed by orders of Marmont, in order to improve the town and construct the present esplanade by the waterside. Beyond the old Venetian tower Spalato extends westward, till it straggles up the slope of a rocky hill. The latter part is poor and shabby, seemingly old without being venerable; but one of the newest and more

open parts of the town lies just at the foot of the hill, between it and the former site of the Duke's castle.

But Spalato must not be left without visiting the site of Salona. The walk thither, especially about the time when the country folks are coming or going to market, gives a good opportunity for studying their picturesque costumes. The market party consists frequently of men, women, and donkeys. The superior sex, when possible, rides; the inferior more often walks. The animal carries the merchandise and the man if there be room; the creature is small, thus often there appears to be more man



*Sulimere Spixa.*

than donkey. Doves of turkeys are common; these are appropriate geographically; and would be an emblem pleasing to some politicians, who would be glad to see "the unspeakable" driven to speedy extinction. Among the people the presence of two types is rather marked, the one dark in hair and eyes and swart in skin, the other with light brown hair and blue eyes; the former are the commoner, and sometimes very good looking. The costumes are no less, perhaps even more, picturesque than farther north. The men wear embroidered waistcoats, with belts or sashes; blue breeches often made "baggy;" red "berets" or red kerchiefs worn turban-fashion; shoes of string or cord; and a kind of pouch in parti-coloured needlework is slung over the shoulder. The women have aprons of the same material; they are clad in loose white garments, sometimes with a broad red band



at the bottom, and with long hanging sleeves, over which comes a black robe like a bishop's rochet; red socks and shoes, like the men, on the feet; and red kerchiefs, rather large, on the head. But endless minor variations will be noted. It is said that each village has its distinctive costume.

A walk to Salona shows that the land still retains the characteristics which endeared it to Diocletian: vineyards abound, olive trees are frequent, though not large; fig trees also are not wanting. Presently a new scene opens out before us. An inlet of the sea—a loch as it would be called in Scotland—branches up into the shelving ground, forming the natural termination of a shallow valley which descends from the limestone mountains. Below us lies a little village among green meadows and groves of trees. On the right hand may be seen Diocletian's aqueduct, now restored, to carry once more water to Spalato. In front, in the distance, guarding a road which runs up towards a gap in the bare hills, is an old fortress, singularly picturesque in situation. This is Clissa, which many a time in the troubled days of old has heard the noise of war and helped to keep the enemy at bay before the gates of the garden of Dalmatia.

The little village is the modern Salona. It stands among the water meadows, which look almost homelike after the bare limestone hills, the characteristic Dalmatian scenery. Through these a full stream slides onwards to the sea, clear and cool, like the Itchen in the Hampshire meadows. Even the village itself, with its little green, its detached farmhouses, its single street, has something almost homelike. There is nothing at first sight to suggest any great antiquity, no conspicuous ruins to indicate the site of an important Roman town; but no sooner is the village entered than the stones begin to speak out of the wall. Everywhere scraps of Roman workmanship meet the eye: broken shafts and capitals of columns, fragments of sculptured entablatures and inscribed tablets are built into the houses, or even serve baser uses, as garden tables or "alehouse" benches. From the level sward by the river, on its right bank, the ground shelves gently upward, and here, where vines now grow, Salona stood, extending westwards for a mile parallel with the river. Here and there excavations have been made, and the substructures of massive buildings have been disclosed—theatre and amphitheatre, baths, and a basilica. Here also is the remnant of the "long wall," the age of which is a puzzle to antiquarians; but except for these, which are difficult to find, the once populous city is nothing better than "a ruinous heap." We wander over stone-strewn paths, among stone-strewn vineyards, parted by stone walls, which here and there give hints of ancient masonry, though often so ruined as to be hardly separable from the rude rebuilding of peasants' hands in later times; but in the solitude of these byways the foot now and again strikes a potsherd or a fragment of marble, which tells that the Roman once occupied this site. "Behold, your house is left unto

you desolate." That is the motto of Salona, for it has passed beyond the picturesqueness of ruin.

South of Spalato the scenery becomes bolder, the mountains rise to greater heights, the outlines are more imposing, the sea is more open. The large islands afford less protection from the waves, if the Adriatic is in an angry mood. Thus steep cliffs sometimes rise above the sea, but in sheltered coves the vegetation often assumes a character more distinctively southern.

Some twenty miles south-east of Spalato another river—the largest in Dalmatia—enters the sea, the Cetina, where Almissa nestles at the opening of a mountain glen. This, too, is an old-world place, the name of which, in the thirteenth century, was hateful to the navigators of the Adriatic, for it was a nest of pirates.

Sheltered by the strange promontory of Sabbioncello, already mentioned, and the pine-clad slopes of island Curzola, is the gulf into which the river Narenta discharges its waters. It is navigable for some miles. Curzola guards with its batteries the passage between island and peninsula, and then the mound-like hills of Melida rise up from the sea "like the graves of buried heroes." Presently we approach another Dalmatian town, which in history is not much less interesting, in situation is more striking than any yet seen. Ragusa, though its walls may be said to be washed by the waves, has long ceased, in any proper sense of the term, to be a seaport town. Its harbour is small, and lies open to the full force of the southern storms. But on the northern side of a little peninsula, less than two miles from its gates, there is safe and commodious anchorage, for a chain of islands and islets extends from an angle of Sabbioncello, and protects this part of the coast. So, even in the Middle Ages, its argosies—for from Ragusa these ships obtained their name—preferred the landlocked anchorage of Gravosa, and many a bale of costly merchandise has doubtless passed beneath the arches of its old water-gate.

Villas and gardens make the road from Gravosa to Ragusa brighter than the environs of the more northern Dalmatian towns. Presently, beyond the plane trees in front of the Hotel Miramar, the sea is again approached, and we stand at the gate of Ragusa. Two other features in the town are distinctive—its irregular and rocky site, and its mediæval fortifications. Nevertheless, it gives the impression of a town less crowded up than those described above, owing to the comparative width of the Corso, which follows a depression between a rocky ridge and the mainland hills.

Ragusa, with the exception of the little republic mentioned above, "is the one spot along the coast which never came under the domination either of Venice or of the Turk; it kept its place as a more or less independent commonwealth from the break-up of the Byzantine Empire till it was eventually annihilated by Napoleon." The hills descend to the sea, the town bars the passage along the coast; thus it



has always been a strategic position of no little importance; and so by generation after generation for centuries past have its bulwarks been strengthened and its defences augmented from the water-side. Its ring of ramparts straggles up the craggy hills; on the one hand, each rocky islet supports a fort to watch the approaches from the sea; on the other, each coign of vantage is similarly crowned to sweep all ways of access from the land.

These defences belong to various periods during the last three or four centuries, no part, so far as we are aware, being older than mediæval times. But Ragusa was defended by walls so long since as the seventh century of the present era, and it is believed to have been inhabited much earlier. Though it escaped Turk and Venetian, it has suffered more than other Dalmatian towns from a very different foe. More than once it has been shaken by earthquakes, the one most disastrous in its effects occurring in the seventeenth century. Thus a larger proportion than usual of its public buildings are not earlier than this date. For instance, the cathedral—which claims Richard Cœur de Lion for one of its principal benefactors—had to be entirely rebuilt, so that at present its only interest is in the contents of its treasury. The little votive church “Del Redentore,” near the Porta Pille in the Corso, recalls another of these calamities, for it was erected after the earthquake of 1520. The Franciscan convent has a striking cloister, but the finest building in Ragusa is the Palazzo del Rettore, and next to it the Dogana. The former has its façade supported on arches with curiously carved capitals, something like that of the Ducal Palace in Venice, and an inner court surrounded by a corridor; the façade of the latter is also adorned with an arcade. The little republic in former days was ruled by a Rector, and was under the protection of St. Blasius, whose figure is as frequent here as the Venetian lion in other towns of the Adriatic littoral. But though the symbol of conquest is wanting, Ragusa bears in its architecture the stamp of Venetian influence. It is entitled, perhaps more than the other towns already noticed, to the epithet picturesque, from the more varied grouping of its buildings; its shops with their bright and varied wares; its people, attired in the diverse costumes; Slaves in gay kerchiefs, braided jackets and caps; the silver hair-pins, and filigree buttons which stud the peasants’ coats—all give to its streets a charm even greater than those of Zara itself.

Yet one Dalmatian town remains—the last, though by no means the least in interest. This is Cattaro. The situation is remarkable. After the leading physical features of the district had been determined, it must have been affected, even more than in other parts, by a downward movement. Thus a group of valleys has become a long and branching loch, round which the mountains rise. Now the hills all but meet, forming a narrow strait or *boccha*; now the calm water broadens out again. Except for the occasional seaweed, except for the slight indication of a tide, there

*Dulcigno.*

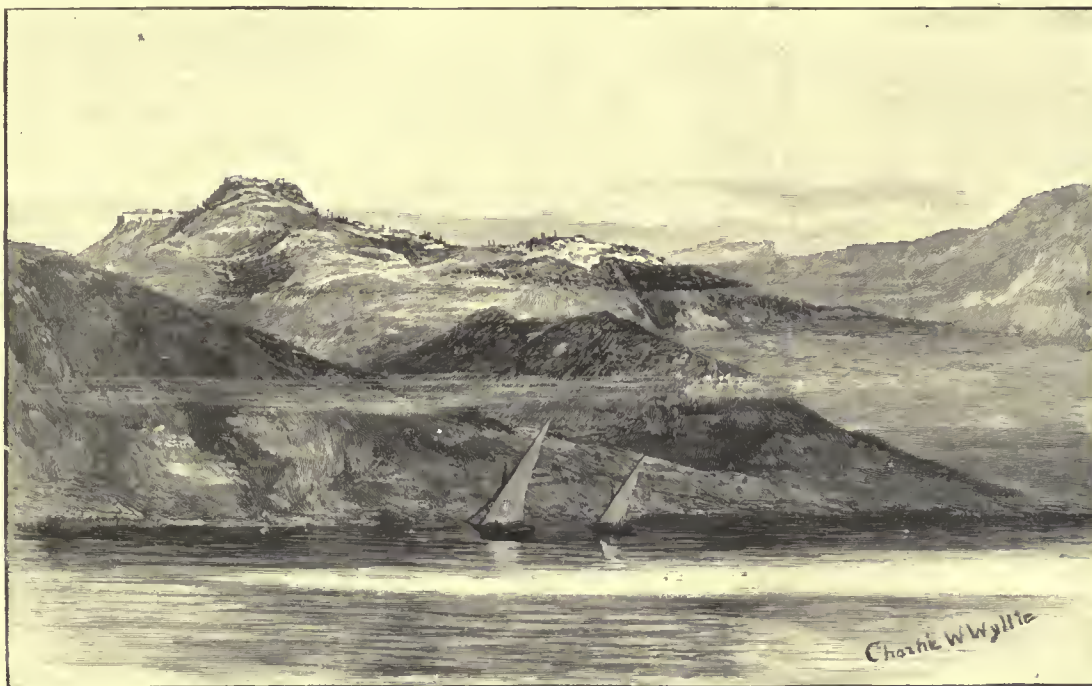
is nothing to denote that the way is still open to the ends of the earth. The whole district goes by the name of the Bocche di Cattaro; the town itself lies at the head of the loch, nestling under the mountains of Montenegro, nearly two hours' journey from the entrance. Here the old fortress of Castelnuovo keeps watch and ward. Farther up is another and narrower passage, in olden times closed by a chain; then, as the hills rise higher and more ruggedly, comes Risano, once the chief town of the Boccha, a place so old as to have existed even in the days of Queen Teuta. Here and there an islet—once a hill-top—diversifies the outline of the coast, and village follows village, as the beauty and luxuriance of the scene increase, and Cattaro itself is approached, built on a strip of strand, nestling under the shadow of the Black Mountain. It is at the head of the inlet, almost on the edge of Dalmatia. The Montenegrin can look down into its walls as the wolves can do on Innsbruck. "The space between the sea and the Montenegrin territory is so narrow that a gun fired from the latter might strike a vessel in the bay."

So, though the situation of Cattaro is naturally ill-suited for defence—as the French garrison found when our troops landed and dragged their cannon up to a commanding position—its masters have done their best to defend it by military art. The town was walled by its Venetian rulers; batteries and fortresses are perched on every height to defend the town, and yet more to command the winding road that leads up to Montenegro. Though this highland principality is shut out from the sea by a strip of land only a few hundred yards across, there is a drop from frontier to shore of over a thousand feet. Formerly only a winding horse-path led up from Cattaro to Cetinje, but now Montenegro has been laid open by a good though



steep carriage road. Beautiful as are its environs—more beautiful than any in Dalmatia—Cattaro itself is less attractive than Ragusa, and is close and crowded, overshadowed by the mountain range, which rises so steeply almost from the margin of the sea. It is a comparatively small though a busy place, having a population of about 4,000. The Duomo and another of the churches are interesting, and there are several more or less important remains of domestic architecture, which give the impression that the town has seen better days. But a greater variety and greater picturesqueness of costume may be seen in its streets than in any other Dalmatian town, for it is virtually the port and the outlet of Montenegro.

This singular and interesting principality lies almost beyond the scope of the



*Vallona, Albania.*

present work, for until a few years since it was completely severed from the Adriatic by Austrian or Turkish territory, but the Treaty of Berlin gave it an outlet to the sea. It may therefore suffice to say that its history is one long feud against the Turk, to whose yoke it has never bowed. The Black Mountain, in the earlier days of Turkish aggression, formed a natural Camp of Refuge, to which men fled, and from which they carried on a desultory warfare against the tyrant of the lowlands. The Montenegrins possess the virtues and the faults of a highland race, with whom to revenge a wrong and to hate your enemy are reckoned among the duties of man. But the land is prospering, and if Montenegro does not content itself with becoming a mere catspaw of Russia, it may become the Switzerland of the Eastern Adriatic.

Just before Antivari, picturesquely placed on high, Dalmatia and the Austrian territory end; then comes the new maritime frontier of Montenegro, and the town

of Dulcigno with its double harbour and its fortress. There is an old and a new town; both, indeed, are small, but Dulcigno is important, as it commands the access by the Boyana river to Scutari. It was notorious as a nest of pirates in olden times, and has become a familiar name in our own days, for the Turk ceded it to Montenegro reluctantly, and sought to escape from the obligations of the Berlin Treaty by his usual policy of "masterly inactivity." Possession of it was only obtained by that moral suasion which, under the form of a "naval demonstration," is with difficulty distinguished from physical coercion.

Yet farther south comes the wild Albanian coast, but seldom visited by the ordinary traveller. Here, where Turkish rule still prevails—though the authority of the Porte over the independent descendants of the old Illyrians is not much more than nominal—the civilisation of Western Europe may be said to be finally left behind. The people always, the scenery often, are picturesque; the towns are generally small and unimportant, but Durazzo, with its peninsular site and its old mediæval walls, is a tempting subject for the artist, and is important to mariners by reason of the safe anchorage in its bay; while still farther south, almost in the narrows of the Strait of Otranto, is the mountain-guarded bay of Ablona, yet more protected from the southern storms, and overlooked by the hill-town of Vallona.

T. G. BONNEY.



*Durazzo.*





*Port Mahon.*

## THE BALEARIC ISLANDS

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THE term "Balearic Isles" may almost be said to belong to that great class of geographical expressions, the meaning of which cannot properly be understood without the help of a Gazetteer. It is excusable enough. The world's nomenclature is so extensive that none but those of us who in our youth were remarkable for a knowledge of geography, or those of us whose business avocations tend to enlarge the knowledge of this kind already gained at school, can possibly claim to be familiar with a tithe of it.

After all, geography as an abstract science is a very futile affair. To enter into the spirit of it, one must visit the countries with which it concerns itself, associate with the people whose capitals it only records, behold with the eyes of sense the vegetation and other natural products of the various latitudes of the various countries, sail on their rivers and lakes and adjacent seas, and climb their mountains. This is the ideal geography lesson. Perhaps the time will come when locomotion will be so easy, and our methods of life so adaptable, that our boys will be able to discard the manuals nowadays current in the schoolrooms, and will learn their geography unconsciously—that is, from actual experience of the world itself.

The Balearic group consists of three principal islands—Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza, and several islets, of which the largest are Formentera and Cabrera. Majorca and Minorca, with their islets, were of old coupled together as one group; and Iviza (Ebusus), with Formentera (Frumentum, so called because of its excellent corn) and the interjacent rocks, formed another little archipelago. The former were the Balearic Isles proper.



CASTILLO DEL REY, MAJORCA.







IBIZA.



According to Spanish legendary history, Majorca was peopled 4,114 years ago, or only one hundred and twenty years after the depopulation of the world by the flood. We may give what credence we please to such a bold statement of fact. The Spanish derivation of the word "Balearic" is also a trial of faith or simplicity. It is said that "Gerion governed the isles despotically till Osiris, the first King of Egypt, killed him. Next, three sons of Gerion, named Lominios, until at length Hercules came and killed them all, and left the islands under Baleo." The transition to "Balearic" is thence easy. But the more accepted origin of the word—from the Greek "Ballein," to throw—is also the most reasonable derivation. The brief chapter



*Palma, from the South-west.*

which Florus, the Roman annalist, devotes to the conquest of the islands by Rome in the second century before Christ gives so graphic a picture of the islanders that it may be offered to the reader in its entirety:—

"As the family of Metellus Macedonicus was accustomed to military surnames, not long after one of his sons became Creticus, the other was called Balearicus. The Balearic Isles had at that time infested the seas with piratic outrages. You would wonder that a savage people, living in the forests, should venture even to look upon the sea from the summits of their rocks. But they had the courage to go on board certain ill-made boats, and from time to time surprised vessels sailing by with unexpected attacks. Seeing also a Roman fleet approaching from the sea, and regarding it as a prize, they ventured to engage it, and at the first onset covered the ships with a vast shower of small and large stones. Every one of them fights with three slings; and who can wonder that their execution with these instruments is so sure, when they are the only weapons of the nation, and the use

of them is their only exercise from their infancy? A child receives no food from his mother but what he has struck down with his sling at her bidding. But they did not long frighten the Romans with their stones, for when they came to close combat, and felt the effects of our beaks, and the weapons that fell upon them, they set up a bellowing like oxen, and fled to the shore, where, dispersing themselves among the nearest hills, they had to be sought before they could be conquered."

Florus's surprise that the Balearic Islanders should dare to take to the sea appears to us a little strained. No islands in the Mediterranean were better situated for piratic purposes, lying, as they do, midway between France and North Africa, and being but a hundred miles from Spain, and in the course of ships from the east. The worth of their position was better estimated a century or two ago, when the French and ourselves were constantly cruising off the islands, with the design of conquest or re-conquest. The ruins of our fortifications on Minorca still testify eloquently to our interest in that island during our occupation of it from 1708 to 1756, from 1768 to 1781, and from 1798 to 1802. And the mighty works which the Spanish artillery engineers are at the present time engaged upon, also in the neighbourhood of Port Mahon, the capital of Minorca, show further that the Balearics are still believed to be valuable strategic points for the naval warfare of the future. From the very first century of human life in the islands, it is probable, indeed, that these islanders found occasion to cherish the predatory or piratic instinct which they would naturally possess.

But let us turn our backs on ancient history, and enter the harbour of Palma, the capital of Majorca, in the year of grace 1890. It is a bright sunny morning, and the blue of the sky and the blue of the water seem to vie with each other for brilliancy. From the earliest hour we have been within sight of the bold cliffs of the western coast of the island—now so near the shore that an accomplished native of the time of Florus could have cast a stone far from our deck upon the land, and now making a wide bend to avoid the jagged teeth of a headland, against which even the summer sea throbs into foam. We have passed the low tongue of land, with adjacent rocks mottled red and white, where, in the year 1229, King James of Aragon set foot upon the shore in his expedition against the Moors, then in possession of Majorca. That is Santa Ponza, and it was upon one of the hillocks hard by that Bernardo Ruy de Meyra, the first Catalan to land, mounted the white flag of the king, and claimed the island on his majesty's behalf. The windmills whirling merrily to the right and left of the high buildings of the town give Palma an air of liveliness that is really somewhat foreign to it. The shapely old castle on the mound to the left of the harbour is Bellver, with dungeons still at the disposal of the Government for political offenders of the first class. In front the Cathedral which James the Conqueror began to build, in fulfilment of his vow to



the Virgin, stands pre-eminent. The Lonja, or Exchange, a beautiful building of the fifteenth century, with a little turret at each corner, seems trivial enough in contrast with it. And yet its elegant assembly room, the groined ceiling of which is supported by two rows of spiral columns fascinating to see, will accommodate many hundred people. To the left of the Lonja the yellow-brown walls of the city appear. They are lofty, and they are guarded with guns. But they are cracking under the trials of time and the sun, and the guns themselves are old fashioned, and by no means very safe to fire. Above the walls are white houses, several storeys high, and a sheaf of church spires and towers. A bell is sounding from one of them to give warning of a Mass. We are approaching a city of more than sixty thousand inhabitants, all of whom are devoted Catholics, save the very few who have had enough education to make them sceptical and indifferent. Of aggressive infidelity there is none here.

Architecturally, Palma is more interesting than it appears at first sight. There are houses enough of the Paris Boulevard type; but there are also many others with a rare individuality. These latter are a charming compound of grace and strength. Externally you would think them rather too much like a fortress: the barred lower windows and the small upper ones occupy such an insignificant amount of the area of their great façades. But within the porch which connects their courtyard with the street, the old-time fascination is very strong. The flagged yard, with its well and ornamented well-head, the polished fittings of the brass stair-rails, the antique granite or other columns, supporting the delicate Moorish arches of the upper "loggia," are all especially winsome to the artist. Palma abounds in family mansions of this kind. The character is the same throughout; but there is a difference in detail which makes one's investigation of the various "patios" of the various houses a constant series of surprises. Perhaps the most ornate of these buildings is the one chosen by the artist for an illustration, viz. Casa Morelli. This is also upon one of the oldest foundations in the city. Beneath the modern mansion—if a house of the sixteenth century may be called modern—are the dilapidated pillars and horseshoe arches of some Moorish baths. One may thank the doughty warriors of the army of King James the Conqueror that they did not sweep away all traces of the Moslem from Palma when they got possession of the city.

There is a piquant contrast between the Rambla of Palma and the narrow, tortuous alleys and by-ways in which the business of the place goes on. The Rambla is broad, with trees upon either hand of it, and the centre of that "dolce far niente" which Spaniards and true Italians love better than active pleasure. There is more fashion in this capital of an unimportant little island than one would suppose. The ladies may not walk with the grace of the accomplished Parisian, nor wear quite the last thing in gowns; but they have the daintiest feet imaginable;

their eyes can say more than the average tongue; and they have all the amiability and much of the simplicity which, in combination, make the Spanish girl one of the most lovable creatures in the world.

The Rambla is best appreciated on a cool evening, after a hot day. It is then a joy to breathe the Majorcan air, and to see Majorcan life in its different phases. His Excellency the Governor-General and the more distinguished of the officers then stationed in the capital may be known by the numerous medals upon their stont breasts, and by their matchless pomposity of demeanour. It is a great thing to be a functionary in a Latin country; and if even the humble Under-Purveyor of Candles to the governor's palace holds himself the more erect for his governmental position (as he esteems it), imagine how His Excellency himself has warrant to strut and swell!

Perhaps a funeral procession passes up the street in the height of the promenade. It is not so dolorous a spectacle that one is bound to have a heartache at the sight of it. The troop of men in peaked caps who head it, swinging big lanterns in their hands as they go, have cheerful faces, and there is lively chatter inside the score or so of private carriages which follow the hearse. The crimson and white of the priests and the perfume of the incense are also agreeable contributions to the evening. One raises one's hat for one moment in formal acknowledgment of the omnipotence of Master Death, and, that done, one may return to the living present with fresh gusto. The old gentlemen in the Café Orientale upon one side of the



*Court and Staircase of Casa Morelli, Palma.*



*La Lonja, Palma.*

promenade just look up from their dominoes and chocolate, to ask the name of the corpse, and then they resume their play. Few are they who in a Spanish country care to follow the dead to the very last moment of its residence above ground.

But though the modern spirit prevails in the Rambla of Palma, the tradition of the Moor clings to its streets. Some of the shops are more like the booths in an Eastern bazaar than the mereantile stores of a Christian land. One marvels at the number of cobblers in the place. There are whole streets of boots; the leather of a variety of shades and qualities. Chocolate-making is another local industry. The manufacture is wrought before the eyes of the world. The mills are clean and sweet, and the odour of the crushing of the beans and the mixing of the compound drifts up and down the thoroughfare. The master takes your curiosity about his craft as a compliment to his skill, and invites you inside to see all his processes, with the genial address and tone which are inborn graces of all Iberians. For the rest, Palma has no staple trade of importance. She sends much wine and oil to Barcelona, but neither are so good as they ought to be; nor do they profit Majorca so much as the middlemen—the Catalan merchants who send them elsewhere.

Majorca is almost equally divided into two parts—the plain country, and the mountains. The centre of the island is flat; not perhaps as level as a billiard table, but flat enough to give a grandiose air to the purple peaks in the north-west, which rise so abruptly from the olive woods and vineyards of the midlands. The fertility of the plain is very great. It is often here as in the Neapolitan country: vines, and barley, and fruit trees all thrive on the same patch of ground. Water, however, is the great desideratum. In the rainy season there is no lack of it; the supply is

then of tropical abundance. But it soon disappears; and during the long, hot summer, when the dust rises high from the white roads, in the midst of the teeming orchards and fields, artificial irrigation is necessary.

In leaving Palma for the interior, one must first cross the plain, no matter in what direction one goes. It stretches for thirty miles to the north, bisected by a railway, which runs amid the white towns, and green fields, and orchards, until the Bay of Alcudia puts a period to it. In the west, however, the mountains limit its extent. An excellent carriage road takes one thus by the most lovely little defiles into Valldemosa (a word which, though of Arabic origin, might well be derived from the Spanish *valle hermosa*—the valley beautiful). Upon either hand the ruddy cliffs fall precipitously for hundreds of feet, with ancient olives and fig trees hanging their gnarled stems and boughs from the rocks, like pythons under a spell of rigidity. In spring there are flowers upon all sides, and a fairy brook descends among mossy boulders towards the plain, though its supply of water is so scanty that the thirsty summer soon makes an end of it.

Valldemosa cannot but put the artist out of humour with himself. It is so utterly impossible to make a picture that shall do more than weakly suggest its various charms. The verdure and the mountain tops are in such gracious alliance, and the blue sky domes the pent valley so divinely. One breathes an air of the most balmy mildness, sweetened by the blossom from countless orange and lemon trees in the gardens which hem the woodlands. The very houses seem to be in harmony with the quiet, heavenly spot. They are not obtrusive. The nightingales sing among the trees with an eestatic fervour that makes one imagine they also are of our opinion, that this is one of the most lovely valleys in the world.

Of course, amid such surroundings, our friends the monks are sure to have left their traces. Here they could chant and pray their lives away much to their contentment of body and mind. The remains of the Carthusian Monastery of Valldemosa prove the building to have been of immense size in the heyday of its importance. But it is now altogether transformed. The cells of the old conventual building have been adapted for the summer houses of divers happy Majorcan families. They make a most enviable retreat from the cares of the world. They are bowered in roses and heliotrope and geraniums, and a multitude of other flowers, with orangeries beyond. But I fear the ghosts of certain of the monks would much grieve to find that balls are now occasionally given in the rooms they in their lifetime devoted (let us hope) to sweet and not altogether selfish religious communings. Some of the pictures on the walls are, moreover, of a kind that their superiors would not have licensed. It was amid such influences of the past and the present, and in one of these cosy nooks, that Georges Sand, in 1838, wrote her novel "Spiridion." If Valldemosa could not give her inspiration, there is no such force to be found anywhere upon the earth's surface.



The third Aragonese King of the Islands came to Valldemosa in the fourteenth century to get quit of an asthma. He obtained much relief, but was not wholly cured; and anon the castle he built for a residence was transformed into the monastery which the Carthusians of Valencia were allowed by King Martin IV. to raise here. To tell the truth, Valldemosa does not seem quite fitted for a health resort. It is much too confined. The sea breezes which murmur round about, but two or three miles away, can hardly get at it, so closely is it hemmed in with mountains. The air is, of course, relaxing: so much so, indeed, that it is a memorable toil to ascend the brief staircase which leads to the green and blue tiles of the topmost tower of the old Church of the Convent, whence one may look into all the recesses of the valley.

The mountains which bind Valldemosa upon the west and north-west descend into the sea by Miramar. Here a prince of the Hapsburg family, the Archduke Luis Salvator, spends his winters. The Archduke has bought a large tract of coast, with the mountain sides adjacent. In its original state, even the most energetic of landscape gardeners must have been dismayed to receive a commission to civilise it. What could be done with cliffs five or six hundred feet high, thickly matted with scrub where the rocks did not descend in stern precipices? Well, the Archduke has solved the problem. One wanders through the hanging woods with vistas of blue sea far below, and blue sky interlacing the trees, and fancies one is in dreamland. Turner would have rejoiced in Miramar: its aerial towers, its fearsome steeps, the placid beauty of the sea below, the mountain tops overhead, and the red of the western horizon evening after evening, as the sun sinks into the water.

The Archduke does not pass his winter days in luxurious idleness, as the almost voluptuous beauty of his unique estate might make one suppose. Far from that. He is, after Raymond Lully, the most laborious writer the island has known. His works about the Balearics have set him at the head of Majorcan descriptive writers and publicists. The native Majorcans are not jealous of his Highness's fame as an author. They admire his energy as if it were something superhuman, and find nothing to take exception to in the magnificent volumes that proceed from the publisher's hands. Yet is his Highness not so utterly absorbed by his literary toils that he fails to perceive how attractive his beautiful grounds may be to the less privileged of his fellow men. There is no hotel at Valldemosa, much less at Miramar, which consists of nothing but the Archducal demesne. That the traveller may share in his own refined enjoyments of nature, his Highness has therefore built a guest-house upon the national road near his own mansion, and furnished it *pro bono publico*. The visitor will be received and bedded for three days and three nights in succession—gratis. He will not be fed: he must take his provisions with him. All else will be provided for his well-being, supposing, of

course, that the guest-house has a bed vacant to offer him. This is true hospitality. And so, daily, all through the year, and especially in the spring and summer, when nature is royally beautiful here, carriages come and go at the Hospederia, and hearty thanks are offered to his Highness for the pleasure he so magnanimously dispenses. One does not soon forget a day at Miramar, if the clouds hold off, and there be a refreshing breeze from the sea. It is worth remembering, too, that one is here on the site of the college founded by Raymond Lully himself, that erudite man of the world who, six hundred years ago, died a martyr's death in his attempt to Christianise the Moslems of Africa. The Archduke can hardly fail to be conscious



*Valldemosa.*

of the influence of a place where the printing press was at work soon after the invention of printing itself.

From Miramar to Soller one may follow an excellent high road, which provides cliff views for miles in succession. By degrees we approach the more grand scenery of Majorea, which does perhaps justify Georges Sand in her superlative praise of it—"C'est la verte Helvetie sous le ciel de la Calabre, avec la solennité et le silence de l'Orient." We pass through Deya, a sweet village on and beneath an insulated rock in the midst of a wide ravine, which trends from the mountains seawards. The



*Miramar.*

flowers, and fruit, and song birds are at their best here, and the girls and women of the village lend their voices also to the chorus of bird-music and falling water.

The descent into Soller is a little tiresome: the road zigzags with such extreme consideration for the ease of the few vehicles which use it. The best way is to put the rights of landowners at defiance, and make a bee-line track for the town; though this plan is not without its drawbacks, thanks to the extreme talent of the Majorcan masons, who love to build their walls as if for eternity.

Soller is the fourth town in the island, and in constant vehicular communication with the capital. It lies at the southern base of Puig Mayor, the highest mountain of Majorca. Like Valldemosa, it is so hedged round by hillsides that a man accustomed to the broad life and breath of the plains might think himself here in peril of suffocation. Indeed, it is so guarded that the road which climbs and descends into it from Palma was a vigorous tax upon the ingenuity of the contractors who wrought it. The only other highway which enters it is that from Miramar. Elsewhere, the valley can be evaded only by staircases of rock which are enough to

terrify a weak head, so emphatic are the precipices which drop in the closest proximity to the track.

One may spend Elysian days in Soller and its vicinity. The people are the cleanest in the island, and that is saying much. Each house in the narrow streets is worth inspection. The walls are spotlessly white. The most accomplished Dutch

wife would find nothing to criticise in the orderly arrangement of the rooms, and the precise setting of chairs and tables. Here, as at Palma, they make an astonishing number of boots and shoes. The place further teems with fruit. Viewed from above, the entire town is merely a nucleus of the orange and lemon gardens which thickly surround it. A considerable stream (for Majorca) flows through the town



*Cabrera.*

towards the little circular bay three or four miles to the west of it, and which goes by the name of the port of Soller. With due protection, there would be estimable trout-fishing in this pretty brook. But, of course, angling is not here a science; and, moreover, the town pours its sewage into the water, which soon, therefore, loses its pellucidity. Now and again, in a very rainy autumn, the stream becomes a terrible torrent, frightening Soller out of its wits. We sat one day in a pleasant balcony some twenty feet above the river bed, and heard with interest the dire tales of the ruin which came upon the town not so very long ago, when the stream rose to the balcony. On this day there was a twitter of maiden voices from another balcony



upon the opposite bank of the river. The pupils of a "Young Ladies' Seminary" were saying their lessons. In a time of flood the maiden scholars would no doubt twitter in another note, by no means so sweet to hear.

The port of Soller is quite a toy harbour, almost circular, and so small that one may almost throw a stone across it. In the old days it was very convenient for the pirates from Algiers and Tunis, who wished to run somewhere for shelter, or thought a raid in Majorca might repay them. Soller was frequently thus decimated and plundered ere its inhabitants and their valuables could get away into the hills. It was chiefly to checkmate these marauders that, a few centuries ago, the burly old castle, which now stands in ruins at the head of the harbour, was built. Its situation is very picturesque, so that no artist could well resist sketching it. Just before Georges Sand's visit to the island, a certain French author and artist, M. Laurens, was imprisoned for this very feat. It was of course presumed that he was taking a plan of the fortress: a most unnecessary piece of labour, seeing that it is of no value to anyone nowadays, and totally dismantled and deserted. All the same, it is well even in these days to be cautious in this country of Spain. The Majorcans are a kindly people, but they are not very intelligent. They object to education; and it is possible enough that in an epoch of ferment the stranger might again be sacrificed to their suspicions. One recalls, moreover, the narrow escape of M. Arago, the French scientific traveller, who nearly lost his life among these mountains by Soller. The Majorcans thought his scientific instruments were a new kind of battery, and so they chased him and his theodolites from mountain top to mountain top, and at length out of the island. This was during the Napoleonic war in Spain, however, when their ardour against a Frenchman, scientific or otherwise, was, upon the whole, excusable.

From Soller one may climb, by tracks and through defiles with not a little of the sublime about them, to Lluch and Pollensa. By-and-by there will be high roads in every part of Majorca; but the day has not yet come. For my part, I could hope it might never come. The broad white riband of an accomplished carriage-way, in the midst of precipices and pinnacles of rock and startling ravines, seems to me something sacrilegious. It is so much better to go afoot into these solitudes, or on horseback; to wander in the woods of ilex and olive, and in the narrow glens at the base of the crags, under the influence of unadulterate nature. However, the national road will be welcome from some aspects. The traveller will then be in no peril of losing himself for an uncomfortable day or two; and if he be pressed for time he may return to the capital from any part of this little island (some sixty miles by forty) in ten or twelve hours.

Pollensa is a notable town in the extreme north of Majorca, whence the man with a smack of adventurousness in his blood may climb to the Castillo del Rey.



SOLLER



Its situation amid mountains is uncommonly picturesque, and the olive woods in its neighbourhood are some of the finest in the land. The Romans, after Metellus Balearicus had wrought his conquest, had a settlement here, and trifling relics of their architecture still remain. For the rest, it is exceptionally well furnished with

churches of a dingy kind, and its streets are steep and vilely cobbled. The writer will long remember a few hours he spent in the town tarrying for the diligence to La Puebla. It rained as if the deluge were about to be repeated. Each little alley poured a torrent into the main street, in which the hotel is situated; and



*Bit of Soller and Puig Mayor.*

this broader highway was like a river. Now and again the downpour abated for a few minutes, and the clouds parted to show a noble rock close by, with a monastic building upon its summit, hundreds of feet above the town. Then the clouds again joined their forces, and nothing was visible except the serried lines of the rain, close as the pikes on a Macedonian battle-field of old.

The Castillo del Rey is a glorious ruin, left quite to itself. The common voice knows it only by this general title—"the King's Castle"—and as such it may

well continue to be called while one stone of it stands upon another. But the king who built it has been dead many a century. There is now no king here except the clouds and the storm winds. The former brood low upon it in winter and spring for days in succession, and the latter whistle and bellow through its shattered ribs and the empty sockets of its window frames, raising a surf upon the coast rocks at the base of it, which beats a melancholy accompaniment to the dirge in its deserted halls. The cliffs by the King's Castle are cruel for mariners. Perhaps some day the ruined walls will be replaced by a lighthouse. That will doubtless displease the wraiths of the king and his counsellors who once peopled the castle. But it will be a light of life to the ships driven by a midnight squall within perilous distance of this murderous shore.

The caves of Portal in the south-west promontory of the island need no very exact description. Majorca is proud of its caves, and these of Portal are by no means the most remarkable of them. The cave of the Dragon, by Manacor, in the east, and that of Artá, some miles north of the Dragon, are treasures in their way. Their stalactites assume the usual fantastic shapes, and due illumination works the usual wonders of illusion amid them. The vicinity of Portal has some little historical interest. It is said that, after his first engagement with the Moslems, King James of Aragon, being hungry, hereabouts entered a cottage, and proclaimed his hunger. He was offered bread and garlic, which he ate with a relish, and then he said, "*Ben dinat*"—I have dined well. His Majesty's appetite was no doubt the best of sauces for so poor a meal. This tradition is oddly preserved in the name Ben Dinat, still retained by a house near the Portal caves. But it is not the original cottage wherein the king broke his fast. It is a stately, turreted mansion, owned by one of the richest Majorcan noblemen. It would be easy, with its master's sanction, to dine very well in Ben Dinat, in 1890.

Minorca, the second island of the Balearic group (twenty-eight miles by ten), is separated from Majorca by a strait about twenty miles wide in its narrowest part. The common method of communication between the islands is by steamer, either from Palma to Port Mahon, or from Alcudia, in the north of Majorca, to Ciudadela or Port Mahon.

Before passing to Minorca mention must be made of two islets, satellites of Majorca. Of the one, Dragonera, close off the extreme western point of Majorca, but little need or can be said. It is hardly more than a mere rock of picturesque outline, furnishing a home for a myriad of sea-birds, and over the herby surface of which a few goats find pasture. The other, Cabrera, is seen *en route* for Minorca, five or six miles south of Cabo Salinas, the southernmost headland of Majorca, and its fine cliffs have a very impressive appearance with the evening sun upon them. Though about three miles by four in extreme dimensions, Cabrera is inhabited by no one except a



few fishermen and shepherds. The goats, whence its name is derived, have its rocks and scrub very much to themselves. There is a castle here which might be adapted for a delightful residence, but, like the "Castillo del Rey," it is left to the birds and the sea breezes. Close by, adjacent to Cabrera, is Conejera, or Rabbit Islet, a mere rock in undisputed possession of a burrow of rabbits. But, if legend may be believed, it was upon this insignificant little spot that the great Hannibal first saw the light of day. His mother was taken with the pains of childbirth in the course of a voyage from Spain, and Conejera offered its shores for her relief.

In landing at Port Mahon in Minorca, one has a feeling somewhat akin to that one experiences in, let us say, an island of the Hebrides. It is in a sense homely soil. For sixty-five years of the eighteenth century the Union-Jack fluttered over its forts and public buildings. The walls and houses raised by British masons still offer the Englishman shelter against storms. It is not uncommon to hear names which are Anglo-Saxon to the initial letter. English customs are not yet quite extinct. English history has no small claim over this island. Our countrymen fought bravely here, and endeared themselves to the Spanish inhabitants. And it was for his failure to relieve Minorca when it was under a French blockade that we committed that unpardonable national crime against good sense and humanity—the execution of Admiral Byng. The French thought as much of their acquisition of the island as we did of its loss. "Nothing," says Hume, "was seen but triumphs and processions—nothing heard but anthems, congratulations, and hyperbolical encomiums upon the conqueror of Minorca, who was celebrated in a thousand poems and studied orations, while the conduct of the English was vilified and ridiculed in ballads, farces, and pasquinades." It seemed to them as it seemed to us—that they had reft a limb from our very body.

In fact, however, there was a good deal of extravagance in this sentiment. Minorca, though "a tight little island," with one excellent harbour, could never have been worth the pains we thought it worth, either to conquer or to hold. It suited our politicians to regard it as a trump card in the pack of our foreign possessions a century ago; but it was not really much use to us then, and it would be a positive embarrassment to us in these days, when the Mediterranean is no longer the principal field for the world's naval warfare. It is not especially valuable for its own sake, and it is on the highway to nowhere in particular. If the Mediterranean were less spacious, it might be claimed as a possible agent of interference with the communication between France and her Algerian colonies. But in these days of quick passages a boat might cross the sea and return ere the cruisers of Minorca had scent of it.

When one has lived for a few days in Port Mahon, roamed at will among the ruins of the old fortifications at the head of the strait by which the capital is approached, and pondered much or little about the "talayots" here and there in

the island, one has almost exhausted the interests of Minorca. It is anything rather than a sensational island. Its highest elevation—Monte Toro—is but little more than a thousand feet above the sea. From the conventual ruin which crests this hill one sees its whole extent, from north to south and east to west; nor does the spectacle provoke interjections of extreme delight or extreme surprise. It is essentially a tame land, and perhaps its eventual fate will not be so very unlike the future that some long-headed Minorquin has prophesied for it: in other words, it may become nothing more than a garden of early potatoes and other vegetables for European consumption. The Spanish Government is busy fortifying the headland called “La Mola” upon the side of the strait towards Mahon, opposite the *débris* of the British works. It is certainly an important position, if one may first concede that the island itself is an important one. But there is a good deal of bathos in the idea of spending millions of dollars in defensive works for a little island that may become nothing in the world except a market garden. Our prophecy that Europe will never again be much excited by international strife for Minorca may be offered to a world that has received the other prophecy about its fitness for the cultivation of early potatoes. The day may come when from the graves of our soldiers by the battlements of Fort St. Felipe the weary tourist may behold fleets of merchant vessels proceeding towards the open sea, laden with kitchen produce.

We have mentioned the talayots as objects likely to interest the visitor to Minorca. They are, indeed, the one strong attraction of the island, though perhaps “strong” only to antiquaries and archæologists of great enthusiasm. The artist’s sketches sufficiently show the nature of the things. Speaking technically, they are prehistoric buildings which were in all probability the habitations of the primitive Minorquins. The monoliths and cromlechs which in certain instances (as in the



Caves of Portal.



Hostal group by Ciudadela, and the Talat6 de Dalt in the engraving) accompany the talayots were doubtless connected with the exercise of the religious rites of these ancients. Traces of subterranean buildings are also in existence, of a size and roughness that seem rather to befit them as lairs for wild beasts than shelters for human beings even in the earliest stage of civilisation.

As a rule, the talayots which the writer inspected, and especially those in the St. Cristobal part of the island, were made by the accumulation of undressed rocks one upon the other to a height varying from five to ten or twelve yards, and in a circular form, with diameters at the base averaging about fifteen yards. Some of the lower rocks are of a great size, though small in comparison with the blocks used in other and more famous



*Natural Arch on North Coast of Minorca.*

buildings of old time. The construction is in nearly all instances less finished than that of the nuraghe of Sardinia, with which they have been contrasted as buildings of the same epoch. In certain of the talayots inner chambers have been discovered, though here again, for nicety of work, they are much below the nuraghe. The Talat6 de Dalt is without trace of an inner chamber. Two of St. Harmonica and of St. Agostino, by St. Cristobal, are well provided in this respect, though the approach is difficult, owing to the jungle of thorn-bushes and flowering shrubs, and the mass of dislodged stones lying in a medley in front of the entrance. In the neighbourhood of these talayots are some distinct relics of the Roman occupation of the Balearics—to wit, a series of cisterns excavated in the limestone, the surface mouths of which have been stopped with loose masses of stone. The popular belief that these are tombs may be dismissed.

Ciudadela, the old capital of Minorca, in the extreme north of the island, is another excellent centre for talayot hunting. The Nau de Tudons, as one of the most interesting of the buildings is called, is within an hour's walk of the town.

*Talayot de Dalt.**Nau de Tudons, Ciudadela.*

The word "nau" may be a corruption of "navis," in allusion to the shape of the talayot, which bears a certain resemblance to an inverted boat. "Tudons" seems to be a term merely indicative of

the district in which it is built. Yet, though so near to Ciudadela, and though the country in this part of the island is flat and free from timber, this talayot is not easy to find. The writer and a friend strayed far in quest of it, and suffered much at the thorns and briars of a certain other talayot, which, after trespassing through two or three bean-fields in hearty fruit, they contrived to scale and circumvent. The Minorquins are a civil, obliging people, and therefore willing enough to aid the stranger to the best of their ability. But their ability is limited. Save in the two towns, they do not speak Castilian, and their own dialect is almost as difficult to a Spaniard as to an Englishman. The fat, red-faced farm-maid who sent us so smilingly towards the talayot she called "Nau de Tudons" may be completely exonerated from wilful deceit or roguishness. None the less, her error might cost another antiquary his life, if he be less able to battle with thorns and briars and the rugged inchoate steps of the putative Nau de Tudons than we were.



He were a bold man who ventured to say much of a dogmatic kind about the talayots. One may conjecture *ad libitum*, and that must suffice. The builders and inhabitants of these megalithic remains have left no writing behind them. Like the authors of the nuraghe, they stand towards us as if they were beings of another world. The sheep that browse among their grasses and flowers, and the lizards which glide to and fro in the crevices of their stones, know as much about them as we do.

And now of the island of Iviza, which is by far the least visited of the Balearies. In the opinion of the writer, it is a land which has considerable features of interest to the traveller who will be content to forego a few of those creature comforts which both Majorca and Minorca are able to offer to the stranger. It has but a single hotel in the island, and that has a very mean and unpleasant situation close to the quay of the harbour (an enclosed bay almost as stagnant as a lagoon), where the sewage of the town of Iviza, high above, oozes unaffectedly into the water. To the impartial observer it would seem that a prolonged stay in this little house (which, though Spanish, is quite lacking in ceremony) could not but result in a typhus. In the hot months, moreover, the lagoon-harbour sends fever-germs abroad with fair liberality, so that the eight or ten doctors in the island (which, with Formentera, has a population of about 27,400) obtain a measure of that employment which at other times they lack.

Iviza is about twenty-one miles in extreme length, by about ten and a half in breadth. It is hilly throughout, but very fertile plains exist in the centre, and by the sea-board in the east and near the capital. These plains are famous for their production of almonds and figs. There are also orange gardens everywhere, and abundance of barley. In the vicinity of Iviza town the plain has an especially pleasant appearance in spring, due to the many white houses set in the verdure, and the flutter of the fronds of palm trees above the roofs and the grain. For so small and comparatively remote an island (it is about forty-five miles east of Alicante on the continent, and the same distance south-west of Majorca) the roads are very good. One may drive in one of the stiff little gigs of the country to the village of St. Juan in the extreme north, St. Eulalia in the east, St. Antonio in the west, or the Saline in the extreme south.

In the high town of Iviza, behind the fortifications, which (as the artist's picture well shows) still exist in a surprising state of preservation, one sees more suggestion of Moorish architecture than in any other town of the Balearies, except perhaps Cindadela in Minorca. There are some truly admirable balconies to the white houses, with dainty symmetrical horse-shoe arches, supported on slim marble columns with elegant capitals. The town offers a hundred enticing subjects for the draughtsman. Its streets wind to and fro in their laborious ascent from the sea

level to the Governor's palace upon the summit, and the mother church or cathedral. Some of the houses of the nobility are much as they were when their original masters built them soon after the conquest in 1235, and it is at least conjectural that they are the very dwellings of the Moors who were driven out of the town after a short but hot siege. They are remarkable for their extreme simplicity, the elaborate heraldic bearings which are set up over the portals being in piquant contrast with the unadorned façade of white wall, with tiny prison-like windows here and there.

As a people, the inhabitants of Iviza are thought to be much less civilised than the Majorcans and Minorquins. If it be so, one cannot wonder. Europe has had less influence upon this island. In education it is particularly backward, and its people are full to the throat of archaic superstitions. They seem to be as fond of summary and prompt retaliation for wrongs as the Corsicans themselves. The knife, too, is a favourite with them, murder being more common in Iviza than in Majorca and Minorca put together. Especially are they sensitive where the fair sex is concerned. Some of their native ballads are as dolorous in tone and sense as the most curdling of the Corsican "voceri." These various characteristics have helped to give the Ivicenes a reputation that is perhaps an injustice to them. Speaking for himself, the writer found them as gentle-mannered and courteous as the inhabitants of the other islands, and to none of the islands does he look forward with greater pleasure to a second visit. The total neglect of sanitary matters is the main drawback to a stay in the capital, and neither medicaments nor philosophy can quite atone for that.

CHARLES EDWARDES.



*Dragonera, from the North-West.*















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The picturesque Mediterranean

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